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MAGAZINE

JULY

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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JULY-DECEMBER, 1937

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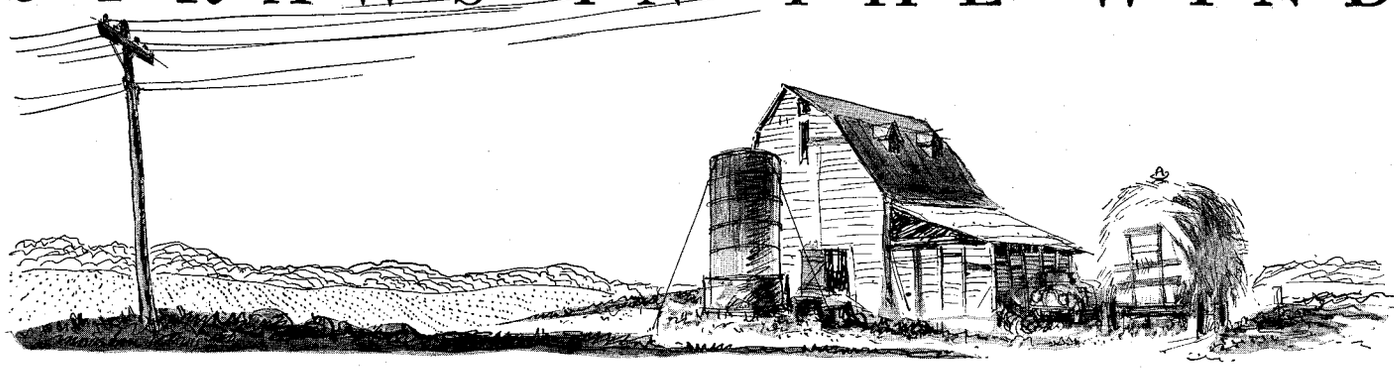
STRAWS IN THE WIND



Blind Flyer (*See Cover*)

Captain Charles G. Fredericks is a twenty-nine-year-old expert in blind flying, and, like experts the world over, a serious man. That's the reason he isn't smiling in the picture on our cover this month, the second of a series of portraits of people in various professions and occupations. When Harry Trede and James Lemmerz were battling high winds to get his photograph at Newark Airport, one of them leaned from his ladder to ask for a smile. "No," Captain Fredericks called back. "It isn't that kind of a job." Sometime before that, he and Mrs. Fredericks were in Jack Dempsey's restaurant in New York. A waiter brought a message from another table, a message asking whether he was Gary Cooper. Mrs. Fredericks, who comes from New Orleans, wanted him to say yes, but Captain Fredericks wouldn't do that either.

His job is twofold: piloting a TWA transport on the New York-Los Angeles line and instructing TWA copilots in blind flying. As a pilot he is especially noted for his timing. Let him say he's bringing his ship into Newark at 10:30 A.M., only to arrive at 10:31, and he'll find people standing around, shaking their heads and wondering what's up.

His blind-flying work has earned him the term "Professor." He's one of the pioneers in this, but it's far too intricate to explain. He goes up with a pilot, puts him "under the hood" where he can't see a thing, and he himself stays out in the open, talking to the pilot by phone. Sometimes Captain Fredericks teaches the pilot, sometimes he merely gives him a test in blind-flying—instrument-flying, as the airlines call it.

The Captain has had 4600 hours aloft, 2000 of them blind flying. He was born in Chicago and learned aviation at the Great Lakes Training Station of the Marine Corps. For a while he was in New Orleans, flying mail down to Pilotstown and ships going out to sea. Later he taught blind flying in Los Angeles, where he attracted the attention of Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc. He has been with TWA since 1935, part of the time at Kansas City and more recently in the East. He and Mrs. Fredericks live in East Orange—in a house with a view of the New York skyline. Mrs. Fredericks flies a little herself, in good weather, but her husband didn't teach her. She got her flying lessons from Colleen Moore's brother—it seems that like bridge lessons they shouldn't come from husbands.

Captain Fredericks is a reserve officer in the Marine Corps, which thereby gets part of his summers. He goes in heavily for tennis, swimming, and golf, holds the bowling record at the Newark Athletic Club, and plays a good game of bridge. He doesn't play poker, for the reason that he doesn't like to gamble. To him, a precise aviator, it's like smiling for cameramen.

Companion Piece

Thumbing thru some magazines at the newsstand, I came across the May SCRIBNER'S, and the beautiful reproduction of Mr. Schary's "Alice in Wonderland" painting. I immediately bought the copy, and was rewarded with interesting literature besides. And I shall continue to buy copies while I can get so much for my money. I wonder if sometime you can't print another one of this series of "Alice" paintings. It would make a delightful companion piece for the one I have on my walls, and on the walls of many lovers of this literary classic.

HARRY ROSIN
Hollywood, California

The editors do not contemplate publishing another print from the "Alice in Wonderland" series by Saul Schary, since the aim of the "American Painters Series" is the presentation of the work of top-ranking American artists rather than the work of any one individual or any one group.

I have read with interest your comment on Saul Schary's "Alice in Wonderland" painting. The question of what is art has animated the minds of many men. It seems that there is no valid criterion by which to measure it, yet somehow I feel true art must have a standard by which we may judge it, for appreciation is evaluation. Today the minds of men are greatly confused, because everything is changing, and old values and standards have been rejected. But this rejection is rather a revolt against that which is, and the revolt is only partial.

Suppose we go to the past and select those works of art which have not lost in appreciation today, and which have served as models throughout the ages. I shall select only two periods: the Greek of the 5th and 4th centuries, B.C., and the High Renaissance. In Greek sculpture we have classical form, and in Leonardo we have realism, which is also expressed through form. As I compare the two periods, there is a plus in the Renaissance, and that is the substitution of realism for idealism. Measured by this plus, we see the progress of humanity. The Greek statuary of Phidias and Praxiteles shows little if any of that spirit of reality, for reality to the Greeks was ugly, therefore they tried to express the ideal. The ideal was the perfect, and as such, everlasting; it was a super-reality, out of reach. But Leonardo was a realist; the spirit of life expressed itself in divers forms, therefore he did not aim at the perfect form, because he knew it was nonexistent but he gave expression to the spirit of life such as he found it. His great art consists in rendering it so forcefully that it is convincing at the first glance. "That is life," we say when looking at his work.

If we compare Schary's work with Leonardo's, we see the distance, and we see also what is wrong with it. It is not the imagination as such, but the direction which that imagination takes: it is the fanciful, the unreal which expresses itself in the theme as well as in the form. The pictures which Schary has painted make no sense; they have no form, no proportion; they are absurd. They are, I imagine, the revolt against the harsh reality of everyday life, and the cold objectivity of what we have come to call science. This flight from reality is a confession of weakness, therefore it cannot arouse our sympathy. Radicalism, wherever it is found, has no survival value, since it is essentially negative. We want the affirmation of life, the positive striving toward the establishment of a better world. Let us hope that Mr. Schary will find the road that leads us there.

F. WERTGEN
Gresham, Oregon

I read your current issue with much interest and, in particular, enjoyed the article, "Our Hypnotized World." I think too many articles have simply discussed what dictators do, not how they are able to do it, why they have such power over the masses. I think the idea of mass hypnotism gives a fresh point of view, and I congratulate you on the article.

JOYCE MAWPIN
Jamaica, British West Indies

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4 Days
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If you were this farmer

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FARM JOURNAL

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SCRIBNER'S is doing such a first-rate job of publishing a magazine both interesting and of superior class that I hesitate to criticize. However, I believe it would be easier to read, particularly at night, if a bit of the glaze were removed from the paper. The paper is superb to look at, but when one reads matter printed on it for a long period, eye strain is likely to result. Don't change the weight of the paper; just tone it down to eliminate the glaze.

THOMAS COMPERE
New York Herald Tribune

To secure high fidelity in the reproduction of photographs and drawings it is necessary for the paper to have a good finish—one which does, sometimes, reflect too much light. Recently the glaze on SCRIBNER stock has been diminished to reduce possible glare.

Hail, Hell, and Farewell

Regarding "Hail, Hell, and Farewell" in the April SCRIBNER'S, one who grew up in an environment very similar to that of the author of that reminiscence remembers that while the fear of hell had a great hold over the Evangelicals and Methodists and even occasional outsiders, it was hard to scare the Presbyterians to the mourners' bench. In my community they would go to the meetings, for they were the most entertaining experiences in our monotonous lives, but a sense of pride or dignity kept most Presbyterians from succumbing to that style of conversion.

I well remember how the élite of our small town would start up the debating society in the fall and the young folks would have a few parties. These would go all right until the Evangelical revival got under way, when they simply petered out. The revival was so much more interesting, and it was going on every night. Meeting would be opened with a discourse in which hell was often vividly described, but I seem to remember that much eloquence was devoted to a description of the glories of heaven and that "Come to Jesus" was a favorite refrain. Immediately following, the sisters and brothers from up front would get busy seeking out sinners in the audience and leading them to the mourners' bench. When a tough candidate was led forward, it caused a sensation. Everybody got a thrill.

A successful meeting was one that had plenty of noise and enthusiasm. A sweet-voiced sister would start a hymn with a lilting refrain. It would be sung impromptu until the regular verses gave out and then the singers would improvise, one after another contributing a new line and always keeping the rhythm going. Presently this would begin to fail, and some strong-lunged brother would start a prayer. Responses would be immediate and vigorous, growing longer and longer until soon everybody was praying at the same time, each as loud as he could. In the midst of the noise some one at the mourners' bench would be converted and would arise and be happily embraced by the workers. I don't know how, but I know it did happen. It was all sincere, and in many cases it did good.

W. A. DAVIDSON
Pasadena, California

Perhaps it was because I grew up in a minister's family that hell was a little less fiery than it may have been in a layman's home. I still remember asking Father, at the age of ten, why hell was made of fire. I was answered, very calmly, that it was because, to the Hebrews who lived in a hot country, heat was the greatest form of torture. That answer rather took the wind out of my sails, but at the same time it was a tremendous relief. Kansas summers were pretty bad, but you could take them or leave them; there was always the electric fan or a cold tub. I felt better about hell until I discovered that Father was going on talking about it, and had somehow got from the desert to the Eskimos and back to the Temperate Zone where everything, it seemed, was more subtle, and even hell had sneaked up on us and got inside. Its name, there, was Conscience.

After that, I felt thoroughly depressed, and was sorry that I had ever asked that question. A good, concrete hell made of fire and brimstone, where you could go when you were old and dead, seemed a safe distance away, and I would have been glad to take a chance on it; but one inside that you had to carry around with you and that was forever popping up at the wrong time—that hell was a perpetual thorn in the flesh, and spoiled all my fun.

From then on, Conscience took the edge off things. In high school, when we cut our afternoon classes to ride out into the country the first afternoons of spring, Conscience took a nip out of the balminess of the day. When we put that vile-smelling stuff in the study-hall inkwells and in the liquid-soap containers in the gym, Conscience made it a little less funny than it should have been. Even the time we gave the Y. W. C. A. cupcakes to the poor farm—to the surprise of both the Y. W. C. A. and the people out there—Conscience dulled the goodness of the deed. And today, in an open car on a long stretch of open road, I cannot wholeheartedly let myself go and press down the pedal.

A few years ago, when the Question-of-Sunday-School-for-the-Children came up, my husband and I decided that we wouldn't force the issue. If they asked to go, we would take them, but the wish should come first. They didn't ask, so nothing was done about it. I was considerably taken aback, then, when some months later I chanced to overhear a conversation between our seven-year-old son and a pal.

"Do you go to Sunday School?" asked our son.

"Oh, yes," from the boy with the bat, "and I just love it!"

"Gee," dejection all over our child's face, "I wish I could go to Sunday School, but Mom won't let me."

They started to Sunday School the next week.

I'm still waiting for the question about hell, and when it comes I don't know what I'm going to say. . . . I'd like to spare the children. To this day, I've never been able to bring myself to tell them about Conscience.

HELEN MCBRIDE
Larchmont, New York

"Myself Am Hell"

At the very outset I wish to disclaim any exceptional qualifications for my task. I have hardly more than a speaking acquaintance with his Satanic majesty and have never sojourned for any length of time in his abode. But when a recent writer in SCRIBNER'S so positively, yet with what evident regret, affirmed that, for most of us, hell has pretty much passed out of the picture and has become a museum piece, along with the other relics of lost cities, I felt at once that something ought to be said on the side of the defense before the sentence is finally passed and the obsequies are over.

As to the theory that hell has lost its place of authority and no longer serves as a deterrent to wrongdoing, I accept the remark of an editor that "the markers have been obscured and false sign-posts appear along the way to confuse us." But hell is not gone. Only the vocabulary is changing. Scientific terms, like 'maladjustment' and other kindred expressions, heavy with learning, are taking the place of the ugly monosyllable—except, of course, in our unguarded moments!

The truth is that hell served a very useful purpose when the traffic was light and the roads clearly marked. When boys look over into the orchard and view with hungry eyes the apples hanging there, it is all perfectly simple and effective for the good boy to say to the tempted: "You'll go to hell if you steal those apples!" But when the traffic has become heavy and the roads are full of cars whose drivers are all eager to get ahead, it isn't always easy to see the red light, even if it is there; anyhow, "take a chance, the cop isn't looking!"

Here's a man who is manager of an important industry. The stockholders are on his back, demanding dividends; they threaten to put in an efficiency expert to find out where the leaks are; labor is restive; competition is keen; the efficiency man suggests speeding up on production, cutting salaries—even those of the office staff. How will he face the wife? What about a strike? How will his standing with the Manufacturers' Association be affected? Who knows what is the right thing to do? The manager throws up his hands and exclaims, "Hell!" He knows well enough that there is a hell, and he doesn't have to wait for it. It was Milton, wasn't it, who said: "Myself am hell"?

Or, take the case of a workman in the same factory. He has been getting from $12 to $15 a week and has a family of four to support. The factory speeds up; he works more days in the week; he receives a little more pay, but not enough to meet the increasing cost of living; new machinery is installed, with the ominous prospect of discharge of the men who can't keep up. He goes home at evening to find his wife worn out with the washing, and irritable over the grocery bill. The children are making a racket as he tries to figure out how they can get through the month on their meagre wages. "To hell with it!" he exclaims.

Among the explorers, Sigmund Freud has had a brilliant record. He has worked incessantly at the task of raising hell, and his accomplishments are perhaps second to none. He has succeeded in bringing hell up to the very floor of the unconscious. He found a first clue in the mishandling of the sex instinct. He picked up another clue and called it "frustration of desire." Since then, he has mapped out with scientific precision the geographical boundaries of hell and described with vivid detail the peculiarities of its climate. The psychiatrists have joined in the exploration, and even the psychologists.

But why go on? What we are trying to get at is the fact that we don't need to raise hell. It is here. We experience it whenever, in the confusion of our complicated lives, we feel thwarted in our purposes, woefully inadequate, unable to go on and not knowing which way to turn. We are annoyed at finding the way blocked and are obsessed by fear, whichever way we turn. We lose our poise and our morale. Many of us become permanently unbalanced. Read a little of such books as *A Mind that Found Itself* by C. W. Beers, or *Exploring the Inner World* by Anton T. Boisen, and see if you can doubt that there is a hell. Think of Spain, which a recent writer described as "a hell of hate." Many other

(*Continued on page 79*)

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
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Seeking Safety for Your Dollars

JOHN T. FLYNN

Investing money has become an exercise in higher mathematics far beyond the average man. The need is great for soundly managed investment trusts

NEVER in a score of years, to put it mildly, has investment been so difficult for the unfortunate citizen encumbered with surplus cash. It has become an exercise in higher mathematics in which the number of factors has been increased beyond the comprehension of the ordinary investor.

After all, this business of investment comes close to a subject being discussed everywhere—security. Social security for the small-salaried workingman is something a benevolent government is expected to look after. But for the rest of the population—it is something men and women must look after for themselves. The average man with a good income can make a provision for his wife and children, in the event of his death, by means of ordinary insurance. But what if he lives? The moment will come when he and his family will be at the mercy of the world unless he has resources other than insurance on his life. This means he must accumulate something, and this in turn means investment.

There are four forms of money management which are of vital consequence to the citizen. One is the commercial bank, where current funds are kept and which is the source of the community's credit. The other is the savings bank, which is the depositary of the savings of small savers and, for that matter, of large savers up to a limit. A third is the insurance company, which is the agency for the protection of the family against the incident of death or disability. All these institutions are universally recognized as requiring regulatory action by society to protect the public. The investment trust now becomes a fourth instrumentality of social concern. It is the refuge of the smaller investor who is bewildered by the difficulties of investment and the impossibility of getting sound advice.

To this person the investment trust looked like a gift from heaven in the late twenties. In a sense, it might have been, for it came from precisely that spot where heaven would be most apt to look for good investment advice—Scotland. It was the canny Scot who discovered the importance of uninformed investors pooling their funds and hiring intelligent investment advice and, at the same time, putting their eggs in a number of baskets.

This problem confronted the American investor after the War. In former times, investment was not so difficult. In those simple days, the average man with money to invest went into business for himself, or expanded his own business, or put it in with a partner he knew in a business he knew, or bought a piece of real estate he could see or, perhaps, bought a bond. But investment today has become a complex thing. Money has flowed into corporate securities, vast corporations dealing in steel, glass, coal, motion-picture films, fashions, and the like, about whose affairs the average investor cannot hope to know very much.

It is hardly necessary to rehearse here the bitter experience of investors with the investment trust in the last fifteen years, during which it has had popular exploitation in this country. It is not possible to estimate the losses suffered by both large and small investors in the last fifteen years through ignorant as well as dishonest management. The favorite refuge of the investment-trust promoter, when he is asked to explain his disastrous record, is to tell you that the investment trust was merely one of the casualties of the depression that engulfed all. A moment's reflection will serve to shatter this plausible apology.

The investment trust was designed to supply the investor with the kind of intelligent direction which would have shielded him from the vast losses of the depression. In so general a catastrophe some losses can be looked for everywhere, but on the whole the investment-trust investors suffered more grievously than any others. This

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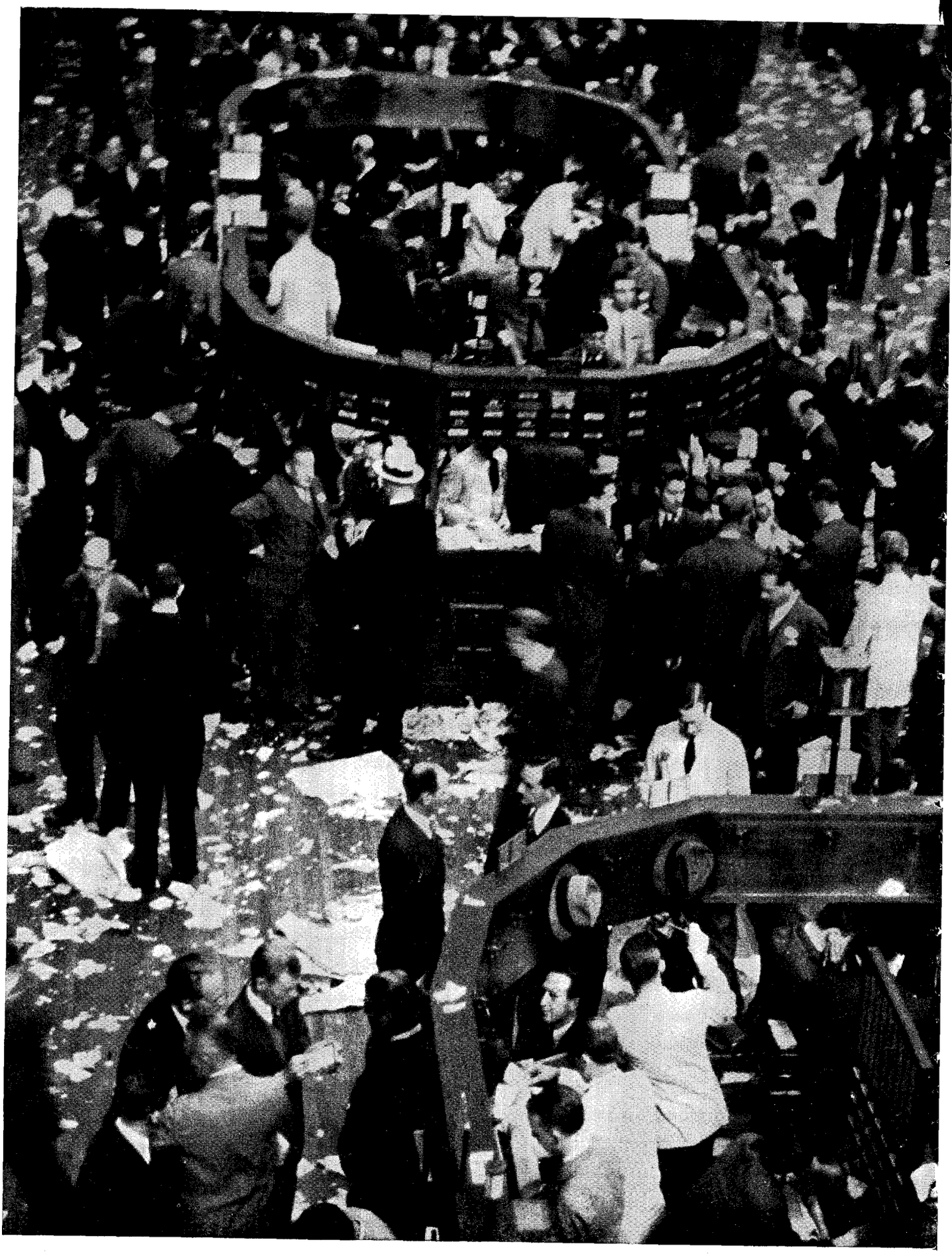

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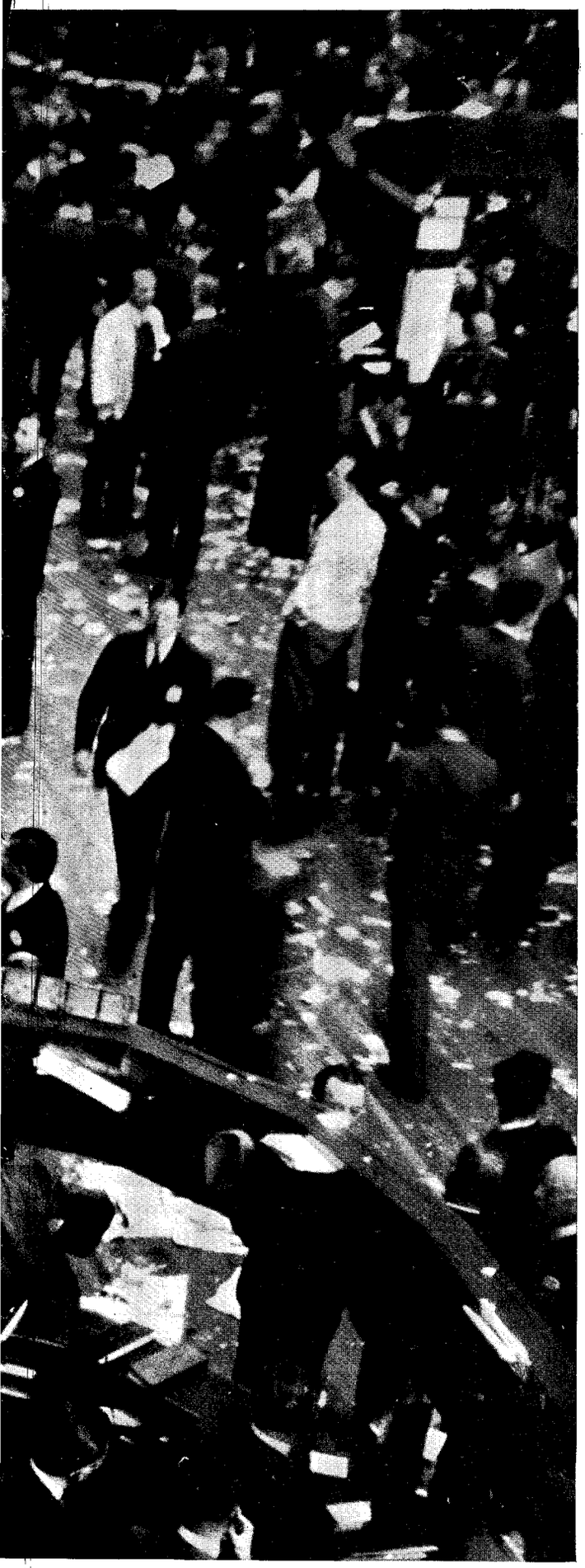

was utterly indefensible. The approach of the storm in 1929 was sufficiently visible to most economists and certainly to many students of business, at least those whose judgments were not obscured by other interests. But the investment trusts fell into the hands of men whose training, whose interests, whose desires and expectations made them easy victims of the fatal malady of the salesman's optimism. They were managed by promoters, not investment experts. So profound was the obfuscation that two of the largest investment trusts were organized in the first days of October, 1929, just twelve days before the crash, with the intention of buying stocks for their investors at the very dizzy top of that insane market, even after the first premonitory shocks of the coming crash had been felt and observed by dispassionate and objective students. One of these trusts was, incidentally, saved by this very blunder, for the market crashed before it could use its more than a hundred million dollars in the purchase of shares at the peak. The immense losses of investment-trust participants is explained not by the crisis, but by the ignorance of their promoters in failing to perceive its onset and its subsequent meaning.

The drift of all this is plain enough; investment today is an expert matter. The average person hardly realizes the reason it is so difficult. The astonishing paradox is that there are in the country a large number of great corporations with long histories of great success and immense earnings, yet if you look at the history of the investor in those corporations, you are surprised to learn that he has not had so much profit out of them in proportion to his investment. True, it is hard for the amateur to pick a good corporation for investment. But what is puzzling is that, after he has done so, he still discovers that for such risks as he takes he will earn, over a long period, very little more, if as much, as he would have gotten from a savings account.

For instance, the United States Steel Corporation has been one of our most successful industrial enterprises. It has an unusual record of earnings and expansion over thirty years. It has enjoyed management of the highest quality. It has paid dividends regularly until the depression, along with extras and stock dividends. The price of its shares soared to as high as 262 in 1929. Yet of those who bought United States Steel stock in the last twenty years and held it purely as an investment, by far the greater number have not earned through the life of the investment more than was paid by the savings banks,

THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN ACTION

This remarkable candid-camera shot of the trading floor of the New York Stock Exchange was made by Jack Layer, of International News, in a remarkable series of photographs, of which three additional pictures appear on page 13. None of the traders knew he was being snapped. The United States Steel post, usually the scene of great activity, is in the upper left. Traders and clerks are relaxing while awaiting new buying and selling orders.

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and perhaps the majority of these people have not earned as much. A study of the earnings of United States Steel throughout its history will show, I am confident, that as an investment, to be held over a long course of years, it has never been worth over $100 a share. Yet it had not been possible, since 1924, to buy it at that price until the depression struck it down.

What is the reason for this paradoxical phenomenon? The explanation must be found in the effects of security speculation. Without going into any discussion of this as a social or economic function, the fact remains that the fierce energy of speculation in the stock markets tends to drive prices to unwarranted high levels in periods of prosperity and to unreasonably low levels in periods of crisis. But the only time the average investor has either the money or the will to invest is in times of prosperity. Hence it comes about that, when he is in the market, securities are at a price which makes profitable investment extremely difficult and, at times, impossible. Money may be made in speculation for the time being by persons who understand that intricate and dangerous game and who buy stocks at one price to sell them at a higher one a little later. United States Steel may have been worth $200 a share to the man whose objective was to hold it until it went to $210 or more, but it certainly was never worth more than half that to the investor.

From all this it must be apparent that investment is a thoroughly expert matter and that the ordinary businessman is utterly incompetent to handle his own investments without expert advice. The man of large wealth can buy this advice. The small or moderate investor cannot because it costs too much. Where, then, is he to get it?

This is the need which the investment trust is in a position to meet. Yet, while there have been some good trusts, on the whole the trusts not only have not met it; they have, rather, introduced new complexities into the problems of the investor.

II

With these prefatory observations we can ask and answer the question: What ought to be done about the investment trusts? The matter is of immediate importance. The Securities and Exchange Commission has been making a study of investment trusts under the auspices of Commissioner Robert E. Healy and his able counsel, Mr. David Schenker. That study has revealed conclusive data about the trusts and their practices which may well form the groundwork of an intelligent program of reform. The main features of such reform would seem to be rather obvious.

First of all, who is going to control the fortunes and destiny of your investment trust? To begin with, let us say who should *not* control them. The investment banker, the stockbroker, and the financial promoter or adventurer should be rigorously ruled out. When I was in New Hampshire recently, people boasted to me that no banks had closed in that state through all the long banking depression. That is a fact I frequently called attention to in the days of Mr. Hoover, because the reason was significant. New Hampshire banks didn't close because they were operated by bankers. If the man inside the bank, dominating its life, is a banker, you do not have to worry about the bank. All this whimpering of bankers that banks sank down because the country around them sank down is sheer cry-baby talk. Banks sank down because they were badly managed, and they were badly managed because the men who controlled their fate were not bankers. They were security salesmen, industrial promoters, real-estate operators, speculators. The banks became mere pawns in the adventures of other interests. Banking is a function which cannot be mixed up with any other function. So is investment. And so, for that matter, are most important functions. It was because too many men were trying to perform contradictory and hostile functions at the same time that we got off into so many disastrous bypaths.

It was the misfortune of the investment trust in this country that it fell into the hands of the investment banker. He is a merchant of securities. The investment trust is a buyer. The investment banker managed the interests of the buyer with one hand and of the seller with the other. Both suffered: most of all, the buyers.

It will not do to say that this or that investment trust managed by an investment-banking firm came out whole. The answer is quite clear. In those cases I can show conclusively that, but for the investment-management control, they would have come out much better. The fact remains that the great majority of the banker-manager trusts had disastrous histories. You cannot permit investment bankers to manage trusts without permitting all of them to do it. And you cannot open it to the good ones without opening it to all. And in practice, the least trustworthy will be the first to rush in to employ this facile instrument of money control.

Obviously, the stockbroker should be kept out of the field. The New York Stock Exchange certainly frowned on its members entering this area for a long time. The stockbroker should be held fast to the function of stockbroker and nothing else. He will be a better broker and the investment trust a safer shelter for investors if he follows this course.

Now for those who organize trusts in order to dominate their funds. After all, if you can get possession of the funds of a large number of investors and then use them in your own promotions, you can do very well. But what of the investors who are looking for safety?

Have a look at the record of one of these trusts and then tell me if you would like to have your dearly won dollars knocking about in such company. Here is a gentleman who is ambitious to make money and achieve power. He sees the investment trust ready at hand for his purposes.

He has $2,000,000. With this he buys a controlling interest in a company which we will call Company A. In a few years he has the happiness to see this stock worth $612,000,000 on the stock market. How did he do it?

Having gotten control of Company A, he may now use

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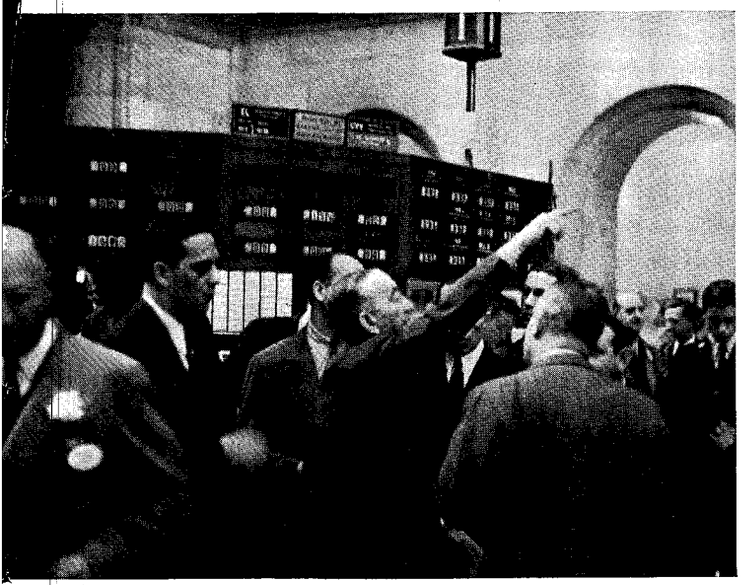
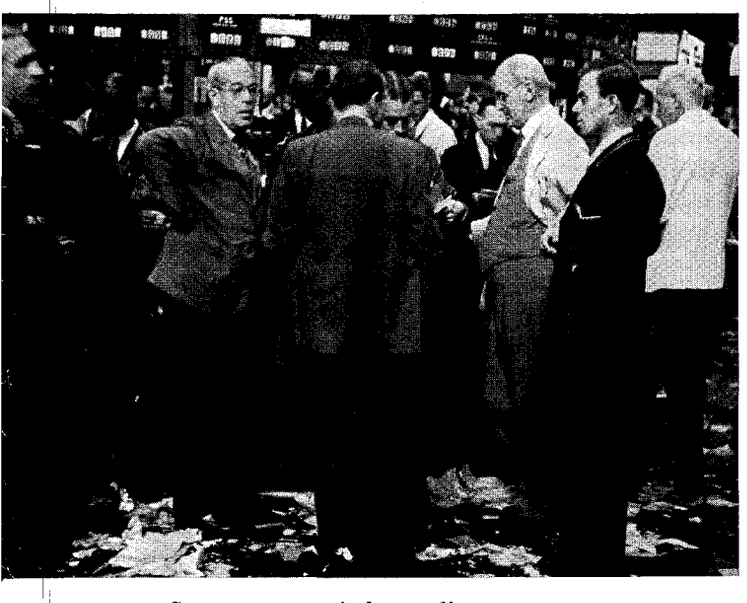
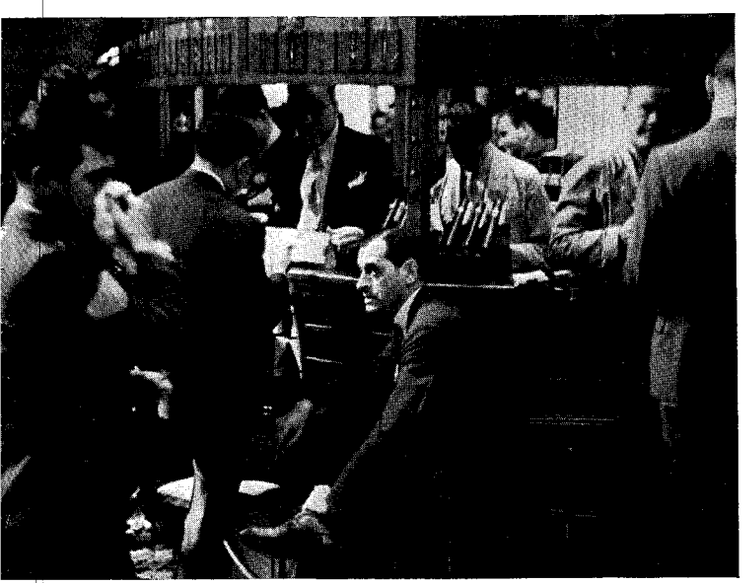


A broker of the N. Y. Stock Exchange makes a bid



Scene at one of the trading posts



Just time for a moment's reflection

its resources to advance his plans. Company A has assets and money. There is another company which we will call Company B. It is an investment trust. It has plenty of money—the money of people who have been looking about for a safe investment. Company A and Company B now go into partnership and organize a third company—Company C. They put up between them $31,000,000. Then they sell $71,000,000 of stock in Company C to the public. They have $102,000,000 now to play with. Company C organizes a fourth company—Company D—and sells more stock to investors casting about for safety and wise management. Still more companies are formed —some of them investment trusts, with emphasis on the investment and accent on the trust. It is easy. We are told that eminent men of finance and business pilot these vast undertakings.

Through all these intricate processes the first gentleman and his Company A draw into control some $266,000,000 of the investors' funds. And with these funds his company purchases control of still other companies. Presently he looks about and discovers that his Company A dominates the largest collection of great power and utility companies in the country, valued at nearly four billion dollars, and his own holdings—his little two millions of stock—are worth $612,000,000. And all this has been accomplished with the funds of investors who, bewildered and despairing of their own ability to choose shares wisely, and seeking safety, wise management, and diversification, have put their hard-earned savings into an investment trust.

Illegal? Disreputable? No. Not at all. All quite legal and quite respectable. This was not done by blue-sky salesmen, but by the most eminently respectable persons. If you were looking around for high-minded Class A sponsors for your surplus dollars, you would have been completely content with these persons.

But what became of your dollar? Well, it promptly ceased to be a dollar and became a few bleak pennies. Of course the promoter of this suffered too—mildly. His stock, after the crash, was worth only $5,000,000 instead of $612,000,000. But he had gotten rid of some of it. He had sold part of it for $21,000,000. He had collected $2,000,000 in dividends. And he still had 51 per cent of the stock of his famous Company A, which in turn still dominates a power empire valued in 1935 at $2,875,000,000.

You may be a speculator. You might like a chance to "shoot the works" in company with an audacious adventurer like this man. If you are, you are entitled to do with your money as you choose. But suppose you are just a troubled investor trying to escape this sort of thing. It seems too bad that you should be drawn into such a mess under the impression that you are getting wise management, expert advice, and counsel, and, above all, the sacred protection of a trust. It is to this I object, not to the wisely and fairly managed investment trust.

Of course you say all this belongs to the half-crazy era of the late twenties. Not at all. There is no point in

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wearying you with the endless details of these intricate transactions. But if you should like to know more of them in detail, just follow the amazing, almost unbelievable revelations of the very careful and exhaustive and patient study of investment trusts being made for the Securities and Exchange Commission, to which I have already alluded. These things are being done now and have been in process of being done all through the depression. Today the technique of using investment trusts to control industry looms as a major problem in our finance.

III

THE wise course, therefore, is to prohibit investment trusts by law from falling into the hands of those groups who by virtue of their other interests should remain outside this field.

How is this to be accomplished? I believe that those interested in investment-trust management should confer at once upon the terms of a model state law, and that such a state law should be urged upon all legislatures at the earliest possible date. The financial community could do much to redeem itself by putting its influence behind such a movement. Such a law would contain the prohibitions outlined above. At the same time a federal law which would affect trusts operating in interstate commerce should be adopted without delay. Doubtless the Securities and Exchange Commission will make its recommendations as to the content of such a law before very long. The Commission will, of course, be the proper body to supervise the enforcement of such a policy.

The Stock Exchange can help by making a rule prohibiting its members from operating investment trusts of any sort or from being connected with them. I know that in the early days of the trusts, before they had been brought into disrepute by their bad history, the Exchange did not look kindly upon brokers entering this business and again it frowned upon it when brokers burst into the fixed-trust industry. It would do well now to consider earnestly the interests and rights of the investing community as well as the good name of its own craft, and pull a lusty oar in setting the business to rights.

As to the promoter-adventurer, it is possible effectually to exclude him from the business. His aim is to use the funds of the trusts to control industry or to exploit it. To frustrate him the state and federal laws should provide: (1) No investment trust may own stock in another investment trust. Pyramiding trust ownership can serve no purpose save exploitation. (2) No individual or corporation should be permitted to own more than one per cent of the stock of any investment trust. Investment trusts are established for the benefit of investors, chiefly small ones. There is no point in permitting corporations to come in and buy controlling interests. They will not do it save to dominate the funds. Therefore, no investment trust should be permitted to be under the dominion of a holding company. Whatever argument can be made for the holding company in other fields of corporate action, it certainly cannot apply to the investment trust.

In the meantime, pending the adoption of state laws, I have no hesitation in advising investors to protect themselves by keeping their funds out of trusts which do not conform to these rules. You can ascertain the facts for yourself. Demand the names and connections of all the managers and directors. Demand also the list of shares in which the trust's funds are invested. Any experienced person acquainted with financial statements can tell you whether or not these requirements are being complied with. I do not say that the trust is necessarily bad or wicked if these essentials are not found. But you will be a very foolish investor if, looking for wise counsel and guardianship, you take a chance.

IV

WHAT should be the function of the investment trust? The answer must be—investment. If the possessor of money wants to speculate, that is his own business. If he wants to form a speculative pool or join one; if promoters and Street operators want to organize a speculative pool, that is another matter. But the speculative pool is one thing; the investment trust is quite another. The great service which the investment trust can perform is to afford its members expert investment advice and diversification of holdings. Both are essential. No person should be permitted, therefore, to sell shares or participations in any other sort of enterprise under the guise of being an investment trust.

This brings up a point of importance. Any adequate law must literally patent the name "investment trust" and forbid its use by organizers or salesmen unless the organization using it conforms to certain definite standards.

While on this point, I distinguish investment, not only from speculation, but from operation and control of industry. Throughout its career in this country, the investment trust has been used to enable promoters to exercise dominion over the funds of the trust for getting control of industry. This now is developing as one of the most serious aspects of this problem. It would seem to me to be a matter of obvious ethical value that the funds of the investor committed to the care of wise guardianship ought to be protected from the operations of those who choose to fasten their hands upon other people's money to enrich themselves. Several regulations recommend themselves.

First, the most perfectly simple capital structure ought to be enforced by law. The object of the trust is to enable the investors to pool their resources. Therefore, any schemes of capital formation by which one group of the investors gets a disproportionate share of the rewards is intolerable. In the past, all sorts of stocks and bonds appeared in the capital setups of investment trusts. There were Class A and Class B, founders shares, preferred shares of various kinds, various types of bonds. Invariably these devices permitted one group of insiders to control the trusts for their own purposes and to enable them to drain off its profits in abundance for themselves. A sound law would require one kind of (*continued on page* 80)

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"Unless what?" one of the girls asked her

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Local Girl Makes Good

She loses a sweet disposition, but discovers hidden possibilities in every corner

SALLY BENSON

She dressed for her new rôle, hurriedly fishing in the shambles of the bottom drawer for something neat, something businesslike, to wear with the severe black crêpe dress. She found it—a white organdie collar-and-cuff set, finely hand-pleated, stuffed in one corner of the drawer along with an odd glove, soiled, an evening compact, broken, and a dozen or so odd stockings that she had saved and intended to match up some time. Smoothing the collar-and-cuff set to make sure it was one and not a collection of old handkerchiefs, she called out to Rachel, "Rachel, press this, will you? And make it snappy! Make it really snappy!"

And Rachel, leisurely pushing a carpet sweeper about in the next room, moved from the square of sunlight which shone through the French windows. She liked working in that square of sunlight, liked watching the sun shine on the golden flecks of dust that the sweeper stirred up. But she understood that making it really snappy called for immediate action as against just making it snappy, which meant doing it in an hour, or two hours, or when you got around to it.

She walked, fat, black, and calm to the door of the bedroom. "Press what, Miss Alicia? What you want pressed? I think our iron's broke."

Alicia Torrance, struggling with the tiny buttons of the black crêpe, pushed the collar-and-cuff set along the floor toward Rachel with one bare foot. "This," she said. "It's clean, but it's all mussed up."

Rachel stooped ponderously and picked up the crumpled ball. "It sure is," she agreed. "It sure is mussed up. Whyn't you wear something else? All them little pleats . . . and I think our iron's broke."

But she left the room, imperturbable, to borrow an iron from the maid in the apartment across the hall, just as she had borrowed it for the last month, or whenever it was their iron had stopped working. Alicia followed her

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as far as the kitchen, still in her bare feet, and as calm in her small, blonde self-sufficiency as Rachel was in her large, dark one. She waited for Rachel to return with the borrowed iron, sitting perched on the high kitchen stool, dreamily contemplating the familiar disorder around her, the grapefruit skins and the coffee grounds in the sink, the remains of scrambled eggs hardening on plates. She reached for a piece of cold toast and, spreading it with marmalade, ate it with relish.

"Guess what," she said as Rachel came back with the iron.

"You'se engaged again," Rachel hazarded.

"Nope," Alicia told her. "Nothing like that. I'm going to get a job. I'm going to get a job today. As soon as I get dressed."

Rachel spread the organdie collar on a small ironing board and wet it with a damp towel before she answered. "What your Papa say?" she asked. "What he say to *that?*"

Alicia frowned slightly. The idea of getting a job had come to her suddenly the evening before. Walking home in the soft spring twilight, she had become entranced with the bustle of the crowds pouring out of the office buildings on Madison Avenue, entranced with the way the girls looked and the brisk way they walked. She wanted to be one of them, to feel as busy as they seemed, to feel as rushed. She wanted to be hurrying home in the exciting spring twilight to a quick bath, a dinner date. She thought scornfully of the tea she had eaten with the Martin twins; the toasted English muffins, the strawberry jam, the chocolate cake. She began to walk more quickly and push through the crowd as though she had some place to go, some place really to go. Home, she reflected, would be some place to go, if you hadn't left it a brief two hours before—if you had, for instance, been away from it an entire day.

She remembered that it was Rachel's night off and that Rachel's cousin, Maude, would be there getting dinner—Maude who was as fat and as comfortable as Rachel, and who came several times a week to help out. Many people helped out at the Torrances: there was the boy who washed the windows; an Italian, known to Alicia and Rachel as "Old Sour Puss" who appeared twice a month with a vacuum cleaner and innumerable gadgets and did the rugs, the sofas, the curtains; there was the French Hand Laundry boy who took away large bundles of their

Sitting perched on the high kitchen stool, she waited for Rachel to return with the borrowed iron

things, unlisted, and brought back other things that didn't belong to them; there were so many pleasant people who came and did things for them. It made life very simple, she thought.

Her father was home when she got there, and Granny. Granny didn't look like a Granny at all. She looked like a toots. Even Alicia, who was used to her, noticed that, seeing her sitting there with a Martini in her hand, excited because she had won at the races. She had sat on the arm of Granny's chair, taking little sips from her glass, stooping to scratch the head of Milksop, Daddy's Sealyham, who needed a bath. When Granny stopped telling her about her fifteen-to-one shot, Alicia announced that she thought she'd get a job, and Granny had given a little scream of delight. "How cute!" she had cried. "Alicia, you're as cute as a button. Wait till Old Faithful hears about it."

Old Faithful was a Mr. Holbrook and Granny's beau. Her father had just smiled at her and said, "Well, well," before he lapsed once more into the far-off place where he had lived ever since Alicia could remember.

So, thinking of this, Alicia frowned. "Oh, he thought it was fine," she told Rachel. "And so did Granny. They both thought it was fine."

She got down from the stool and went back to her room to finish dressing. She brushed her hair and curled it in a roll in the back like a page's, and then Rachel came in and helped her pin the collar-and-cuff set. It didn't occur to either of them to stitch it on. They were still busy with it when the doorbell rang.

"It's Mister Tom and a new boy," Rachel announced. "He's tall."

She had learned that, mysteriously, it didn't matter to Alicia if boys were homely, or wore glasses, or stuttered, if only they were tall. It was the first thing she wanted to know about them. But this time something about the new boy made her add, "He's tall and everything."

He was, Alicia thought as Tom introduced them, tall and everything. Even Tom was treating him in a kind of special way, explaining him as though he were something phenomenal. His name was Larry Thorne. He lived in Hartford, Connecticut, and he was in New York looking for a job. Alicia watched him picking his way through

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the morning papers which lay scattered on the living-room floor toward the big chair, Daddy's chair, by the window.

"Looking for a job!" Alicia repeated in pleased surprise. "Why, so am I!"

Tom moved two magazines, a detective novel, and Milksop's rubber bone from the couch before he sat down and contemplated her seriously and with awe. "Go on," he said. "You aren't! Since when?"

"Since yesterday. You see," she explained, turning prettily to Larry, "I decided I couldn't stand just *loafing* another minute. It's awful. I haven't anything to do."

He looked at her, at her smooth, shining hair, at her slimness in the black crêpe dress, at the collar-and-cuff set that didn't look too pinned-on, and then he said a very strange thing. "No, I can see you haven't. Well, 'there's no place like home,' said the visitor before falling back asphyxiated."

He looked away from Alicia and around the room. The carpet sweeper still lay on the floor where Rachel had dropped it; glasses and after-dinner coffee cups from the night before cluttered the glass-topped table by the couch; there were flowers on the mantelpiece, but they were faded. He looked at the clock. It was three in the afternoon.

"Well," Tom said, breaking the ghastly silence, "that's great. Gee, I don't see how you're going to work it in and all. Alicia," he went blundering on to Larry, "is the whole show here. I mean, she keeps house for her father, and does all the ordering and everything. I think it's great of her to want a job, too. What are you going to do?"

"Yes," Larry said. "What are you going to do?"

This was better, Alicia thought. It was better to be talking about her job, and she leaned forward, brisk and businesslike in her chair. "I thought of an office of some sort," she said. "Or a department store, maybe."

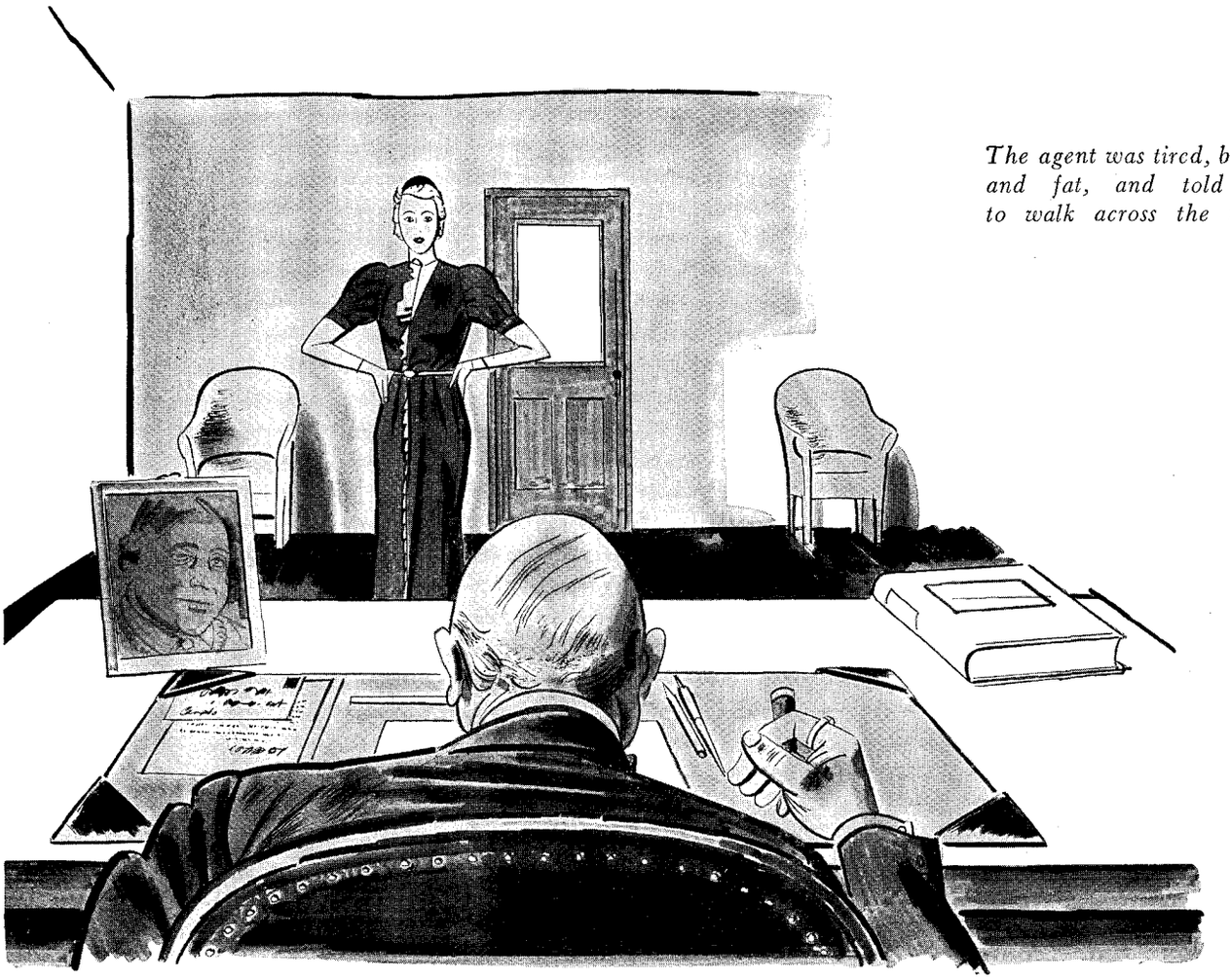
Or she might pose, she told them. Commercial photography. A girl she had gone to school with was posing and doing awfully well. You saw her picture in magazines. You went to an agent, and he got you a job. It was easy.

"Anyway," she said, brightly, "I'd better get going. Want to walk down with me?"

They walked down Fifth Avenue together, Alicia having decided that she guessed she'd like to work at Strong and Feltman's, selling dresses or possibly hats. "They have darling hats."

They left her at the Fifth Avenue entrance, but before she had time to push open the heavy bronze door, Larry called to her. "Hey," he said. "When you're through, when you have your job all sewed up, would you like a cocktail or tea? I have sort of an apartment. Forty-fifth Street near Second Avenue." He took a card from his pocket and scribbled the address on it.

"Tom and I will wait for you here. You'll probably



The agent was tired, bored, and fat, and told her to walk across the room

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need a drink or a cup of tea. A cup of strong tea."

The store was warm, brilliant, and smelled of perfume, expensive leather, and new clothes. For a few minutes, Alicia forgot why she had come and she wandered around looking in showcases. She bought a charm bracelet and two pairs of gloves. "Where," she asked the girl at the glove counter, "do I find out about getting a job?"

The girl who had stood behind the glove counter for eight hours a day, six days a week, for three years, was inclined to be a little superior. "Personnel," she said. "Tenth floor. Ask for Miss Jamison. Employees' elevator around the corner to your left. Charge and send? Thank you."

There was nothing glamorous about the employees' elevator, no shining mirrors, no soft beige carpet on the floor. Alicia squeezed past a rack of dresses and a group of chattering messenger girls who stared at her in much the same manner she stared at girls who came in street clothes to the dancing and supper places where one was supposed to dress.

Miss Jamison was impersonal and unimpressed. She handed Alicia a form to fill out. It was a long form, and there were a lot of questions to answer—who her parents were, what they did, how old she was and where she had been born, what schools she had attended, and was she a high-school graduate. It asked embarrassing questions about business experience and former jobs, and it took Alicia exactly one half-hour to finish with it. Miss Jamison glanced over it briefly. "You are not a high-school graduate?" she asked.

Well, of course, Alicia explained, not really. But there was the Thornton School, and Miss Coswell's on the Hudson, and the convent at Lausanne for four months where she had been homesick.

"I see," Miss Jamison said. And put the form away in a drawer where there were a great many other forms.

On the street, Alicia stood for a few minutes with burning cheeks. "Stinker," she said out loud. "Snooty old stinker."

She decided to try Arnold Orrenson's and to hell with Strong and Feltman's, the stinkers. She tried Orrenson's, and Cassoway's, and Smith and Rogers'. She filled out forms. She was told she would be notified when there was an opening. At half past five she tottered to a taxi and told the driver to take her to Second Avenue and Forty-fifth Street.

Larry Thorne was waiting for her. Tom, he explained, had gone. "Your sort of apartment is nice," she said, looking around at the large bare living room, the alcove just big enough for a day bed and a chest of drawers. There was a cocktail shaker on the table and a bowl of ice. She picked it up appreciatively. "Thank the Lord," she said. "I'm dead."

"When do you start work?"

"Oh, any day now," she told him. "Any day. They let you know. They have to find out about you, or something. They have to find out you're not a kleptomaniac."

He helped her put the ice in the shaker and rather thoughtfully swished it around. "Maybe you're a home girl," he said.

"Maybe I'm not," she answered, indignantly. And to prove that she was not, she became very gay, talked a little too much and too fast, and told him a great deal about herself, her father, and Granny, who was a riot. "She travels around having a time for herself. She just packs up and goes any place she wants to. What a life!"

They had had two drinks and were sitting on the rather dilapidated couch together. Larry watched her with the fascinated, spellbound look of a rabbit watching a snake. "Would you like that?" he asked. "Would you like to travel around and have a time for yourself, Alicia?"

"Would I! Would I like nothing better!"

He poured what was left of the cocktails in the shaker, dividing them meticulously. "Then, let's go, Alicia. Let's go North and South, East and West, because right now I'm not at all sure that home is best."

"I'll have to telephone. I'll have to break a date. And I'll have to wash up and fix my hair."

He cashed a check at the laundry around the corner, and during the evening they traveled North as far as the Harlem Hot and Lowdown Club, South as far as Manny's Cave in Greenwich Village. They touched points East at Jimmy Murphy's Tavern on Third Avenue, and points West at Wing Foo's Chop Suey Parlors. Then, in case the center of town wasn't properly covered, they rode about the Park in a taxi, and Larry kissed her—which was so wonderful that her hat fell off. It was late when he took her home, but there was no one waiting up to scold her. In a burst of conscience, she left a note for Rachel saying, "Call me at nine."

"Because I have to look for a job again," she explained to Larry. "Just in case I don't hear from the people I saw today."

"Oh, jobs," he said. "Who cares about jobs? When am I going to see you again? That's what I want to know. When?"

They arranged that whoever woke up first would call the other, and they might have lunch together, or even breakfast. And on this happy note, they parted.

Rachel read the note in the morning and softly opened the door to Alicia's room. Alicia's clothes were in a little pile on the floor by her bed. She had not taken off her make-up, and she slept on her back, one arm over her head. The smile on her face was beautiful, and Rachel, who knew a thing or two, closed the door softly and went back to the kitchen, where she fried herself almost a half-pound of bacon and four eggs.

It was almost noon when Larry awakened. He woke himself up talking out loud, murmuring something that sounded like "wonderful." He noted appreciatively that, due to his early training, he had hung his clothes up neatly and opened his window. He filled his coffee pot and left it to percolate on the small electric grill, frowned at the bawdy look the cocktail shaker and glasses gave to the room, and turned on the water to fill the tub while he shaved. Then he began to look around. His soap, he

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saw, had been left at the side of the washbasin in a little pool of water and was now wet and soggy; there was lipstick on a towel; and Alicia's golden hair, so charming on her head, seemed to be everywhere.

It was Tom, not Larry, who telephoned her and finally got her up. "How'd you come out?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, swell," she answered sleepily. "We had a marvelous time. We went all over. What time is it?"

That was the day she went to see the agent who got jobs for you doing commercial photography just as easy. She wore too much make-up and mascara on her eyelashes. The agent was tired, bored, and fat, and told her to walk across the room. He looked her over casually. "You wiggle," he said.

He took her name, address, weight, height, and told her to have some pictures taken and come to see him again some time.

On the way home, she decided that she might just as well stop by at Larry's. He had probably called her, she reasoned, after she had gone out. He was home and he was serving tea to two girls, two girls from Hartford in good-looking tweed suits and small felt hats. He seemed surprised to see her. "We're having tea," he said. "Come on in and have a drink."

"A job! You couldn't get a job!"

And because she felt uncomfortable with her mascara and her dark-red nail polish in the midst of so much tweed and wholesomeness, she said she would. She sipped her cocktail, which was ashes in her mouth, and talked brightly about the agent she had seen. She told them that he was a dreadful man and made passes at people. She erased the picture of the fat, tired man from her mind and made a very dashing thing of him. "He won't *get* you a job unless—" she said.

"Unless what?" one of the girls asked her.

And Alicia gave her a knowing look and said she had to run along; she had a date.

They saw one another after that, but it was never the same as it had been that first night. Larry even came for dinner and met her father and Granny, who was in the dumps because Old Faithful's daughter had that day made him a grandfather. "It makes me feel a million," Granny said. "It seems to me he might have stopped it, somehow. I'm through with him and I told him so."

The dinner was badly served, and the house looked worse than usual. Milksop was shedding. Later, they played bridge, and Alicia kept glancing at the clock, hoping that Larry would take her out to dance somewhere. But he didn't, and at eleven he went home.

In two days he called her up again, his voice excited. "Can you come right down?" he asked. "I've got good news, swell news, and we'll celebrate."

He had lit a fire in his fireplace, and once more there were glasses and the cocktail shaker on the table. The good news, he told her, was that he had a job. "But not in New York—in Hartford."

"Oh, marvelous!" Alicia exclaimed. "We'll celebrate, all right. That's what you said, isn't it?"

She sat looking like a small, female Pagliacci and then she began to cry.

"I can't stand it," she sobbed. "You can't go, because I can't stand it. You don't care anything about me. Nothing!"

In his haste to prove that he did, he upset his glass, and it was not until much later when he got a bad scratch from one of the pins holding the organdie collar, which she had worn for sentimental reasons, that he became coherent enough to talk to her.

"I'm nuts about you," he said. "You know it. But you're poison. Absolute poison, and I want to get out of here, and away from this town and away from you.

"Alicia," he went on, holding her face between his hands, "if I married you, you'd drive me crazy in a month."

"In a month?"

"Well, in six months, then," he said. "You clutter up everything. Look at you! You're pinned together, or pasted together. You put lipstick on towels and hair in washbasins. God knows what you do with a tube of tooth paste. Judging from the rest of the things you do, I'd say you throw it all over the walls. You serve cold soup at your house, with dog hairs. You kick your garbage around until it gets lost. I don't dare let my mind dwell on the state of your bureau drawers. Your theme song must be the Ring Lardner poem, 'A home ain't a home without roaches.' What's under the couch in your living room? Dog bones! I've seen them! What's under that dress of yours? Safety pins, I have no doubt!"

There was a good deal more of such talk before Alicia got her hat and left. "Don't (*continued on page* 81)

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The Perfect Murder

EDMUND PEARSON

If you are plotting a murder, don't follow the scientists — they are second only to the detective novelists and Broadway playwrights as bunglers

A group of scientists decided to plan a murder. It was to be a murder impossible to detect. Simply as a diversion, and with the innocent enthusiasm which inspires the writer of detective novels, they wished to show how the human being could be destroyed with no trace of foul play and nothing left behind to make the police even suspect that a crime had been committed.

When I add that these scholars, according to the story, were members of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the purity of their motive will be unquestioned. It was merely an intellectual stunt: something which a novelist might use, if he liked. Yet it was to be absolutely police-proof.

My language is inadequate to give more than a rough and faulty sketch of the scheme. It was not a simple one. In fact, it would have required a Professor Einstein and a few others of equal ability to put the plan into effect.

The victim—let him be known as X—a Nordic blond of the dolichocephalic type—had to employ himself all afternoon in a laboratory, making experiments on certain derivatives of tri-nitro-citro-folderol. The barometric pressure, the atmospheric conditions, and the temperature (Centigrade) had to be exactly as prescribed. At 6 P.M. (Eastern Standard Time) X was to leave his laboratory, on the banks of the Charles River, and proceed in his car by a certain road toward Brookline. Who was to make him do all this, the learned men failed to explain. His motor having already been tampered with, and certain devices of appalling complexity attached thereto, it would inevitably happen (if he drove at the correct number of m.p.h.) that when he reached a point in the road, at the right altitude above sea level, the effects of his afternoon's work, together with the lethal devices aforesaid, would cause X to cease upon the midnight with no pain—or, in more vulgar language, to pass out.

The gentleman who described this triumph of research to a number of detective-story addicts paused at this stage in his narrative, and with glowing eyes, inquired:

"What do you think of that?"

A few of the more docile murmured their wonder and admiration. But one listener made the chilling comment:

"It would be almost as exciting as a table of logarithms."

And another, whose reading about crime had sometimes strayed outside the field of fiction, added:

"And I will bet five dollars that your committee of scientists would be in the hoosegow before breakfast next morning. They would have stumbled over their own colossal cleverness. It would probably be more successful to have one of them walk into the laboratory and clump the fellow over the head with a baseball bat."

The conversation furnishes a criticism, not only of current detective fiction, but of the attitude of many people toward the crime of murder. In a mechanized age such as this, it is believed that elaborate technical ingenuity, the employment of strange chemicals and complicated engines, make a detective story interesting. And, perhaps as a result of this fallacy, people indulge in gossip about the perfect murder, and fearfully imagine that we may soon live in constant danger of murder through some contraption invented by the winner of the Nobel Prize in physics.

Does it occur to anybody that what chiefly makes crime worth reading about, either as fiction or fact, is the human element, the strange problems it presents in human conduct, the revelations it makes of the dark recesses of the human heart?

Macbeth's murder of King Duncan is a moving story because of the dignity and terror of the scene, and an interesting one because it shows the decay of a noble and poetic character. A Macbeth in modern clothes, who might pull on a pair of gloves, so as to leave no fingerprints, would hardly be an improvement. And I should resent a Lady Macbeth who, in speaking of the

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bloodstains, should have her language altered, from:

Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand,

to:

Go get 1000 c.c. of H_2O plus 5 grammes
of NaCl, and wash . . .

In the two motion pictures named for *The Thin Man,* I wonder if it is not the rollicking nonsense of Mr. Powell, Miss Myrna Loy, and their dog, which makes these film plays so enjoyable? Are there not many others, besides myself, who long ago gave up risking a headache by trying to follow the complicated and over-ingenious plots with which such films and plays are burdened?

Or, consider the novels of Miss Dorothy Sayers. It seems possible that many people read every one of them, first, because in Lord Peter Wimsey the author has created the most amusing, human, and likeable detective since Sherlock Holmes; and, second, because of the background. In *Gaudy Night,* it was of Oxford; in *The Nine Tailors,* it was change ringing in a rural English church. As for the plots, they are often of the painfully involved sort, used so much in American crime plays and films. At the end, I am not sure whether A killed B, or if both were killed by Q, and if so, why? And, to be frank, I don't care. *Murderer* and *murderee,* to use the terms coined by Miss Tennyson Jesse, have become puppets.

Lord Peter is delightful entertainment; but the details of the murders, their methods and causes, make you reach for the aspirin.

It is probable that the authors of detective novels will continue to write as they choose, since their ingenious scientific plots do interest many readers. It does not follow, however, that when novelists invent elaborate and abstruse methods for committing murder they are basing their work on the facts of actual contemporary crime.

There is reason for believing that the direct opposite is the truth, that murders are becoming more and more simple, direct, and brutal. Writers in Sunday newspapers have made much of the few cases in which murders are supposed to have been committed by strange, modern methods (as, it was alleged, in the Swope case, by "disease germs"), but the success of the few of these which are known has not been so great as to induce other potential murderers to imitate them.

Suppose we examine what was perhaps the most carefully plotted and scientifically executed murder ever done in the United States: the killing of Florence Small by her husband, at Mountainview, New Hampshire. It was planned in perfect leisure for at least a year. The murderer was an intelligent man, with mechanical ingenuity. The victim was thoughtfully chosen; the scene was selected; the time and method determined after weeks, if not months, of meditation. It was no hasty crime of passion, but a calm, deliberate murder for gain. Modern science was invoked to meet the great problem of murderers: the total destruction of the body of the victim. There was to be *no* corpus delicti. Even psychological suggestion was employed in order to build up an unassailable alibi.

It must, you think, have been a baffling crime, only to be unraveled by a detective of supreme skill. As a matter of fact, the murderer was under arrest within twelve hours; and was convicted, sentenced, and executed within the briefest limit of time allowed by the laws of the state. The scheme went utterly to smash, and to my mind, its failure makes rather ludicrous much wise talk about "the perfect murder."

Frederick Small, a lame man with a rather dubious reputation, took his third wife to dwell with him in one of a little group of cottages on the edge of Lake Ossipee, in New Hampshire.

The year was 1914. In his new and lonely home, he devoted himself to insuring the third Mrs. Small's life for $20,000. At first he tried, unsuccessfully, to do this without her knowledge. His other occupations involved a great deal of experimentation with batteries and motors, with clockwork and electric wires. He became known to his few neighbors as an irascible person whose ill temper toward his wife was expressed both in words and blows.

One day in the autumn of 1916, when all the other cottagers had left the lake, Mr. Small, after considerable persuasion, induced one of the male schoolteachers from the near-by village to go with him upon an overnight trip to Boston. The ostensible reason was business. Actually, the other man was a dupe, carried along to act as witness to Small's presence in Boston that evening. They were to leave Mountainview by train, at about four in the afternoon.

The life insurance being in proper order, and a reputable company obligated to pay the husband $20,000 on the death of Mrs. Small, that thoughtful and scientific man employed the morning hours of a radiant September day by seeing to it that the insurance became payable. He shot his wife, crushed her skull with an iron poker,

DRAWINGS BY JOHN GROTH

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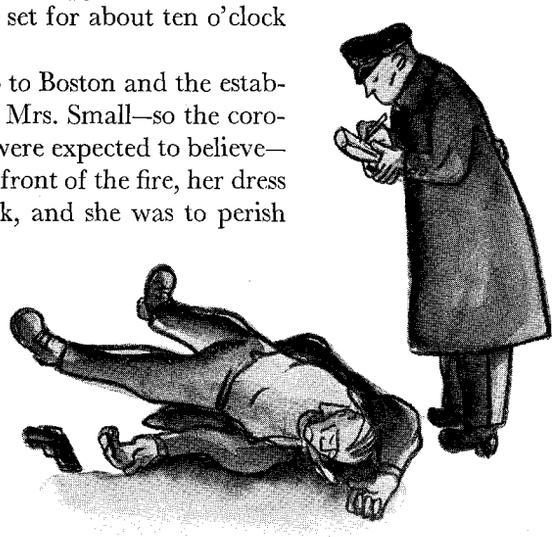
and, to make quite certain, strangled her with a cord.

There was nothing scientific or subtle about this. All of the cleverness was to come. He placed her body on a bed on the second floor, surrounded it with rosin and other inflammable substances, drenched the light wooden cottage with kerosene, and fetched from his workshop his *chef-d'oeuvre,* an electrical ignition apparatus, attached to an alarm clock. This clock he set for about ten o'clock that evening.

All was now ready for the trip to Boston and the establishment of the impeccable alibi. Mrs. Small—so the coroner and the insurance company were expected to believe—was to be so careless as to doze in front of the fire, her dress was to catch from a flying spark, and she was to perish in the flames which, moreover, were utterly to destroy her body (thus saving the cost of a funeral) and burn down the house—bringing in an additional sum of $3000 from a fire-insurance company. Mr. Small had a mind which never ignored details.



He telephoned for the man who was accustomed to drive him to the station. At half past two o'clock this man arrived in his wagon, and found Mr. Small waiting on the veranda. Small was about to put the crowning touch upon his supercleverness; to bring into the case that science which no novelist can name except with awe and reverence. He was to use psychology.

As the driver stopped his horse, and made room for the passenger, Mr. Small opened the rear door of the house and called inside:

"Good-bye."

The driver had heard this on earlier occasions, and he had always heard Mrs. Small's answer. Surely, if he were at all susceptible to psychological suggestion, he might be relied on to testify that he had heard her voice this time.

The trip to Boston went off according to plan. Mr. Small and his companion put up at Young's Hotel, and went to see a motion picture. Before going into the theater, Small added his last shrewd stroke and made the murder perfect. He provided written evidence that he was far distant from the scene of the crime. To his wife—then lying dead in the dark house on the shore of that mountain lake—he mailed a picture postcard, with the message:

Fair weather, at Youngs. Fred.
September 28, 1916, 8:40 P.M.

He probably smiled as he wrote. The lawyers couldn't get around that!

When the two returned from the theater, and supper, Mountainview was on the phone. A bad fire had broken out a little after ten, Mr. Small's cottage was destroyed, and he ought to return at once. He dashed back by motorcar, and was already in the village, when, in the smoking ruins of the cottage, shortly after daybreak, investigators made a distressing discovery.

The woman's body had been but partly consumed; it had fallen through both of the floors, after they had burned, and it lay in the cellar, preserved from fire by a few inches of water which had seeped in from the lake. That was the unpredictable factor, not foreseen by the clever murderer.

In the dead woman's head was a bullet from Small's automatic; around her neck, a cord from his motorboat. The ruined alarm clock was found, and Small was promptly arrested. Even the $24 worth of American Beauty roses, tied with a ribbon inscribed "To My Love," which Small bought for the funeral, failed to cause the people of Mountainview to regard him with sympathy. No amateur detective was needed to outline the crime. The country doctors were quite capable of recognizing a case of homicide; the rural sheriff required no city expert to explain what had happened. Small's character and disposition; his obvious motive; his opportunity; his elaborate plan; his labors to establish an alibi; his frantic but unsuccessful appeal to the driver of the wagon to say that Mrs. Small was alive when he left home—the case was practically complete. If anything more had been needed, there were found in Small's handbag all his most valuable papers—carefully saved from the coming fire—together with a priced inventory of the contents of the cottage—for the insurance officials—and complete, down to perishable items like "candy, $1.40."

Writers of picturesque stories for the Boston newspapers realized the unusual qualifications of Small as a murderer, and tried to represent the work of detection as equally erudite. They exalted one contribution to the case, by a Boston pathologist, into a sort of legend, to create an aroma of Sherlock Holmes plus Doctor Fortune. The fact was that each step of the too-clever murderer was obvious to the local officials, and the only important discovery by any outside expert was that which added one more inflammable substance—thermite—to those with which Small had tried to destroy all traces of his victim. The instructive irony of the case is that a really able schemer, who attempted the "perfect crime," was so quickly caught by country police.

Compare, if you please, the success of Small with that of the playboy who, some thirty years ago, in a New York

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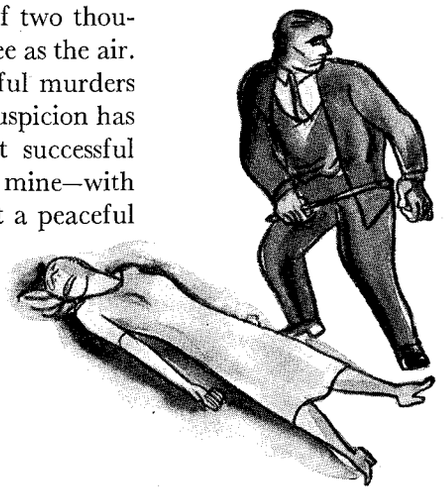
restaurant, killed his victim in the presence of two thousand persons. *He* is still walking the streets—free as the air.

It is natural to wonder how many successful murders must have been committed, deaths in which suspicion has not arisen. It is reasonable to suppose that successful murders do occur. One acquaintance of mine—with pleasantly ghoulish tendencies—never looks at a peaceful country graveyard without pondering over how many of its occupants were untimely hurried to their tombs. With Richard II, he likes to reflect:



Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd . . .

And as he pauses to consider a gravestone:

"Sacred to the Memory of Deacon Silas Tubbs . . ."

he mutters, "Well, the doctor said it was gastroenteritis —slang for stomach trouble. There was no autopsy. No one but the Widow Tubbs knows that for two or three days the Deacon's coffee and soup and gruel had been reinforced with a pinch of arsenic. . . . She had read about the successful careers of Mrs. Sherman of Connecticut, or Mrs. Vermilya of Chicago, or Mrs. Robinson in Massachusetts. And, of course, the Deacon had always had indigestion. . . ."

"Here Lies Abner Balch . . ."

"Yes . . . when they found Abner it was obvious he had been shingling the barn, and had fallen off the ladder. His brother Jedediah owns the *whole* farm, now. Nobody saw Jed that morning. They thought he had gone to the post office. But he was around the barn—with a mallet in his hand."

These imaginary instances might, if they were true, seem to establish the theory that the perfect murder is practicable. But treachery in families, secret slayings in lonely houses, have always been possible. They do not, as I understand the term, classify as perfect crimes. The crude methods of Mrs. Deacon Tubbs, the horrid brutality of Jedediah Balch are both as old as the hills.

When people talk of the perfect murder they mean something more sly and sinister than these. Thanks to the efforts of the writers of detective stories, they think of delicate machinery, of mysterious poisons from South America, trained spiders from Sumatra, "death rays" wielded by mad scientists, and all the rest of the armory of weapons which have been invented by novelists.

It is hardly realized how greatly this enormous mass of fiction—some of it very entertaining—has affected the public attitude toward crime. Many people seriously try to apply some story-book clew toward the solution of every notorious murder. They forget that the creator of the greatest of all the imaginary detectives, Conan Doyle, acknowledged that when in his own person he tried to solve a local police problem and find out who had committed a burglary, he arrived at the sole conclusion (perhaps doubtful) that the offender was left-handed. But by the time the mind which evolved Sherlock Holmes had made this deduction, the village constable already had the culprit locked up.

At the conclusion of the trial of Bruno Hauptmann it was possible for the intelligent readers of any reliable newspaper to know the strength of the case against the accused, and to see that, as the higher Court said, there was not only no reasonable doubt of his guilt, but that a belief in his guilt was inescapable. Thousands of other men have been justly convicted upon evidence by no means so overwhelming. Persons who clung to their pet theory of "somebody else" as an accessory in the crime had the bottom knocked from under their arguments by the fact that Federal accountants traced all but a few dollars of the $50,000 ransom to Hauptmann's sole possession. The "confederates" and "accessories," so firmly believed in by mystery lovers and wiseacres, failed to get any share of the loot!

The persistent belief of a small minority in Hauptmann's partial or complete innocence is probably due—in no slight degree—to the fact that writers of fiction, in stories, novels, plays, and films, have continued to present the threadbare situation of a prisoner at the bar who is the spotless and pitiable victim of brutal police, ruthless prosecutors, and savage judges. Fiction about the criminal character—or ninety per cent of it—is designed to please emotional rather than rational folk.

A little reading in the fiction of crime, and still a little more about the facts of crime, in England and America, ought to convince anybody that the myth of the marvelous amateur detective has been built up at the expense of the ordinary and frequently honest policeman. It is amusing to have Sherlock Holmes expose Inspector Lestrade as an ass, and to see Philo Vance show up Sergeant Heath as a blustering nincompoop. But it has furnished a little bit too much ammunition to those who are overready to work themselves to a boiling point of indignation in behalf of any and every hoodlum and killer who has at last been run down and put where he belongs.

It may be profitable to dwell, briefly, upon a favorite contemporary subject of discussion: the part which sci-

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ence plays in the fight against crime. There should be only admiration for the many improvements which have been made—and many of them quite recently—in the detection of criminals. The fingerprint bureaus, the use of photography, of chemical analysis, the examination of footprints, and many other methods have helped to protect innocent persons, as well as to imperil the guilty. But I have not seen it emphasized, in the great number of books and articles on the subject, that the old-fashioned, plodding work of the humble cop is still important.

It often seems to be the fact that science discovers the clew, while humdrum police work follows it up and arrests the wanted man. Or, it may be, that it is old-fashioned sleuthing all the way, until the trial. And then, in court, science clinches the case against the accused. The D'Autremont Brothers, train robbers and murderers on the Pacific Coast, were identified as the probable offenders by learned criminological research. But tireless pursuit, and costly advertising by the Federal Government, brought about the arrests.

Hickman, the murderer of a little girl in California, is a conspicuous example of the offender who might never have been caught except for a single fingerprint and the fact that his own prints had previously been secured. The arrest of Loeb and Leopold in Chicago depended, not upon any modern discovery, but upon an old-fashioned clew: something belonging to one of the murderers left at the scene of the crime.

It is a curious fact that in the Hauptmann case, the most widely investigated murder of modern times, the criminal was captured through the oldest clew known to police work: he was caught with the goods. After his capture, by ancient, patient, routine methods, science did excellent work at the trial. Only one vaunted ally of criminal investigation—psychiatry—made itself ridiculous by its absurd claims of wisdom and prophecy.

As I run over the stories of such cases as are known to me, in order to do no injustice to those who have hopefully essayed the perfect murder, I find their paths marked by very little success.

On the other hand, there was that sot and nuisance who, in 1869, chose for the scene of a murder the office of the New York *Tribune*. In that rather public place,

and in the presence of witnesses (including no less a person than Mr. Daniel Frohman), he shot down his defenseless victim—one of the editors of *The Tribune*. He then—in the style of many of his followers—secured the services of a blatherskite lawyer to obscure the issues and blacken the memory of the dead man. By this method, and by many appeals to the sentimental mob, he was acquitted by the jury, and many times kissed by the feminine spectators. To these ladies he had been presented as the Defender of Hearth and Home and the Protector of the Honor of Womanhood. This dish of *tripe à l'Américaine* is ever popular in our courts.

Far indeed from this simple method of getting away with murder once strayed a smart young man named Carlyle Harris. He decided to slay his secret wife, a girl of eighteen, who was living at a young ladies' school on West Fortieth Street in New York. Her mother was annoying Mr. Harris, a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, with frequent demands for a public acknowledgment of the secret marriage. No marriage at all agreed with the social and professional ambitions of this medical student. He called upon his technical knowledge for aid in this situation, and bought, on his own prescription, and at a Sixth Avenue pharmacy, some capsules of medicine. The capsules were filled by the druggist, each with four and one-half grains of quinine and one-sixth grain of morphine, in accordance with the prescription.

Four of these he gave to his wife, who had been suffering from a slight cold. He told her that she was to take one every night before going to bed, for four nights. He did not tell her that he had meddled with one of these capsules, emptying it of its harmless contents and substituting a fatal dose of morphine. He kept two of the harmless capsules in his own possession, to prove his innocence. He was planning the perfect murder. If anything happened as a result of taking the poisoned capsule, who could say that it had not been the "dreadful blunder" of the chemist who compounded it? Powdered morphine and quinine look alike.

It has been suggested to me that this clever plotter may have made the mistake of borrowing a hint from a detective novel. Only a few years from this event there had been published Conan Doyle's first Sherlock Holmes

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story, *A Study in Scarlet*. In this, as it will be remembered, is an incident concerning a box of pills, some of them innocent, and some deadly. Could this story have given Harris his idea? At any rate, this is the suggestion of a distinguished clergyman—and clergymen, I have observed, are assiduous and intelligent students of crime.

The young schoolgirl happened to take the three harmless capsules on the first three nights. She became convinced that they were doing her no good, and proposed to throw the other away. By a piece of tragic irony, it was her mother who advised her to take the fourth and last. That night she did so—and died before morning.

Mr. Harris, as soon as he was arrested, brightly produced the harmless capsules which he had retained—or, at least, one of them. But instead of establishing the innocence of this "clear-eyed boy," it only helped to show that the chemist had made no mistake. The case against Harris was purely circumstantial—and, as usual, it was violently assailed by people who have but a foggy notion of what constitutes evidence. Those who were in court had no doubt of the prisoner's guilt.

In the end, the too-clever Mr. Harris went the same way that—twenty-five years later—the scientific Mr. Small was to go. Both of them were brilliant exponents of the perfect murder.

Final advice to those contemplating murder would be: *Don't* follow the detective novelists. Avoid elaborate and "scientific" methods. Be direct and ruthless, and, instead of fearing witnesses, get as many around you as possible. The more, the luckier.

There are countries (notably in the British Empire) where the murderously inclined know that the consequences of a murder are swift, certain, and almost invariably unpleasant. Only in such countries does the potential killer often decide to refrain altogether. A faint hope prevails that this may some day be true in the United States of America.

Today, however, it is still a very faint hope.

The Exiles

TRISTRAM LIVINGSTONE

. . . the dogs sleeping, and the marrow-chill
We noted; shoulder to shoulder, the dozing guards . . .
The somnolent hall the weary echo fills,
And hung in sleep with their webs against the wall,
Pale weavers and the dark . . . the drowsing flies.
Saw in a dreamless torpor the grizzled king,
The gleeman's song unsung . . . the staring eyes.
And the queen, the word asleep, enchanted, unsaid,
The courier burdened with suspended flight.
Then found the wonder woven silence hid:
The princess screened with cobwebs on her bed.

Awake only the slow unraveled yearning,
The imperious horn voice tumbling down the stair
Squandered, and slumber, and the quenchless burning.
We knew then, spun on heel and hastened hence,
Our footsteps chiming after as we passed
The stallions sleeping belly-deep in grass . . .
And took to ship that were not sons to kings;
Weighed anchor and spread our canvas in the noon
To snare the breath of those capricious winds.
And wept who saw the towers falling down the cool
Far sky, that land devoured by the sea.

Silently sank the sun beyond those shores
No longer home, and in the lowering east,
Night and the starry void shone through the door.

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Scribner's American Painters Series

No. 5—"DON JUAN, SANTO DOMINGO," BY GEORGE BIDDLE

The Groton-Harvard tradition often seems a bit stuffy to some people, but it does occasionally turn out a George Biddle or a Franklin Roosevelt. And not only has George Biddle "lived down" his Groton-Harvard background, but he has also made people think of him as an artist rather than as a socialite—perhaps an even more difficult accomplishment. George Biddle was born in Philadelphia in 1885 and entered Groton in 1898. A few years later (at sixteen) he had a nervous breakdown and went to Southern California to receive his first rodeo experience and a healthy taste for luxuriant semitropical scenery. His subsequent experience at Harvard Law School brought about a second breakdown (at twenty-three). The following year was spent on a ranch near the Rio Grande where he indulged in horse wrangling and cattle herding—facts that account, in some measure, for his great interest in animals.

He began to paint while still in law school, and although he was formally admitted to the bar, has never practiced. Academically, the artistic career of Biddle covers a period of study at the Julian Academy in Paris, two years at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and a few years of travel in Italy, France, and Germany, where a good deal of time was spent in copying the old masters. From these he went to the impressionists, a fact evidenced in the clean and vivid colors that he prefers.

In 1917 he was married for the first time and shortly after enlisted in the army. There he was able to put his previous artistic training to use in the production of fine military maps. Upon his return, he was divorced and, like a great many people at that time, wanted very badly to get away from everything. He went off to Tahiti for two years. In between exhibitions of his work in various American and European centers since 1922, Biddle has made trips to Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Haiti, the results of which are shown in the subjects of many paintings and lithographs.

The water color reproduced in this issue is typical of his love of tropical vegetation and coloring, as well as his intense understanding of the nature of animals. Although the Biddle cow is perhaps better known than the wild donkeys in this scene from Santo Domingo, the artist has fully realized the humorous possibilities of the curiously hobbled animals. With an absolute minimum of human participation in the scene, Biddle has outlined a psychologically interesting situation in which the efforts of certain of the animals to free themselves of the confining sticks, and others to barge into a house or to try to chew the bark from a wisely protected tree, compose themselves cleverly within a brilliant, sun-drenched landscape.

Biddle's contact with the socially conscious art of Mexico seems to have turned him toward mural painting for public buildings. In this field he has distinguished himself with such works as the agricultural mural shown at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and the recently completed decorations for the Department of Justice Building in Washington. Biddle, incidentally, is now president of the American Society of Mural Painters. Although he is not a muralist of the quality of his friends, Orozco and Rivera, he is a most significant figure in the development of mural painting in this country. Biddle is not only the initiator of the government's present policy of subsidizing artists to do work of this sort, but is probably the spiritual godfather of one of the most significant activities under the W.P.A., the Art Project.

Personally, Biddle is a bit of a haranguer, having the ability to gather groups of people about him and, with the force of his ingratiating personality, convince them of his point of view. He hates like fury to be outdone in any activity, whether games, art, or politics, but is one of the most pleasant and good-humored people in the world. At present he is living at Croton-on-Hudson, New York, and is married to Helene Sardeau, the sculptress.

"Scribner's American Painters Series" is edited and supervised by Bernard Myers.
Pictures, courtesy of George Biddle.

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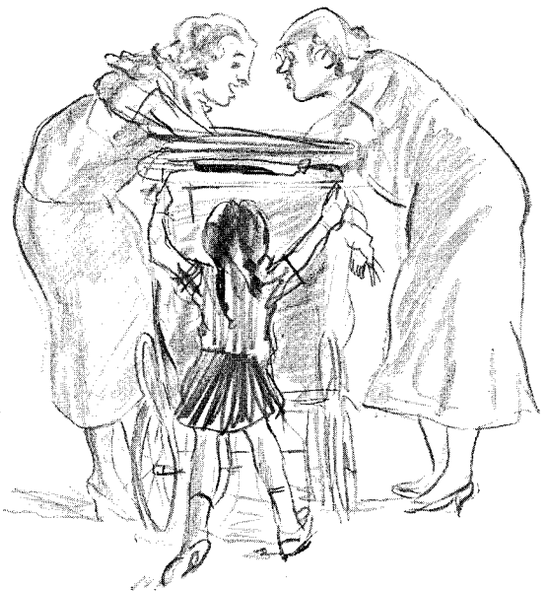
The Genius

At the age of three, he held his neighbors stupefied, unable to believe their own eyes and ears

ELICK MOLL

I CAN REMEMBER, when I went to grade school, writing endlessly in composition books with sky-blue covers and lined pages: ". . . is a country in . . ., inhabited by the . . . It is bounded on the north by . . . Its principal products are . . . Its chief export is . . ."



BROWNSVILLE SKETCHES BY FRANK BOYD

Well then. Brownsville is a state of mind inhabited by any Jew who can drive to the windward of Jamaica Bay on a blowy August day and look dreamy while everybody else is saying "Phew." It is bounded on the north by the scrapy, slippery, smelly ghost of the public fish-market in Pitkin Avenue; on the south by the flats where the gypsies pitched their cauldrons of steaming Jewish children every summer; on the west by a nameless nickel show and a nameless nickel clutched in the small sweaty fist of a nameless genius; and on the east—well, enough. What I'm getting at is that the principal products of our community were life and an unreasonable nostalgia; and our sole export, geniuses.

It was a poor block indeed in our neighborhood that could boast no prodigy of one kind or another. Ours boasted two—at least so my Aunt Rose would insist if she were alive, and if she were inclined at the moment to admit Shirley Magid's claim to the title at all. But I am afraid my aunt's loyalty was less a dedication to the facts than to her own pride—pride of family and pride of creation. For it was Aunt Rose who made me a genius—in the image of one she had created me it—and she would never bring herself to admit that I was just a selling-plater.

This was the way of it. In the old country, my Aunt Rose said, ours had been rather a distinguished strain—as Yiddish strains go in the old country. Our family tree was practically cluttered with rabbis, physicians, scholars of all sorts, and a variety of lesser confetti such as shamuses and fiddlers. There was a famous actress in the seventeenth century, a near-famous sculptor in the eighteenth, several carvers in wood and ivory in the nineteenth, besides the usual quota in cloth, and just recently one of the slickest three-card monte artists who ever crossed the Dnieper under his own steam.

Here in America, however, my Aunt Rose said, the strain seemed to have gone completely to pot with as unilluminating a collection of money-grubbing pinochle players as you could dig out of a garment-center loft on a Saturday afternoon. My aunt felt this very keenly, and never more keenly, I expect, than when she was talking to, or of, my Uncle Roogel. If I could show you a picture of my Uncle Roogel, in repose, or saying "three seventy" on a hundred aces and forty in trump, you would see at once what I mean. Well, by the time I was born, my Aunt Rose's family pride had well-nigh settled in the mold of innocuous desuetude, or permanent disillusion, depending on how you are accustomed to regard these things. But there it was; she was fed up, and no mistake, and she viewed my entrance into the Brownsville arena with no enthusiasm.

"Why has he got such a big head?" she said suspiciously, when she first saw me.

Mother looked anxious, then a shade defensive. "The doctor says it's shaped just like Sir Walter Scott's," she said.

"Yeah," my aunt observed tartly, "in this family anything can happen."

For several months she observed my dreary, uneventful progress through an eternity of diapers with a coldly uncompromising eye. "He looks," she said—and not without justice; I was a sallow, disillusioned-looking runt—"all washed out before he's even begun." But one day she so far forgot herself as to give me a chuck under the chin. That was her undoing. It had been a purely aca-

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demic chuck, she assured me later. She expected nothing to come of it. But something about the way I bit her finger electrified her, roused the guttering dynastic spark in her bosom. For the next three years I knew no rest. That day, my aunt confided in me, she made up her mind that we would have a genius in the family yet, and she began buying all the nursery books she could find.

In our community, in my Aunt Rose's day, having a genius in the house was considered even better, from the point of view of social prestige, than having a servant in the house, or a tile bathroom, or parquet floors, or a gas buggy on the lawn, or even "a son a lawyer." Fortunately for my aunt's designs, I had a good memory and excellent visual association, and by the time I was three I knew by heart every jot and tittle of the nursery jingles and tales she had accumulated and so painstakingly taught me. What was more, I could identify them on the page by some picture or mark she had made, so that all she had to do was to indicate the page, point to the head of a verse, and say "read this one," and I was off, like an iceboat in a tail wind.

On my third birthday Aunt Rose came through with her carefully planned *mise en scène*. She gathered together all the ladies from the block on the pretext of a party for them and their children, and in the midst of the ensuing bedlam she exploded her bombshell. Mrs. Plotnick, the druggist lady, whom everybody despised, had just finished recounting how yesterday she was standing on the corner with her Joey when Mr. Gerzog, our iceman, went by with his horse Solly, so what do you think? Joey had turned around in his buggy and looked at her and said, just as plain, "horsey." At this point Mrs. Farber, who was not at the moment on speaking terms with Mrs. Plotnick, was heard to remark, *sotto voce,* that it was not so wonderful for a two-year-old child to notice such a resemblance. And at this precise psychological juncture my Aunt Rose said, "Horsey shmorsey, my nephew can read. Anything."

A pall fell over the assemblage—the adult contingent, that is. Something may have fallen over in our end too, about everything in the house fell that afternoon, but we didn't notice anything. All the ladies, however, were stunned. They seemed to regard the announcement somehow as a frame-up, a frontal attack on themselves and their progeny. . . . *Read?* A chorus of worried jeers arose now. A child of three? Read? It was ridiculous. Idiotic. Who ever heard of such nonsense. Ach. . . .

"Yeah?" said my Aunt Rose. She spread me on the floor, belly down, like a small coonskin, put her knee in my back and a book under my nose, and said, "Read."

I read—on and on through the afternoon, as my Aunt Rose picked up one after another of the nursery books as if at random. I think I enjoyed it more than she did. Somehow I was aware that there was something decidedly unkosher about the proceedings and I have ever enjoyed nothing so much as a good, rousing deception. For a time the audience sat spellbound, stupefied. Then they started to crowd around, exclaiming, gesticulating, denying the evidence of their own eyes. . . . Finally Mrs. Plotnick hit on the bright idea of pointing to a specific word on the page. "What's this?" she said. For a split second it looked bad. Then my Aunt Rose came through with a really brilliant stroke. "You're only confusing him," she said, pushing them all back. "You can't expect a child of three, even a genius, to read *letters.* Even Sir Philip Sydney didn't read letters, when he was four already. That's not how they teach reading now, altogether. He reads *by context.*"

It was a *coup d'état.* It was as if she had said, "He reads by the divine right of kings" or "by special arrangement with the Baal Shem." Fake, shmake, if a child read *by context* you might just as well give in and be done with it. The doubting throng fell back, muttering among themselves. Mrs. Plotnick, who'd been especially active in leading the attack, seeming to resent the whole thing as a personal affront directed against her and her Joey, gave up too. She sank into a chair.

"The child's a fiend," she said.

My mother was on her feet in an instant. What, she wanted to know, exactly, did Mrs. Plotnick mean by that remark? Mrs. Plotnick declined for the moment to commit herself, beyond the original statement. There ensued a brief discussion. It promised to develop into the kind of discussion which was sometimes had in my Aunt Rose's

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house, following which, for months afterward, people would keep dropping in from time to time with pieces of fringe, piano keys, chair legs, etc. and say, "Guess what, I was walking on Sutter Avenue today, Rose, and doesn't this belong to that dining-room set Roogel got you for your confinement?"

For a minute it seemed as if Mrs. Plotnick was going to hold her ground, but then she observed my Aunt Rose in a flanking maneuver around the dining-room table and she backed down. What she'd meant to say, she said, was that the child was a genius.

So there it was. I held the office, undisputed, for about a year, when one day Mrs. Plotnick, who must have been tailing me all that time hoping for just such an opportunity, finally cornered me alone on Pitkin Avenue, whither I had gone on a shopping tour with my Aunt Rose. The latter had stopped for a moment at Gross's Knitting Emporium, and I had improved the shining hour by running down to the United Cigar Store on the corner to solicit the customers for the baseball pictures and the little rugs that used to come in the packages of Mecca and Helmar cigarettes.

Mrs. Plotnick came along trundling her Joey —that was the most carriage-ridden kid I think I've ever seen; he was always sitting in one with his face hanging over the side, looking vaguely like a junket. Mrs. Plotnick's eye lit up when she saw me. She looked hastily to the right and to the left, and then came over to me.

"Hello, dolling," she said.

I moved swiftly back out of reach of a possible caress which I knew from previous experience would leave a black-and-blue mark on my cheek for a week. "I have something for you, dolling," Mrs. Plotnick went on, with all the conviction of the witch in *Hänsel and Gretel.*

I watched warily while she opened her bag, expecting anything from a cannon cracker to a squirt gun. But she took out merely an old envelope, a stub of a pencil—and of all things, a tootsie roll, which she began to unwrap, lingeringly, regarding me meanwhile with the unction of an ogress. Finally she held out the tootsie roll to me.

Joey let out a scream as if he'd been seized by a dybbuk. "Shah," Mrs. Plotnick said, and gave the carriage such a yank that it left Joey sitting dazed and silent about half a foot away from his imminent convulsion. Still plenty cagey, but sorely tried, I reached out for the candy, with one foot out in back of me, in readiness. But —*mirabile dictu*—I actually found the tootsie roll in my hand. As in a dream I began to move it toward my mouth.

"Nah," Mrs. Plotnick said, holding up a coy finger. "Not yet . . ." Again she glanced quickly from right to left, seized the stub of pencil, and printed hastily on the envelope C-A-T.

"Now, what does it say, dolling?" she said, with a sugary smile, holding up the envelope. She was no fool, that woman. I looked at the legend for a moment, holding the tootsie roll in abeyance, waiting for the gears to mesh. Then I began, confidently:

"It says: 'The Story of Puss-in-Boots . . . Once upon a time——' "

I felt a tug at my arm. It was such a tug as Thor might have given the Midgard serpent at Utgard.

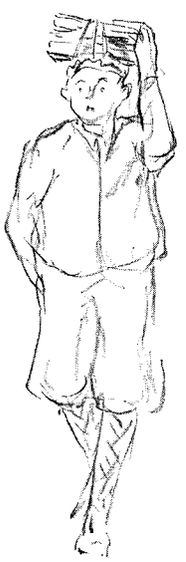
"Idiot," I heard my aunt say. She pronounced it id-*yot,* accent on the second syllable. *Sic transit gloria mundi,* out Brownsville way. Just a minute before, I'd been a genius in practically full regalia. Apparently my aunt had emerged from Gross's Knitting Emporium just in time to witness the loss of her empire without being able to do anything about it.

She pushed my arm back into its socket with a shove that disengaged my garters from my stockings and sent them clanking up around my middle like a pair of flung spurs. "Didn't I tell you you should never talk to that . . ." she glared at Mrs. Plotnick, who was executing an obscene hornpipe around the carriage, "that *snoople?"*

She meant, I suppose, snooper, but she was upset.

Mrs. Plotnick widened her mouth in glee. "Context, hah?" she jeered. *"Context. . . ."*

I have always had an imperfect visual concept of what goes on when a person girds his loins. But if that wasn't what my aunt did when she took a kind of half-step backward, gave her girdle a diagonal hitch—from the rear —and opened her mouth, then I don't know how else to describe it. And I don't know what all would have happened to Mrs. Plotnick's ancestors in the next few minutes if Joey hadn't chosen that precise moment to fall out of his carriage. . . .



But Mrs. Plotnick had attained her year-old objective. I was, as the saying goes, *aus capelusch-macher* on our block now, and she could face her own son again without getting a light case of cramps. And my poor Aunt Rose was again without a throne.

The following year she began raising her own geniuses. And for myself, by the time I was eight, I was finding it a rather pleasant ritual to come home at promotion time, hear my brother Elijah call out cheerfully, "Hey, Ma, the dope's been left back again," and have my mother say, "Nu, so he won't be President . . . Go, darling, Zofia will butter you an onion *kuchen.* . . ."

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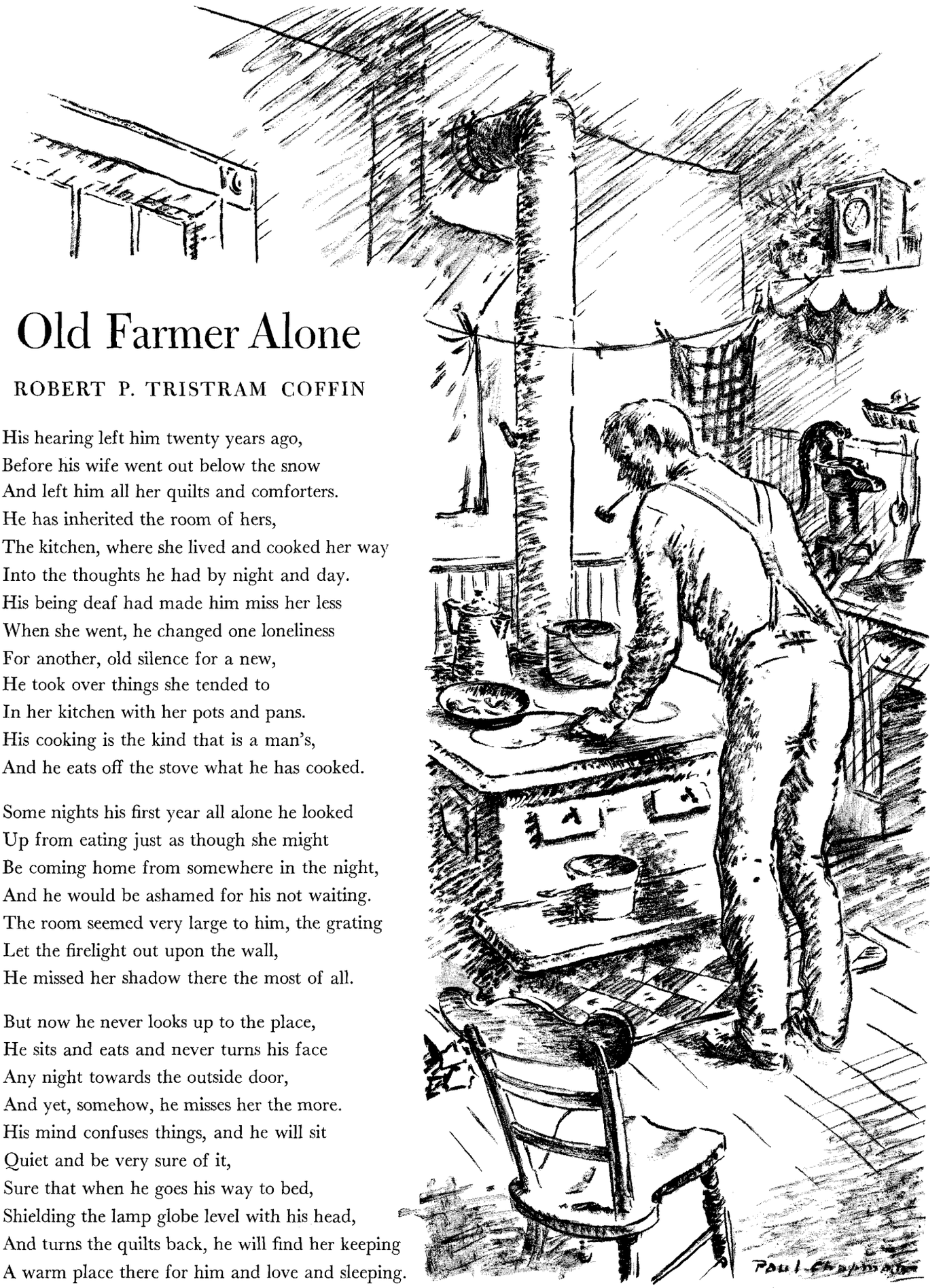

Old Farmer Alone

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

His hearing left him twenty years ago,
Before his wife went out below the snow
And left him all her quilts and comforters.
He has inherited the room of hers,
The kitchen, where she lived and cooked her way
Into the thoughts he had by night and day.
His being deaf had made him miss her less
When she went, he changed one loneliness
For another, old silence for a new,
He took over things she tended to
In her kitchen with her pots and pans.
His cooking is the kind that is a man's,
And he eats off the stove what he has cooked.

Some nights his first year all alone he looked
Up from eating just as though she might
Be coming home from somewhere in the night,
And he would be ashamed for his not waiting.
The room seemed very large to him, the grating
Let the firelight out upon the wall,
He missed her shadow there the most of all.

But now he never looks up to the place,
He sits and eats and never turns his face
Any night towards the outside door,
And yet, somehow, he misses her the more.
His mind confuses things, and he will sit
Quiet and be very sure of it,
Sure that when he goes his way to bed,
Shielding the lamp globe level with his head,
And turns the quilts back, he will find her keeping
A warm place there for him and love and sleeping.

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Magnificence

The most discussed author among Scribner's presentations writes of the sea, a man of the sea, and the truth of beauty

JOHN LANG

The sea was behind Blake like a sweep of the arm, and the sea was in his holey shoes and his soaked pants as he came over the shingled sand, thigh-deep in water. He held his stick with his hands far apart, one as high as he could reach (and still grasp firmly), and the other lower and in an incidental way (of great importance) holding up his pants, for his belt had broken. The pull of the net was immense. He had to push hard, leaning, but though he was fifty his wrists were yet a strange kind of steel, flexible as a boy's, and his whole body was young. Philip, at the other end of the net, was tired, and stopped. Blake did not yell at him; he waited, and rested too. Again they came on, the net out full, yellow corks bobbing on top, the sticks and the men leaning, Blake holding to his pants.

A dozen children gathered waiting for the men. They became loud with laughter and mockery when Blake came close, and jumped up and down singing about his long-lost pants. They made fun of his very old age with "Blakey Blakey, white and shaky. Blakey Blakey, white and shaky." This was a rhyme they had used all summer.

Blake let them talk and holler and with a rope for a new belt went about the business of laying the net out straight. He tossed out what he didn't want, touching the large fish only momentarily, his strong hands gentle, and not scraping off any of the protective slime, for these fish must live to make the tiny ones Philip would sell to the tourists on the other side of the peninsula, on the other side of town.

The children busied themselves helping Blake and Philip, bringing up the pails half filled with water, slipping the tiny lively bodies into them, and becoming more silent as they worked. . . . Blake had to smile. But he really loved kids. He saw Philip gazing at the oldest girl, Myra, who was twelve.

"Na na," he said to Philip, motioning with his hand.

The little Negro boy, Jean, was standing by Blake, having risen from a pail to straighten his back, and Blake put his hand on the kinky head and shoved it playfully so that the boy tumbled prone on the sand. Blake laughed harshly; the children who had seen it laughed at Jean, and Jean laughed too. They loved Blake, and they did not love Philip.

Blake saw Annette, a blonde girl of seventeen, coming along the hard sand, by the water. "Get out, kids," he said, shoving them aside as he met Annette and took her hand. Only five years before, she had been one of these children. . . . For a moment she felt ridiculous. . . . Now, as she did every summer, she came to see Blake and the gang as a visitor, for her own set had been replaced in the gang. Her own set was being absorbed into commerce, or out-of-town schools, or marriage. She herself was about to marry Ronald Stevins, a stranger to Blake, and she had come, mostly, just to tell Blake of the marriage. This she had to do, for she loved Blake, and had known him for æons, and had even thought of marrying him, though he was thirty years older, at least.

There was the trivial happy greeting of her first visit of the year, and then there was talk between friends, sober and silly, and with all the children too noisy about them. "Oh, pipe down, kids," Blake said, and he waded through them, taking Annette to his home, which was a beached ship sticking out into the water a hundred feet or so, in water deeper than what covered the shingled shallows where he worked. It had been a three-masted freighter (its main body was great chambers), but of course it had cabins, and Blake lived alone in the choicest. They came to the vertical ladder of eight steps, and the long-practiced Annette, Blake following, went up, and over the rail. And all the children came too, against Blake's protests.

They sat in a ring around Blake and Annette, and listened to all the talk, which was of the marriage. Annette said that she had fallen deeply in love with Ronald, and she told many plans they had made together all of which would turn out happily, and Blake kept saying, "Of course." He said, "How old is Stevins?"

"Twenty-four."

"And you?" he said, knowing she was seventeen.

"Seventeen."

"It should be a good marriage," he said.

One of the little boys, Axel, who was very pretty except when he smiled, for then there were three black teeth that you hoped were holes, but were teeth—said, "What are you getting married for?" And his voice was so high with inquiry that Blake and Annette both laughed.

It was after noon, and Blake had not eaten since early in the morning—so he devoured cold fried fish and bread,

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DRAWINGS BY CHARLES LOCKE

Blake put his hand on the kinky head

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while Annette sat in a chair and talked, and the children lay around on the deck, half interested in her. She was a beauty, and her talk was simple and her voice clear, childlike, and immediately winning.

Then Axel bashfully played a few notes on his mouth organ, making sour sounds to show he was not a sissy. When he got up nerve to play a tune, Jean, the little black boy, took off his shoes and danced flat-footed, very comically. Annette laughed intensely.

Annette said she had already had lunch; but the children had not, and they went home.

When they were alone, together in the sun, and all the children gone, Blake and Annette were still separate. "I don't know *why* I should get married," said Annette.

"Why not?" said Blake. "It's only natural. But you are pretty young."

"For marriage? That's a funny thing," said Annette. "You can be too young for marriage and not too young for love. Is that so?"

"Mm, I don't know," said Blake.

They talked a while longer, and went to the rail to watch Philip, who was cleaning and repairing the net. He had been working all that time. "It's wonderful how some men can work," said Blake; "I've only had two regular jobs all my life, myself: one with a shipwright when I was a kid, and two rotten years on a freighter. And this fooling around in the water, playing fish."

"This is your life," breathed Annette: "the sea. . . ."

Blake did not protest Annette's romantic words; he liked them for the love in them; and he was vain. (His hands smelled of fish, and he put them behind him.)

Blake was vain, but he knew it; what you liked about him was his thorough honesty. He was an immediate act of vision, you saw him complete at a glance, bleakly great, a whole person. He worked for no one but himself; but this was a daily thing, and his life and life's purpose were not at all obvious to the eye, being for Blake perhaps nonexistent—so that he never knew what he would be doing in a year's time. He was so vain that he never talked about himself (for fear of seeming little), and this was a saving grace. He was like an unfinished work of art whole only in intent, as set against a finished and polished poster, the product of too many men.

They walked on the ship until they were on the end that was in the sea. It was a hot day and quiet, not a good day to look at the sea. The water was turbid and spiritless, a usurer of self, as if all of it were clinging to the bottom. It didn't even look good to jump into.

"*I* could never marry," said Blake, laughing and turning to Annette. "It would mean twice the minnows to catch."

Annette could not laugh just then; but she smiled.

As she left, Blake walked with her to the street. "Bring Stevins along some time," he suggested.

"Oh, I will," said Annette, and she went away.

On another day Annette stood by the last street of houses, by the sea, watching Blake and Philip with the net.

She crossed the street and sat on the short cement wall at the edge of sand in the great shade of a tree.

Then she *had* to go out to the freighter, and climb the eight vertical steps, and walk out to the end, in the sea. Blake had not seen her, for he was busily steering his end of the long net.

It was windy, and when Annette leaned on the rail she felt the breath come up from the curve of hull with the smell of sea. Up it came, in her face, and paused, still. Then down the draft went, blowing her hair, the live wind eliciting *air* from the far infinity of sky. The water, fretted, held itself only by its own weight, like life on earth. There was something happening to Annette. The waves, upleaning, tossing, hoped to merge with wind.

She looked up at the bare poles over Blake's home, and the ancient lines hanging down triangularly, black and reddish brown. How beautiful! Far back, framed in the lines and the cabin tops were the pastel houses and the green trees of the town.

Annette went back along the ship and down the eight steps to the sand, walking gladly, past the piers, and several children came to meet her. A very small boy came with them, reluctantly. Somewhere he had lost his clothes, and it might have been easy, for he was so tiny. The other boys entirely disregarded him in his strangeness and perplexity, and only the girls stared at him.

When Annette came up to them, they all became silent and ashamed, and so she just walked past them, smiling hello, and on up to the street.

She stood by the cement wall, in the shade, saying to herself, "The stupid—he never saw me." And she said with slow intensity, so that tears started in her eyes, "I love you, darling."

Blake stood in the water, the sea in his shoes, waiting for Philip to stop resting. They had come halfway in, and Blake had felt nothing in the net, though he could not be sure they had not struck even one shadow of a fish. It was hard to tell: the flitting in, the hesitant nosing at the delicate net. No, he never could feel it; it was his imagination.

He watched a sea gull dip and pivot, shed air in a sudden rise like shedding invisible feathers, grow into a white airy ball of no weight, then fall heavy, shooting to the sea in an arc and away, glimmering in sunlight, over the glimmer of separate waves glinting in sunlight.

Blake remembered (or was conscious of living in) his days on days, infinite (in a calendarless life, and his life real, not spaces on a sheet). To himself he was a number ever enlarging, beautiful and unimaginable in its largeness.

He knew the digression of data; and knowing this, and against it, he felt the splendor of the single and simple fact of effect. All his life went on and on, and he was great because he came to beautiful things in a homely way, without effort; and Annette he would have as the next beautiful thing.

Annette dropped by to talk on afternoons when she thought the water would be too choppy for the net.

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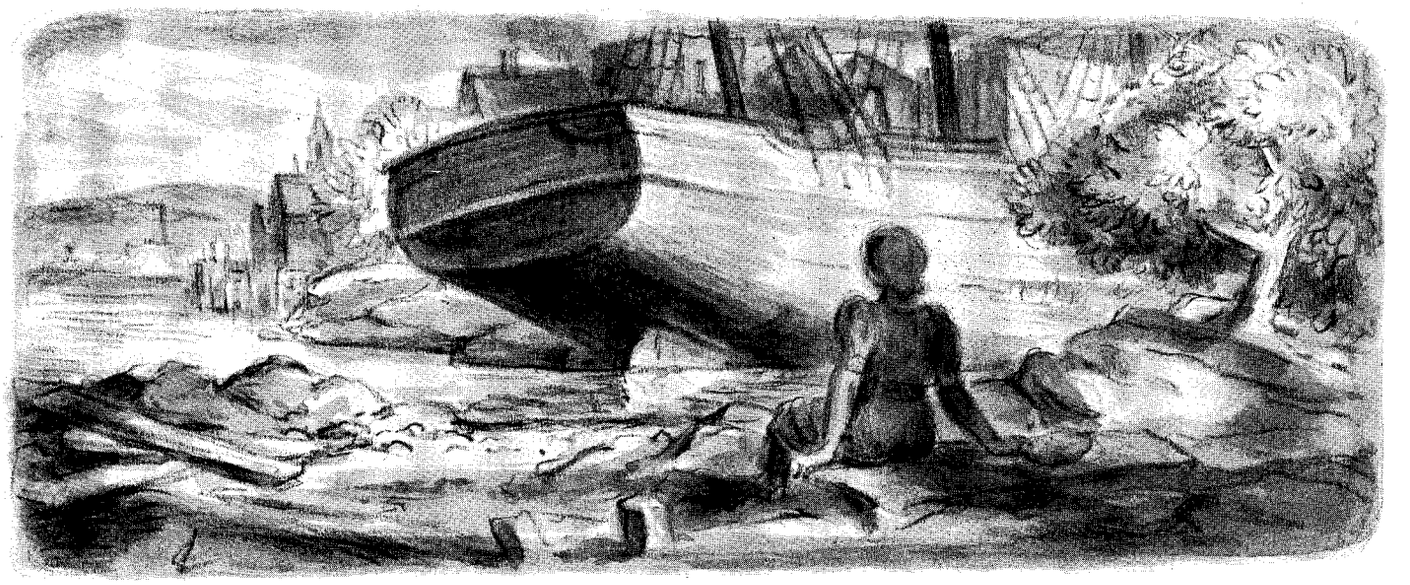

They accepted Annette's coming marriage to Ronald Stevins as inevitable, but also they were deeply in love, and the understanding was suddenly there that they, too, were inevitable. And Annette mentally gave herself to Blake. And Blake took Annette, repeatedly, until they were used to it.

On afternoons when he worked she stood in the shade of the great tree, pausing on a walk around town, watching the man work at the sea. He was valiant as motion; his life breathed, like the wind; he was strong as the sea. She must feel him breathing into *her*. . . . She thought: I am his, I am his, I am his.

For three days Annette did not see Blake, and then when they met again she said, her voice not quite trembling, "Tomorrow morning Ronald and I are to be married, and we leave right afterward on our honeymoon."

Blake accepted this, gravely, acquiescing with not a word, for he felt close to her now, as if they had arranged something, with those words . . . I bless thee . . . and forgive thee.

Then half a dozen children came running from far down the beach, calling to them; and straggling up one by one they fell at the feet of the couple. They looked up; Axel's smile shone, and in the middle of its glory were three black holes, which were teeth. He was an exceptionally pretty child.

More of the children came, from another direction, until there were a dozen proprietary and imprisoning creatures all around Blake and Annette.

"Which one do you want?" said Blake to Annette in mock gravity, as if he were choosing a sacrifice, and all the children pretended to be scared.

Laughing, Annette chose Jean.

"Where did you-all come from?" muttered Blake. "You swoop down on us like a bat. You must grow in dark barns. And you feed on the insides of the tails of salamanders."

"No," said Jean, and all the rest laughed.

The afternoon passed, swift as the sucking in of breath in excitement. Then Annette went away, saying good-bye to the children. She came back much later.

In the sea's dark silence, with the shadowed sounds of lapping water lost in a silence made profound (as shadow is lost in shadow and the shadow made black), Blake met Annette on the ship. "How long have you been here?" he asked, for he had come upon her at the end of the ship in the sea, and he had not known she was there. For the first time he held her. (And she saw how silent is a face.) To herself, and almost silently, as he kissed her, Annette whispered and whispered, "Darling . . . darling . . . darling."

She went down the ladder for the last time, in the morning, and a whole school of children was at the ship's side. She walked in the sand, up and up toward the street, alone. . . . Under the arrow of the sun piercing past the heart into only pain if there was pain, she fell in the thick sand, and sat looking at the beach, Blake, the children going to meet Philip. How nice. . . . The sense of words is blinding, but the implicating *sentence* opens the eyes to the truth of beauty. . . . The image blurs, the sequence breaks. . . .

Philip came with the net, and the whole school of children . . . and Blake placed his hand on the head of one, gently, and suddenly twisted the hair into a disordered mass. The child laughed.

Later, walking in the sea, Blake carried the pole of the net like a flag; but what he felt inside and away from the steel wrists was not the glory of man with the glory of woman—nor a glory at all. For he was lost in the sea temporarily, and the sea in him in his holey shoes (old, for walking in the water) was small and silly. The sea was just water with fish in it.

She felt, seeing him: he is so simple he is not cosmopolitan, but cosmic. . . . She got up, to go and get married to Ronald Stevins.

And out—at her back and to Blake's back, in the deeps, at the curtain of sky, beyond the seeing, in the mists—the sea lay forever.

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Thomas Hardy's Meat

JEROME WEIDMAN

The small car turned in from the state highway and began to pick its way slowly along the dirt road toward the farmhouse.

"Looks like a New York license," Mr. Neipert said, shooting a stream of tobacco juice across the railing of the porch as he leaned forward and squinted. It was late afternoon, and the sun was fiery as it prepared to go down behind the hills. "Don't you think?"

"That's right," I said, without moving from my chair.

"Guess it's them," Neipert said.

"I suppose," his wife said. She was in the kitchen, talking as she worked. "Hope they stay awhile."

"Letter didn't say," Neipert said. "But I guess they will. Honeymooners." He grinned at me quickly. "Coupla weeks, anyway, I guess."

"Hope so," his wife said. "Money'd come in handy."

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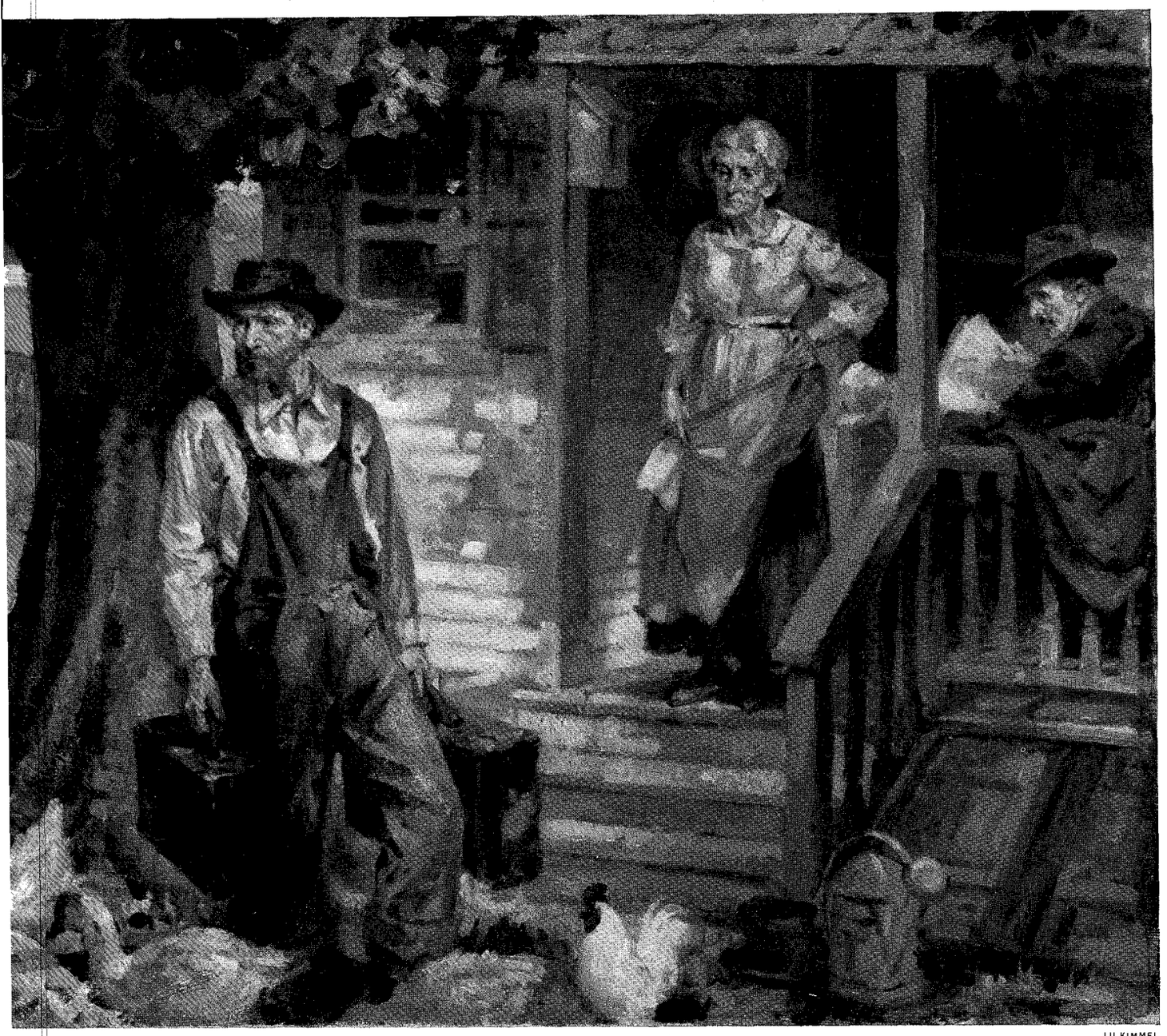

LU KIMMEL

The car drew up in front of the porch. A tall, heavy-looking man got out and stood for a moment, stretching. His hair was brown and disheveled, and his youthful face had pink splotches along the jawbone where the razor had irritated it. The muscles of his arms were accentuated by the shirt sleeves rolled tightly above the elbow, but his skin was white, as though it had never been exposed to the sun. Mr. Neipert walked down from the porch toward him, tugging at one of the shoulder straps of his worn overalls.

"Howdy," he said.

The newcomer smiled quickly and said, "Hello. Dowack's the name. Get our letter?"

He stuck out his hand as he spoke, and Mr. Neipert took it gingerly.

"Sure did," Neipert said. His wife came out on the porch and looked down on them, her hands in her apron. "Got it yesterday."

"I hope you got room for us," Dowack said. "I guess I should've written you a lot sooner, I suppose, but——"

"That's all right," Neipert said. "Plenty of room. Not so busy this year, anyway. Fact is, you'll practically be the only ones stoppin' over, right now."

I coughed from the semiobscurity of the porch and moved my chair a little, but nobody paid any attention. Dowack's smile broadened.

"You mean that?" he said. He stuck his head into the car. "Hear that, Jen? We're the only ones here. Boy, we got the place all to ourselves." He pulled his head out again and stopped smiling. "I mean, of course," he said to Neipert, "I'm sorry you're not *busy,* but I just mean it'll be sorta, well, you know. . . ."

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"That's all right," Neipert said. He went to the rear of the car and began to unstrap the suitcases on the luggage rack. "Plan to stay long?" he asked.

"Oh, two-three weeks, maybe," Dowack said. "Depends." He opened the door of the car. "Come on, Jen," he said.

A thin young woman, with startlingly blonde hair, got out. She wore a yellow silk dress with a pale-green jacket and high-heeled shoes to match. She couldn't have been more than twenty-eight, and her little girl's face, with its small, delicate features, should have made her look younger. But somehow, because of the nearly white hair, and a sullen expression that was almost a scowl, she looked older, older than the man who was smiling at her.

Neipert picked up the suitcases and climbed the porch steps.

"This is the missus," Neipert said, nodding toward his wife as he passed her, and then introduced me.

"How d'you do," Dowack said, smiling at her and at me. But the blonde girl didn't say a word. She followed them into the house, without glancing to right or left, and that was the last I saw of her.

At dinner Dowack explained her absence.

"Jen's got a headache," he said apologetically. "She don't travel so good. The ride all the way from the city kinda shook her up."

"I know," I said with a smile. "I have the same trouble myself."

"Maybe I better fix her a bite," Mrs. Neipert said as she cleared the tables.

"No, thank you, ma'am," Dowack said. "She'll be all right. She's just gotta sleep it off, that's all."

Mr. Neipert went out to the barn, and his wife busied herself in the kitchen. Dowack and I walked out on the porch and sat down in the rockers. The sun had set, but there was enough light to see far across the rolling, dismal-looking country to the low hills that framed the valley. Dowack sat with his mouth slightly open, a faint smile on his face, staring fixedly at the dull, blue-gray landscape.

"Kinda nice, isn't it?" he said.

I nodded.

"Makes you feel sorta rested," he said.

I didn't think so, but I nodded again. There was something pleasant and boyish about him that was entirely out of keeping with his size, and that attracted you in spite of it—or, perhaps, because of it.

"Boy," he said, "I'd like to live in a place like this the whole year round."

Even if I had shared his enthusiasm for the scenery, I would not have paid much attention to it just then. I was too busy wondering about what a strange couple they made, that hard, experienced-looking girl and this open-faced and, for all his muscles, soft-looking man.

"Why don't you?" I said.

He laughed easily.

"What a chance," he said. "Me, I got a garage to take care of, there in Jersey City."

"Jersey City?" I said. I was thinking of the New York license plates on his car.

"Yeah," he said. "Jersey City."

He turned back to the hills.

"Too bad your wife doesn't feel well," I said casually. "She's missing the scenery."

"Oh, she's got plenty of time," he said, quite naturally. "And anyway, she needs the rest after the long ride."

Perhaps she did. But unless my ears deceived me, she was not taking it in bed. Quite unmistakably, the quick, sharp clack-clack of a pair of high heels going back and forth across one of Mr. Neipert's uncarpeted floors reached us from the upper story of the farmhouse.

"Besides," he continued, "not everybody likes this kind o' country. Most people gotta get used to it. Me, though, it just comes natural to me. Boy, I love it."

He breathed deeply and noisily of the damp air and shook his head with an appreciative smile. I followed the direction of his eyes and tried to recapture the slight pleasure the hills in the distance had given me on the first day of my visit, before I had settled down to a month of rest that was being impaired slightly by a growing dislike for the landscape. But the effort was wasted. The dull scene had lost its original attraction long before, and certainly had never given me a fraction of the excitement that Dowack seemed to be getting out of it.

"Let me ask you," he said suddenly, turning toward me. "Did you ever read Thomas Hardy?"

I stared at him in amazement. I was as prepared for his question as I was for a penguin's comments on the complexities of the combustion engine.

"Why—a little," I said lamely. "Why?"

"Yeah? Well, which ones did you read?"

"Well, I don't quite remember now—" I began, embarrassed. "Oh, yes I do, too. *The Mayor of Casterbridge,*" I said.

He shook his head grudgingly.

"That one's all right," he said, "but it's the wrong one. Me, I read 'em all. Every single damn one he wrote." He waved his hand toward the darkening hills. "This is just the kind o' country he wrote about," he said.

I looked out across the valley doubtfully.

"I guess so," I said.

"You don't get it so much in *The Mayor of Casterbridge,*" he said, "but the others are full of it. Jeez, he had a way of writing."

We were quiet for a few moments.

"You like Hardy better than the other—?" I began.

He grinned with the first embarrassment I had seen him display.

"Don't get me wrong," he said. "I'm not much of a guy for reading. I don't get much of a chance for it. Fact is—" the sheepish grin was visible through the dusk — "I ain't never read much of anybody else. But Hardy—hell, I don't know. He sorta got me."

I sat silent, afraid to add to his embarrassment by my comments.

"Guess I even forgot what most of them were all

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about," he said. "Read 'em so long ago. But I remember about the country, though. The way he writes about it, you sorta never forget it. Kinda dead and creepy, like a ghost story, maybe, but not exactly." He laughed shortly. "Don't know what there is to make you like it, I mean from the way I tell about it, but hell, I don't know, me, I was always a sucker for it. I guess that's why I liked his books so much, I guess."

It was quite late now, but the paleness of the sky cast a faint light over everything, and the clack-clack of the high-heeled shoes came to us clearly from above. Dowack, however, didn't seem to hear.

"Yes, sir," he said, waving his hand toward the darkness that was the flat countryside and the deeper darkness in the distance that was the low hills, "this is the kind o' country he used to write about, all right. This sure is his meat."

All at once he seemed to become conscious of the noisy pacings above us.

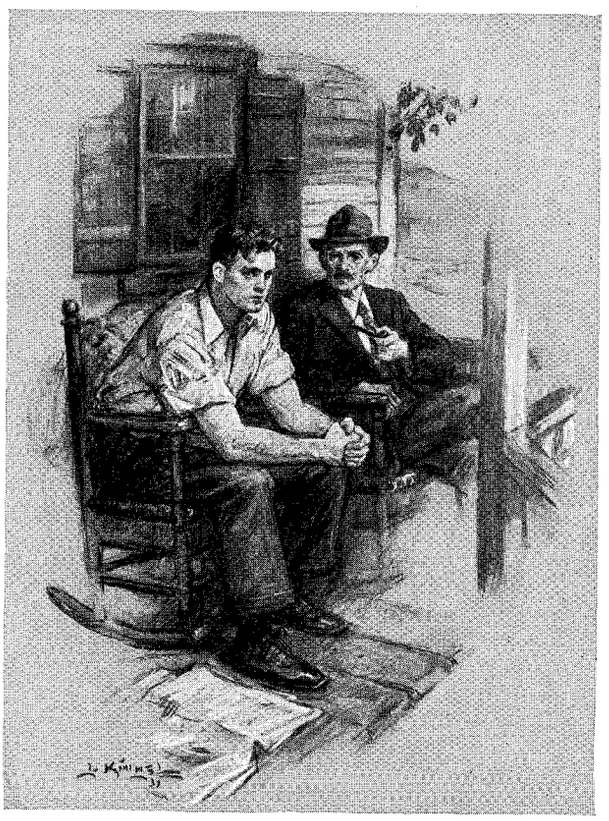
"Guess I better go up and see how Jen's doing," he said, getting up. "Good night."

"Good night," I said.

During the week that followed, we saw a good deal of each other, but I learned no more about him. Save when Mrs. Neipert was arranging some food on a tray for him to take up to her, he did not even refer to his companion, who remained in her room. Then he would say, "That looks good, Mrs. Neipert. Jen'll sure like that, all right." But the tray always came back heaped with lipstick-smeared cigarette butts, the food practically untouched.

And at night, when we sat on the porch, rocking slowly and watching the low hills in the distance grow darker and darker, we could hear the nervous pacing above us. Once or twice I caught him looking up toward the room where the noises came from, his face a strange mixture of worry and hopeful puzzlement. But as soon as he saw me looking at him, the good-natured smile returned, and he made some appreciative comment about the landscape.

I couldn't help wondering about the strangeness of this honeymoon. And when I learned from Mr. Neipert—he let it drop with a smirk one night when I met him at the foot of the stairs with two clean kerosene lamps for the honeymooners—that they occupied different rooms, it was all I could do to refrain from asking questions. But the opportunity did not present itself.



"We sorta grew up together," he said

As the days went by, Dowack seemed to become more contented. He still appeared alone in the mornings for breakfast and carried a tray upstairs after dinner. But when we sat on the porch at night and listened to the pacings above us, Dowack, when he looked up at all, did so without the frown that I had noticed on previous occasions. Now the look on his face at such times was to me more puzzling than ever. It had become a smile of satisfaction and relief, and by the time he had been at the farm for ten days, he was almost jolly.

Then one day, when we were on the porch together, a car stopped on the state highway at the entrance to the dirt road that led to the farmhouse. A man got out, and the car drove away. The man began to walk toward us with quick strides. He was tall and wore a straw hat, but at that distance it was impossible to make out anything more because of the brightness of the late-afternoon sun behind him.

"I wonder who *that* is," I said.

Dowack didn't answer.

"I wonder who that can be," I began again, turning toward him, and stopped. Dowack's face was broken with disappointment. All the pleasure and contentment that had grown up in him during the past ten days was suddenly gone. And as he silently watched the stranger's approach, the disappointment in his face became unmistakably mixed with resignation. When the stranger reached the porch, Dowack even managed to smile a little.

"Hello, Steve," he said pleasantly, if slowly. "I see you made it."

"You bet, Dow," the stranger said, grinning quickly. "It took a little longer than I expected, but you know me. I never missed yet." He was lean and handsome and wore his clothes well. When he smiled, his thin-skinned, almost gaunt face wrinkled pleasantly and showed his good teeth. "Where's Jen?"

"Upstairs," Dowack said.

"Guess I'll go up, then," the stranger said.

"First door at the head of the stairs," Dowack said.

The stranger ran up the steps quickly and paused for a moment to pat Dowack's shoulder and say, "Good boy, Dow," before he disappeared into the house.

I looked at Dowack, waiting for an explanation, but he did not speak. He sat quietly, staring into the sinking sun,

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and chewed his lower lip. Finally, after ten minutes or so, he got up and said, "Well, I guess I'll go up, now."

The dinner hour had come and gone, but Mrs. Neipert had made no move to set the table. Nor did I get up from my chair on the porch. There was a restless quality in the air that insisted upon being undisturbed by the commonplace of eating or moving about.

Suddenly there was the noise of feet coming down the stairs inside the house. The side door opened and closed. Then there was the sound of a motor starting, and a moment later Dowack's car, with the New York license plates, swung around from the side of the farmhouse and sped up the dirt road toward the state highway. I got a clear view of the straw-hatted, handsome stranger at the wheel, and I thought I caught a glimpse of a pale-green jacket and a head of white-blonde hair beside him. But the car was moving too quickly for me to be certain. And in a few moments it was gone.

Dowack came out on the porch and sat down in the rocker beside me. He stared out at the road for a long time, running his tongue around the edges of his dry lips.

"Maybe I'm wrong," I said, "but wasn't that your car I just saw going up the——?"

"No," he said, turning to look at me. "That was Steve's car."

My astonishment must have been plain on my face. He grinned ruefully.

"That's all right," he said. "That was his wife, too."

Heavy, leaden clouds had begun to gather over the valley, giving it an even gloomier appearance than usual.

"I guess I'm just a sap, I suppose," he said, talking to the porch railing. "By this time, when I get *my* age, I shoulda known already it was no soap. But I guess it's just one of those things," he said.

It was plain that he was getting no pleasure out of talking. I was certain that by a phrase or a gesture I could have relieved him of the obligation he seemed to feel he was under to make an explanation. But my virtue was no match for my curiosity. I sat quietly, listening.

"Steve and me and Jen, we sorta grew up together," he said. "Ever since we were kids. I guess I always was a little nuts about her, but with Steve around, she never even gave me a tumble. They been married a long time now, maybe seven-eight years, I guess. Not that Steve's a bad guy or anything like that, but it's just that he moves with a kind of a fast crowd over there in New York."

He paused for a moment, hopefully perhaps, to listen to the low thunder in the distance. But I was relentless in the intensity of my silence.

"They picked him up a couple weeks ago—forgery, they said. He asked me I should take Jen out to the country some place and, well, sorta watch her and take care of her so's nobody'd bother her with questions and all, till he beat the rap and then he'd be out in a few days to pick her up. So I picked this place because I drove through here before and I sorta liked the country."

Here the sheepish grin that became him so well returned to his face. But now there was a quality of maturity in it that gave it an air more of sorrow than of boyishness.

"I'm pretty much of a damn fool, I guess," he said. "Maybe worse than that, even. But I was sorta hoping, I mean—yeah," he said grimly, "what's the sense of kidding myself. It's true. I was sorta hoping this time he *wouldn't* beat the rap, and they'd get him, and then maybe, with him out of the way for good—she'd really get to know how I— But the way things work out for me all the time, I guess I shoulda known better."

His voice stopped. And now that his words had turned the tantalizing into the commonplace, my conscience began to take its revenge upon my curiosity. All at once I felt miserable for having practically bludgeoned him into what had changed from an explanation to a confession.

"I'm terribly sorry," I said stupidly. But luckily the rolling thunder gathered into a knot that exploded above us and drowned out my words.

The silence that followed was broken by Dowack. He laughed suddenly. I looked at him.

"You know what I once did when I was a kid?" he said. His voice was surprisingly cheerful, and he laughed again, as though he knew my embarrassment and was trying to help me hide it by changing the subject. "It was way back in 1917, I guess, maybe a year or so earlier or later, but anyway it was way back then, and he was having an anniversary over there in England—he must've been about seventy, or even older——"

"Who?" I asked in amazement.

"Hardy," he said, and went on: "Well, anyway, I was only a kid then, maybe sixteen, I guess, and he was having this anniversary over there in England, and me, I'd just read every one of his books and all, you know, and I was so hopped up about it—you know what I did?"

"No," I said. "What?"

"I wrote him a letter," he said, "sorta congratulating him on his birthday, you know, and also—not that I'm one of these collectors, or anything like that, but *his,* you know, I thought I'd like to have it—so I asked him he should send me his autograph."

He stopped and chuckled at the memory.

"What happened?" I asked.

The smile went out of his face, and he shook his head wistfully, with a gesture of acceptance.

"With my luck, I guess I shoulda known," he said slowly. "I never even got no answer."

The thunder above us had settled down to a steady, ominous drumming. We got up and tipped the rockers over and leaned them against the wall of the house. As we went in through the screen door, the rain began to fall.

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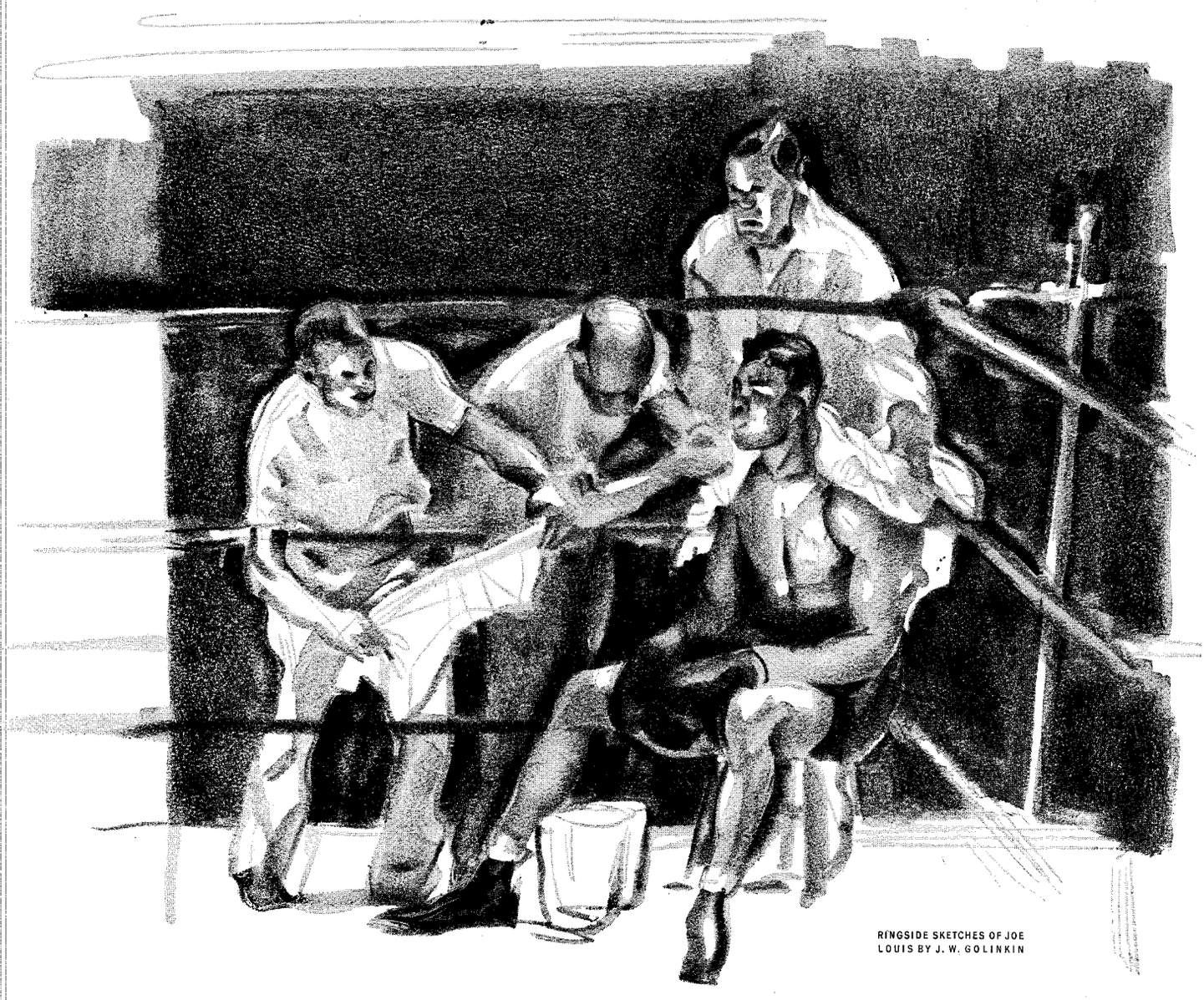

RINGSIDE SKETCHES OF JOE LOUIS BY J. W. GOLINKIN

Wild Man of Borneo

LESTER SELIG KORITZ

SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month a short story by a new and talented writer, with illustrations by an equally talented artist* . . . . . *turn to page 61*

HAVING lost hope of finding promising ring material in America, Gardner 'Suds' Hoffman, dynamic fight manager, last night announced his intention of scouring the far corners of the globe for a man to defeat the Champ." So I had written in *The Courier* a year ago, and was now regretting it with all my heart.

"Say, Mike," Suds was telling me as we splashed and skidded along among pool halls and warehouses in a lousy cab, "I never thanked you properly, did I, for that story you printed? It sure helped. 'Power of the Press,' I kept thinking, the whole trip, 'Power of the Press.' Why, all I had to do was show people that story, and I got free ducats to everything from a cockfight to a war dance."

"You mean," I muttered, "I have only myself to blame for making it possible for you to come back here with a new Jack Johnson and drag me out to this Godforsaken joint?"

"Well, not exactly," he said, very slightly dampened.

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"Those things didn't help me find the Wild Man. It was kinda by accident. Wanna hear?"

"No."

"Well, it was like this. We docked at some burg called Batavia—and there he was."

"Don't you mean Harlem?"

"No, this is on the level. I was just leanin' over the rail when I seen him, heavin' freight. Some poor sap dropped a crate on his toe. He let out one yell—and the next thing I knew the other guy was in the middle of a stack of bales ten feet away. But I ain't going to say any more. You'll see him in a few minutes. You know I wouldn't want to prejudice you in advance. Here's Beany's, anyhow."

Beany Thomas had set up his gym on the top floor of a warehouse out where rents were cheap, and the lights from his place were all that saved the whole neighborhood from looking like a country cemetery in a drizzle. Suds followed me into the freight elevator, and in a few seconds we stepped into a world of blazing lights and mat-littered floors, jump ropes and dumbbells, and the smack of leather on leather.

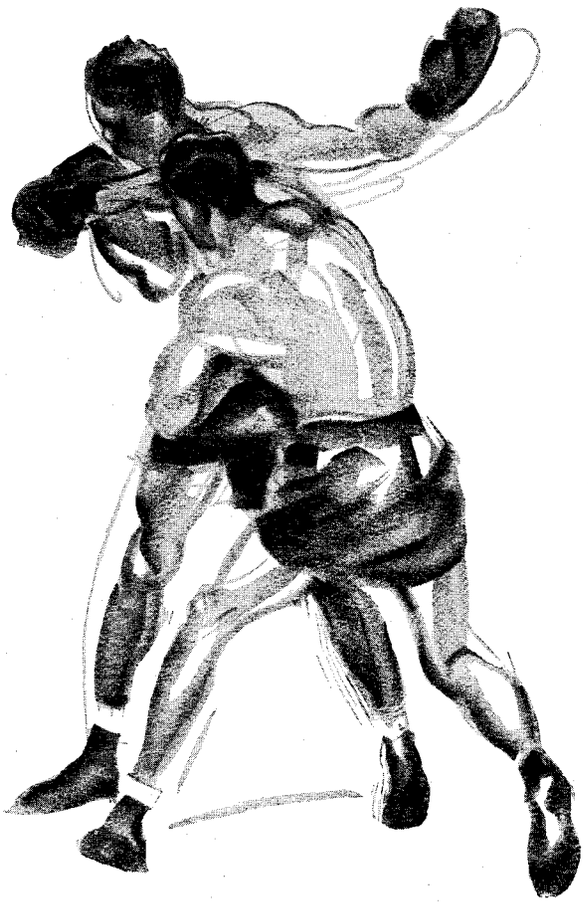
Suds grabbed my arm.

"There he is," he said, pointing.

I looked, and gasped.

In the far corner a Negro was jumping rope. He wasn't very adept at it, but showed a few signs of practice.

But it wasn't his rope technique that held my mouth open. It was his physique. Not quite Primo Carnera, he stood a good six four, weighing, I guessed, about two hundred and a quarter. Most of the poundage was in his shoulders and chest, though a haircut might have subtracted three or four pounds from the total. His legs were knotty and not ungraceful, his waist narrow, stomach flat, thighs rippling with just plain muscle.



Suds was standing with thumbs in armpits and head cocked to one side, the artist surveying his half-finished masterpiece.

"Lovely," I said. "Can he fight?"

"Oh, Slugger!" Suds called, by way of reply, to a dinosaur stretched out on a bench with a dirty cap over his face. "Put 'em on with the Wild Man for a few minutes, will ya?"

Slugger grunted, swung his feet to the floor, and heaved himself erect, while Suds left me and trotted over to his pride and joy. I saw him tap the giant on the shoulder and hand him a pair of heavy gloves. Over the features of the Wild Man spread a slow, comprehending smile that cut a half-moon from one ear to the other.

In a few minutes Slugger and the Wild Man were facing each other, and Suds was instructing them not to get rough.

The Wild Man had learned a little something, I saw at once, but any middleweight with three fights' experience could box him dizzy in five rounds. Slugger was still a little drowsy, but even so the Wild Man landed very few punches.

Then things happened. The Wild Man led at Slugger's jaw, with a lot of his weight behind it. Slugger stepped aside, flicking up his left just in time to catch the Wild Man plunk on the mouth at the end of his forward lunge. The left was light, but the Wild Man's momentum was enough to make it hurt, and hurt plenty. If Slugger had meant it, the Wild Man would have taken a k.o. right there by literally walking into it.

The Wild Man jumped back. He glared at Slugger. He drew a breath deep enough to stretch his ribs. Then, while everyone in the gym stopped as if cracked on the head, he began drumming on his chest with his gloves and opened his mouth at least half a mile to let out an ear-smashing, blood-freezing yell that made Tarzan sound like a hungry pup.

The yell went on for a good ten seconds, and I'd take my oath that the flying rings swung hard all the time.

As it died away, Suds gripped my shoulder, whispering: "Now, look out!"

The warning should have been for Slugger, who was still numb from the yell. The Wild Man put his head down, his jaw forward, and let his arms dangle free. Then the arms started beating like flails, and there was a flying leap. One instant of flying black flesh and heavy thuds, and Slugger was flat on his back, cold as a card shark's eye.

The Wild Man, chest heaving and eyes alight with the spirit of the jungle, stood over him for a few seconds. Then he stepped back and opened his mouth again, but this time I put my hands to my ears immediately. Once was enough—that first howl had gone down my spine

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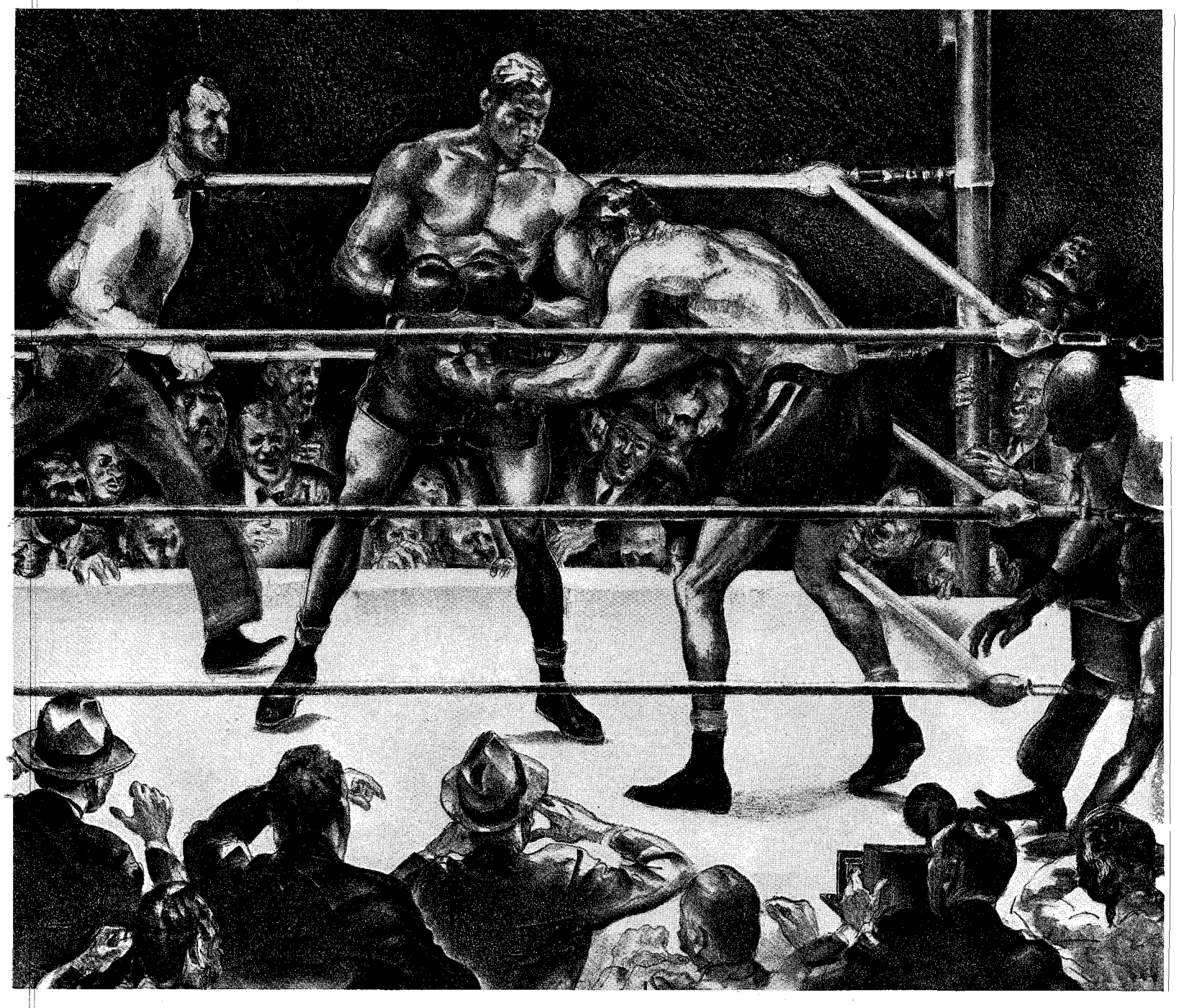

and through my legs to the floor like ten thousand volts.

"That," explained Suds, "is his cry of triumph." He looked at me, beaming. "Well, Mike?"

I shook my head slowly.

"If it's real, Suds," I told him, "you've got something bigger than even you ever dreamed of. If he can behave like that in a ring, he'll fill the Yankee Stadium whether he can box or not. And he never learned that in Harlem."

"Didn't I tell you? He's a genuwine Wild Man of Borneo. Well, practically. Boy, when he socked that longshoreman, I was off the boat and talkin' to him in two minutes. He savvied just enough English to get the main idea, and I took him along. Well, how's about it? Is he front-page stuff or is he front-page stuff?"

"Right both times," I agreed. "The war paint's mighty close to the surface, all right. Does he sound that blast every time he's hit?"

"Not every time," replied Suds. "Just when it's hard enough to jolt him a little."

Suds was right about the front-page stuff. The Wild Man of Borneo, once I'd talked him up in *The Courier,* was all over town. Most of his pictures showed him in fighting togs with his mouth gaping like an empty mine shaft and his hair spouting up exactly perpendicular to his skull. Beany Thomas put in a row of bleachers and charged four bits a head to watch him train. In a month Suds had got him on a card in Brooklyn.

The Legion Hall, where the Wild Man was to meet a

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tough youngster named Billy Millbank, was jammed tight, with the S.R.O. hung out half an hour before the show. The Wild Man's bout was halfway through the evening, and he got a big hand when he climbed in.

That fight lasted one and one-third rounds. Millbank danced around him fifty times, poking him everywhere but the ankles, while the Wild Man just grunted and now and then pushed at him, getting a glove on him maybe three times in the first round.

"He's too green," I told Suds.

"Wait," he said.

Millbank skipped out for the second round and began swinging a little harder. The Wild Man just kept on grunting and looking bewildered. Finally, Millbank saw a clear track and charged in, driving the ebony mastodon back to the ropes.

The Wild Man bounced off and stopped. Then the hands went up to the chest, and I stuck my fingers in my ears. Millbank simply stood there, not doing anything. He couldn't. And then there was the black typhoon again, and when it let up Millbank was hanging over the ropes, limp as a bartender's towel. The Wild Man looked hard at him for a second, then leaped back and unleashed his yell again, finishing even with the count.

That started the parade. Two weeks later the Wild Man did the same thing with Ikey Matthews, and a month later he cleaned up Tiger McClellan in the main event at New Haven. Then Suds took him off for a month in the Adirondacks, returning with the announcement that the Wild Man was all set to move up into fast company.

Two bouts in three months in New York, and Suds was ready to show him to the U. S. A. I got a leave of absence to go along as press agent.

In Philly the Wild Man dropped Tommy O'Ryan in the first row's lap halfway through the third round. In Washington the President watched him half kill Maxie Levine. In Cleveland he let Mickey Hull go seven rounds and then put him away with a thunderstorm.

So it went, in Chicago, Denver, Frisco, and Los Angeles. Everywhere the fans flocked in, were never disappointed. Somewhere between the first round and the tenth, the Wild Man got peeved, stepped back, and drew himself up till he looked like a gorilla on stilts. Then came the tom-tom on his chest, and the bellow which echoed from the beams and corners for half a minute. Finally the charge, and the end. Nobody ever survived that charge. It came too fast in the wake of that paralyzing yell. There was a leap, a mess of arms and legs, and suddenly the Wild Man was alone on his feet with the referee.

Mickey Hull met the Wild Man again in Detroit, and told reporters he knew how to stop the hurricane. Mickey was good, and besides, he knew what it was like to face that yell. Anyone who had the courage to climb into a ring with the Wild Man twice and be confident into the bargain must be crazy, the fans figured, so they turned out in regiments.

Mickey had forgotten one thing. The Wild Man hadn't forgotten *him*. Mickey had hurt him once, and that was enough. The minute they shook hands he started panting, and when the bell clanged he just stood up in his corner and sounded off.

Mickey smiled and waited for the rush. It came. Mickey stepped aside and stuck out his right. It glanced off the Wild Man's shoulder, and the Wild Man bounced off the ropes—still charging, and yelling while he charged. This time Mickey, leaning on the ropes, didn't duck in time, and when it was over he slid to the floor and stayed there, with blood all over his face.

After that fighters began dodging the Wild Man before they even got in a ring with him. They developed Charley horses and sprains, while their managers took long trips out of town. Of course I didn't lose a bit of this when I handed out statements from the Wild Man and Suds, so eventually we trapped Jack Brawley, the contender for the title, into a match, the winner to meet the Champ in the Yankee Stadium.

Brawley was smart, and showed the first real brains we'd come across yet. He didn't hit the Wild Man hard, just boxed around him and brushed him with a left here and a right there, and pretty soon we saw that his game was to win on points.

But he couldn't pull his punches enough. In the ninth round the Wild Man, a little sore and tender in several spots, got one tap too many, and it hurt enough to bring on the act. Brawley came to in his dressing room twenty minutes later.

The Champ was at the fight and was one of the first to climb into the ring and congratulate the Wild Man after the knockout. Right then and there Suds and the Champ's manager hopped into view, a couple of seconds put up a card table, and the contract for the big battle was signed right there in the ring. It was a great idea and got us plenty of space in the papers, besides making a swell movie newsreel.

The belittlers used to tag the Champ as just another ex-footballer, but I knew different. For one thing, he had a brain ticking between his ears, and for another, he used it. He didn't play the night spots, but lived quietly with his wife and two kids on a farm outside Haverstraw, where he did his training in a made-over barn. He was rumored on the point of retiring unbeaten at thirty-two, but I had my doubts. He liked fighting, and I figured he'd keep on for a while, if the Wild Man didn't stop him.

Moreover, he never shot off his mouth to newspapermen. So we were flabbergasted when he opened up about the fight, talking big in his quiet way, and without the usual "Not for publication, fellows." He seemed to have something up his sleeve, and the more I watched him, the more certain I was of it, but I couldn't dope it out. Knowing the Champ, though, I was sure it was good. That is, I thought so until I saw him in the ring on the big night; then I sat back and told myself he'd gone loco on us.

Our best guess was that he would try Brawley's trick,

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only do it better. Suds was ready for this and bribed the Wild Man's sparring partners to cut loose, so that the Wild Man would be a little bit touchy even before the fight began. One of them was offered a thousand dollars to make the Wild Man's nose bleed. He held out for hospital expenses as well, and believe me, he was wise. He not only didn't see the big battle; he didn't see anything except nice white rooms for a month afterward. But he did what he was told, and the Wild Man's nose was very, very tender when he climbed into the ring.

The Champ knew about the sore nose. So did everybody else; we'd made sure of that. So it was very simple; all he had to do was tap the Wild Man everywhere except on that broad, flat hunk of cartilage, and he was safe for a while. In fact, we made a point of it in the papers: WILL CHAMP DARE INFURIATE WILD MAN? WILL CHAMP RISK SOCKING WILD MAN'S SORE SCHNOZZLE?

So I jerked up very straight in my seat when the Champ came out of his corner in a hurry and made straight for the Wild Man's face. The Wild Man's guard was better than it had been a year ago, but it was a joke to the Champ, and his gloves pounded rhythmically on every part of the big fellow's map until I groaned to Suds:

"Good God! He's trying to commit suicide!"

It wasn't long before this treatment got results—about ninety seconds, I'd say. There was a particularly vicious pair of smacks right in the middle of the gleaming black face, and the Wild Man winced. The hiss of his inhaling was loud enough to be heard about the crowd, and there was a sudden hush. They knew what was coming.

The Wild Man leaped away savagely. Up went the gloves to the sounding board of his chest. The tom-tom began, and the yell with it—the wildest, weirdest, most murderous yell he had ever let loose. But it stopped right away.

It stopped because the Champ was on top of him, pounding away in cold fury, pounding at the stomach, at the solar plexus, and the cavernous mouth itself. He hadn't waited! He'd made the charge himself! The Wild Man was breathless, yell-less. The Champ's gloves swung almost from the floor, with unbelievable speed and precision, right at every vulnerable spot on the Wild Man's frame, from eye to gizzard.

The crowd roared crazily. Thud, thud, thud—the pounding went on. And then we saw the Wild Man's legs give at the knees, and suddenly, without a sound, he was lying crumpled on the floor.

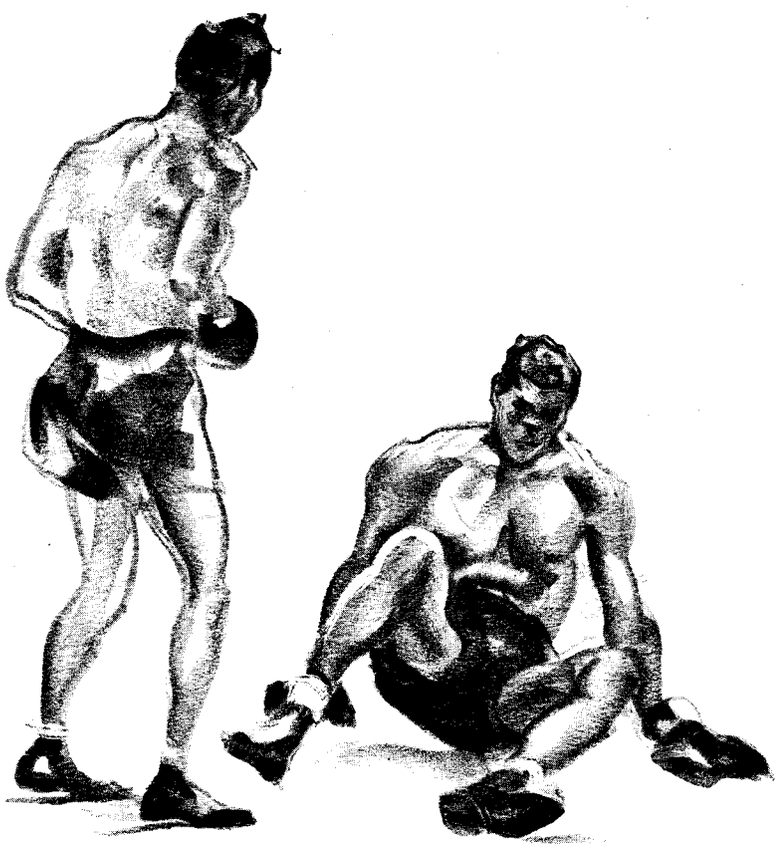
Suds watched with open mouth and eyes popping; then he began to whimper. By the time the referee had finished, two seconds before the bell, Suds was huddled in his seat, crying.

"It wasn't fair!" he whined. "It wasn't fair!"

Somehow I felt the same way, and so did the fans. It wasn't what the English would call cricket. The Champ hadn't broken any rules, but we all felt vaguely cheated.

The Wild Man nearly broke down the dressing-room door when he came back to life, and we had to tie him up. But the show was over. He didn't fight again.

Neither did the Champ. He announced his retirement the next morning, and sailed for a vacation trip to South America with his wife and kids.



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ROBERT HARVIE WESSMAN

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A Landlubber Becalmed

VELMA CARSON

Once, when a cloudburst sent an unprecedented amount of water down the slough in the pasture of our Kansas farm, my small cousin and I launched the long tin vat in which hogs were scalded at butchering time and the lye soap was cooled. The current was so swift we had no need of wind, motor, or oars. We had a merry voyage for a full quarter of a mile—until the ravine turned a bend and we struck an overhanging willow. Fortunately the walk to shore was only chin-deep, and the consequences at home were brief, if severe. So all in all I always remembered my first boat ride with pleasure. But that was my only opportunity for yachting until I was grown.

Then I married into the sea.

I was wooed and won high and dry, to be sure. But in the present rough going I must admit that I met the fact that my hero had had sailboats in his youth without prejudice. Indeed, without caution. And we were happy for a while. Then business took us to a city with a harbor. Pretty soon he began prowling around the docks. By and by he announced that he was bringing home a sailboat (a bargain too good to pass up, of course). Like a good number-one wife I accepted the news philosophically. Or perhaps innocently is a better word.

When I say he brought home a boat I mean it literally. Not all at once, of course, but piece by piece. I believe he did leave Her main torso on the shore, but the wings, fins, and conglomerate organs were dragged in as fast as She could be dismembered. Not buried in the cellar, alas, nor hidden in a trunk in the attic—as would seem logical—but crowded in cozily with us, for constant attention. And while a forty-foot sail may not loom very large on the ocean, it looks like a dinosaur's hide in the sitting room.

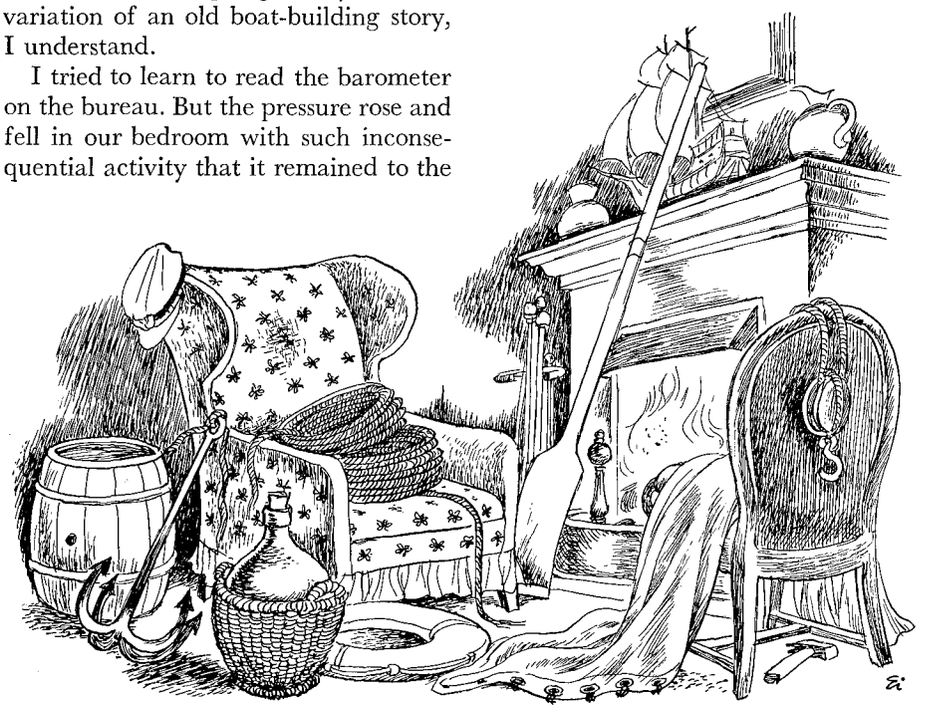
And though it did surprise me to see a husband, who has to hire a tailor if he loses a button in a strange town, sit and sew all evening all winter, it did not annoy me. Indeed I was intrigued by our domestic tableau by the fireside; me sitting reading and smoking; him stitching lovingly on white stuff. I was always careful to leave the blinds up. And even during the day, when the sail was piled up in the hall to await the evening's stitching relay, looking like a stack of bed linen awaiting the annual call of the laundryman, I patiently taught guests to walk around it. And I made very few cracks about it at dinner, which is more. I even made room for the bilge pump (its very name is disturbing, isn't it?) and the boom, and I endured a long-time, home-talent plumbing job spread out on the kitchen floor. Without derision, I watched him make a beautiful icebox that would not go through the cabin door when spring finally came—a variation of an old boat-building story, I understand.

I tried to learn to read the barometer on the bureau. But the pressure rose and fell in our bedroom with such inconsequential activity that it remained to the last, to me, so much uninteresting magic.

I even went without a spring coat so that She could have a new jib—not without mutterings perhaps, but I did not make an issue of it. And with the first sun in March I got out and helped scrape and calk.

I'll say She looked like a bargain. I pick up a bargain once in a while myself. I thought I knew how he felt, face to face with Her hulk after a winter's delusion. I certainly felt that I could afford to be magnanimous. I did not feel that I was being a good sport so much as a good Samaritan.

But none of this is the point of my discourse. Nor is the interim between the first warm day and the one when She is finally dragged, coaxed, shoved, and shamed into high tide. It is all interesting to me—the amount of sandpapering and painting it took to "put Her over"; and the rather heartening and obvious ex-



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ample of what paint can do; the number of accessories and gadgets She could acquire; Her bland need for money and more money; Her inordinate and ridiculous penchant for rope (enough to hang every sailor alive, it seems to me); and with all that grooming, Her final reluctance to take to the water! But I suppose to a seaman all this is routine, and I do not care if this is what it takes.

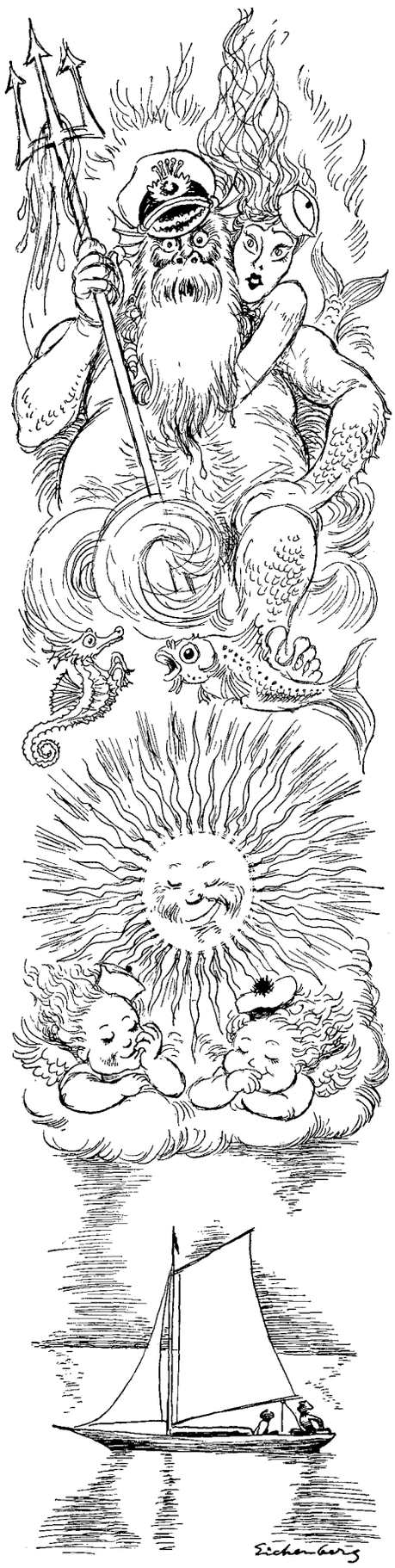
All I have meant to do is to establish my open mind on the subject and my sympathetic, if alien, approach, and then throw a certain observation to the public at large for advice, consolation, or enlightenment.

I want to inquire timidly if my hours on deck, between burning sun and glassy sea, are an accepted but nonmentionable commonplace of sailboating. Or if perhaps one should get another boat, another bay, another—in the last extremity certainly—sailor.

Joseph Conrad and the creeks at flood tide, that furious short plunge in the hog boiler, and the lithographs of *The Constitution,* every sail bulging like a washline of underwear in a March gale, never conditioned me for the sailing I have experienced. To be sure, it is still early in the summer and I have done pretty well in managing other engagements, but I have been aboard enough to wonder if the treatment for Jonahs is reversed this season; if Neptune and I are going to sit one another out.

I mean, while I am just a beginner, an outsider, I think what the sport needs is more wind. More wind on week ends. And wind the round trip. Wind back home as well as wind out to Europe. And many a time just any kind of wind at all.

Not that I have ever heard my sailor admit that there was not wind. I mean really no damn wind whatever, hadn't been and wouldn't be! He will go so far as to admit, after She has not passed a certain buoy in two hours that "She isn't moving very *fast";* that the breeze seems to be slackening; veering to another direction; or that the wind may not really freshen until sundown. He will say pointedly that there was a better wind this morning—meaning while I was fooling around getting ready. Sometimes he will even decide that there is not much wind right where we are drifting but he can always see wind ripples a few yards ahead, close behind us, near the other shore, or over to starboard out in the open water. It is just that we do not happen to be where there is a wind, that's all. The wind itself never fails.



Also I am wondering if my sailor is typical in the belief that by certain ritual, will power, and incantations he can conjure up a breeze. I mean a stronger breeze, of course. One strong enough to move the boat, to be blunt. For my sailor no soft arrangement of pillows and reading and sleeping until nature takes its course! (When I say "no reading," I am excluding Bowditch, naturally). After everyone else on board has sunk into a stupor of boredom and acquiescence and the same little white house has clung steadfastly to the shore line for as long as anyone can remember, he reaches for Bowditch and does some desperate studying of the hurricane chapters. But not until he has first strained at the supine tiller for a long time in proud disregard of the facts.

Nor does he concentrate on Bowditch until he has tried out every possible arrangement of mainsheet and jib—and some of them very admirable too. Sometimes he talks quite entertainingly of squalls he has been caught in and storms She has outridden. He looks across the smooth, blue sheen to a small, black cloud sleeping on the horizon. "That's full of potentialities," he threatens. "We may have to run for cover."

His passengers raise one limp eyelid to limp sails and then survey the lifeless water. We hope not. This is no place to have to get out and push. For just a moment, though, we are ever so slightly uneasy, for we perceive that he is in a mood to challenge a typhoon. But it is only in our drowsiness and imminent sunstroke that the superstition has caught us up. Another eyeful of the breathless glare awakens us again to the simple reality that we are becalmed and that there is nothing anyone can do about it. So while he continues certain fearful prophecies we rest back in unbelief.

When the little purple cloud will not rise to his predictions, he lashes the tiller carefully and retires to the cabin to make a pot of very strong, black coffee. A cool drink from the icebox will not do. Thick, bitter coffee is the sailor's drink. It is what sustained him once when he brought a frail but sturdy little vessel through a dirty, rough night in other waters another time. He courts that stimulated feeling. But no amount of caffein in the captain will quicken his craft—send, what is it now, "a shake, a shud-

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der through her steel, the breath of life along her keel"?

While he drinks coffee in lone fortitude, we ponder the recently made discovery that literature prepares the inlander for nothing but violence on the sea. There is not a prairie dweller who got as far as the *Fourth Reader* and the *Methodist Hymn Book* who does not feel familiar with the manner of raging tempests "and white waves heaving high, my boys." So that a large body of water given over to lassitude and indifference is a disillusionment paramount to an Indian chief in tailored tweeds and a limousine.

By the time the master of the ship has resorted to an oar, not paddling Her home, you understand, but steering Her a little toward that dark patch to starboard, that mirage in the Sargasso, the landlubber aboard feels an almost irrepressible desire to burst into that song all the little farm boys and girls sing so lustily in all the prairie schoolhouses in the West, "Sailing, sailing over the bounding main, And many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again."

But there is something in the mien of that haughty oarsman, carrying his spirit so aloof from his task, that no one would like to see his aplomb run aground; not even a wife who has Her underfoot all winter; not even a wife whose head has recently been cracked by an indecisive boom. The sails may be slack, but his loyalty is taut. One does not even venture to observe that "All's quiet along the Potomac," though the temptation is staggering.

No, it is best to follow his own splendid example of wishful thinking and pretend to be absent. Because this is the sorrow, really. Not the contrariness of the wind, primarily, nor the surfeit of Her coy behavior, but the landlubber's presence at the fiasco. He has always referred to the sea with poetry and love, flaunting her vigor and power with proprietary pride. And then there is the six hundred dollars he has blown in on Her. And we might as well be afloat in Buffalo grass!

I will never have any way of knowing, but I feel certain that where all on board have salt water in their veins there must be a tacit admission of the state of affairs and a less touching course of procedure —possibly out and out cursing. They might strive to induce landlubbers to have faith, but I cannot believe that they try to tell one another there is any wind. Or do they?

*

Anyhow time and tide wait for no sailboat. The tide is going out, and in six more hours the captain is due at a desk some place in the blur of light on the horizon just under the North Star. The guests have long since gone to sleep in the cabin, sneering delicately and politely. For a long time now he has cleverly kept my mind from the absence of the oft-promised salt spray by charting the heavens. The Great Dipper is a little hard for me to find without the windmill for a compass point. That is where it hung my first twenty years. And first, also, I must learn to find the North Star without guidance from the lightning rod on the cupola. Stars are to steer by, and sometime we may need them. Tonight we know all too well where we are. We hunt out all the constellations and then review them soberly. There are a lot of stars, even for a long, quiet night.

When, out of a corner of my eye, I notice him finally thumb a lift from an arrogant motorboat, I tactfully hunt Cassiopeia's Chair assiduously. This is going to be the hardest thing that he has had to ignore. I decide to be very sweet to him, very tender. I have never seen him cry yet, but I spread my big, cotton handkerchief with the anchors on it on the lap of my new sailing costume.

"Stand by, my good woman, in case of a squall," I whisper to myself with scarcely a trace of malice left. In one big burst of generosity I offer to take the tiller, though I have not the faintest notion of what to do with it, while he makes fast to the good-natured big yacht.

Presently we are zipping along through the waves. At last there is salt spray against my face—mingled with considerable monoxide gas, to be sure, but at least it is wet and stinging. I am glad there is no light upon his defeat. Though I do rather enjoy seeing Her dragged home so ignominiously. We have been rocked, twitted, and pitied by passing motorboats all day. I should think he would rather have drifted for a week, or even joined the many brave men asleep in the deep. I sigh and grope for a hand.

They are both full of rope.

"It *is* pretty awful, isn't it?" he murmurs. "But I thought we would get home faster this way. You see if the tide is too far out we can't dock. They don't have the channel very well marked. I sort of hate to hang up on a shoal." The man is incorrigible. My sympathy is already across the Appalachians and halfway to the Mississippi, on its way back to dry country.

"The wind has freshened considerably in the last ten minutes," he adds hastily.

*

I quickly rolled up the blue-linen anchors and gagged myself while I counted first to ten, and then to a hundred, and on. At nine thousand I was counting more slowly and beginning to plan. By the time we were dropped at our own hitching post, I had made up my mind not to leave him after all. Good husbands are as hard to catch as the wind sometimes. I had decided to part with my antique love seat, instead, and buy a little outboard motor. With his fine imagination he can pretend it is a little tail wind, and we can come home when we are blistered.

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Baked Beans to Hominy Grits

MIRIAM POPE CIMINO

THIS was my first automobile trip back home, to the "Deep South" as they call it here in New England, and I meant to make the most of it. On my few previous visits down home by train, I had always grown dizzy from the strain of staring through the train windows. But however intently I concentrated on my window-watching, the elusive thing I sought always escaped me. Eventually, I reached the conclusion that it could not be visible from a train anyway, this spot where Down Home really began.

An automobile would be different. It would not whiz me by great stretches of country I was hungry to see, while I slept. When I stopped to sleep, the same countryside would be there in the morning, waiting for me to take up my enjoyment where I had left off the night before.

The rest of my family, ever so much more Yankee than Southern, tried to tease my homesickness away as we neared Baltimore. With exaggerated Southern accents they kept up a drawling discourse about the advantages of being way down heah in hebben. The song my daughters sang so impudently against the back of my neck was *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?* And although my husband at the steering wheel did not join their chorus, his appreciative grin aided and abetted them. But they could not laugh it out of me, my seriousness about getting home.

We had quite an argument on just how Southern Baltimore is. I admitted that there had been delightful bits of Southern life apparent at the Hunt Club near Baltimore, where we had just spent our first touring night. And I conceded that perhaps Baltimore itself did show a few faintly Southern signs, such as her pedestrians walking a mite slower than those of New York and Philadelphia. Then, being early in the morning, we began to see all those women on their knees scrubbing their white marble doorsteps. A Southern white woman out scrubbing her own front doorsteps? She would die first! Surely, we were still a long, long way from Down Home.

No use expecting it too soon. It would slap me in the face somewhere far down the Big Road, and all of a sudden I would know that I was there. The dividing line could not escape me as it had on the train.

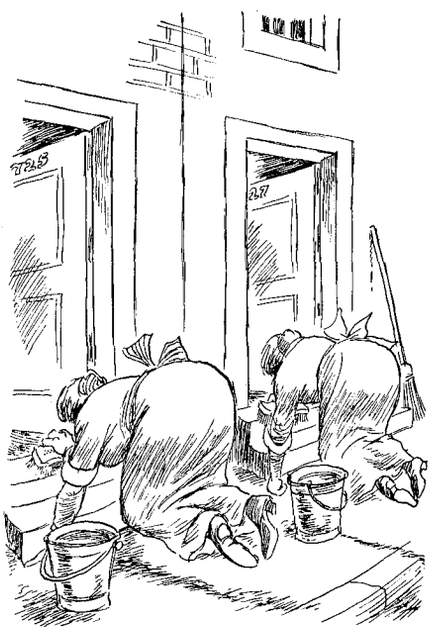
We loved the experience of being a typical American touring family. One of the girls nursed a lapful of maps all the way, inching us along by tiny pencil marks over such long stretches of mileage. We made the most of the simple pleasures which typical tourists seem to enjoy. Getting new maps at each state line, predicting road conditions ahead, boasting of our mileage and our car's efficiency, playing those silly games of "You take this side, and I'll take that side of the road," stopping for kodak snapshots, for visits to rest rooms, for cold drinks, and, of course, for food.

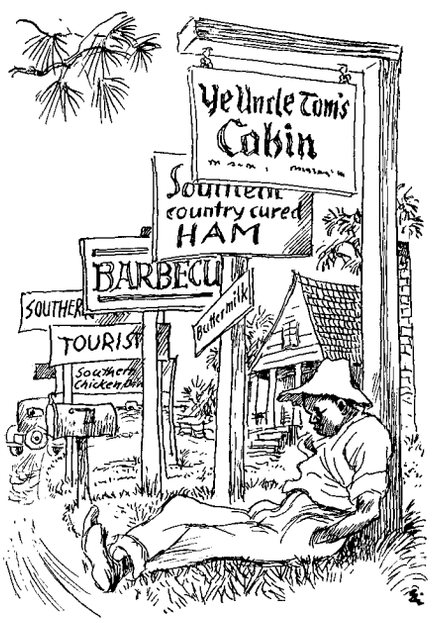
It was the food signs on the highways that annoyed me most. They were very confusing to a geographically minded and food-conscious person. They bring maple-sugar products and Real New England Dinners so far down the line now, and take Southern Country Ham (Oh yeah?) and Southern Chicken Dinners so far up the line on these main highways.

"Here you are, Mother!" triumphantly from the back seat. "Isn't this what we want? Real Southern country cured ham! Fried chicken! Buttermilk! And barbecue! Oh me, oh my, ain't it grand, way down heah in Dixie, where the hens are dawggone glad to lay scrambled eggs in the new-mown hay!"

"I don't believe it," I would argue. "There's nothing Southern about this countryside, or this atmosphere, or these hurrying people. Couldn't we wait lunch until we get a little farther down the road?"

We could not. There were four votes to my one. So I followed them into Ye Olde Uncle Tom's Cabin, glaring my disapproval at the synthetic-looking Mammy who met us. She did not have to finish her first sentence before I knew she was "bawn 'n raised" somewhere around the edge of Brooklyn, New York. But she did not matter anyway; it was the food that mattered. The country cured ham was just ham from Chicago. The fried chicken was fried hen, first boiled in great chunks, *boiled* mind you, then sort of greasily fried. The buttermilk, naturally, was just out. The Bar-B-Q—Oh my soul! I should have known better. In the first place there





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THE FAMILY ALBUM

POOR old Peter Stout. He's no relation of ours—just a friend of the family. Trouble always seems to follow in his footsteps. First he got kicked right in the face by a cussed mule he used to have. And then his boy ran away and got into some sort of trouble in town. And now he's got lumbago so bad he can hardly walk, and no one to help him with his work. Yes sir, trouble has always been tagging right along with poor old Peter. It seems he can't do a single thing without something or other happening. "Trouble is," he used to say, "it is always something I hadn't counted on."

—LYMAN CLARK

was no smell. No tantalizingly delicious blend of butter, vinegar, mustard, hot peppers, and wood smoke rising from a smoldering pit. But what Yankee would take the trouble to mess around for from twelve to twenty-four hours with one batch of meat destined for tourists' sandwiches? This substitute, sailing brazenly under the grand old name of barbecue (Oh, Barbecue, that you should come to this!), was merely sliced meat, any kind of meat, embellished by a smear of sickeningly *sweet* chili sauce. We must have passed hundreds of such Bar-B-Q signs. After all, the signs were their main expense. Those bottles of chili sauce could not have cost much.

After this second-day lunch, the family believed Mama—which was something. No longer could they be deceived by such artificial bait, such commercial stage settings, however strategically placed. We were not "down there" yet.

"I'll let you know when we get there," I promised.

According to what I could see over and through the signboards, we ought to be striking it almost any minute now. Undoubtedly, the country grew more Southern by the minute, even the Coney Island signboards could no longer hide this fact. I felt it in the marrow of my bones. The fiery-red clay, which had appeared only in isolated spots way back up the road in Maryland, was the only kind of soil to be seen now. In its present form of fine September dust, it made my nostrils twitch with pleasure rather than annoyance. We had come a long way from the cold, gray stone walls and the cold bread of Connecticut. The men at the filling stations where we stopped took plenty of time to talk, and walk, and to be ever so courteous. The attention we received when stopping for a round of five-cent Coca Colas, to be toted out to us, made us feel like royalty. When we actually gave a garageman the job of cleaning the insects from the windshield and engine front, the homage was embarrassing. One of the girls said she'd never bought diamonds at Cartier's, but now she'd always know how it felt to go in and demand their biggest one.

The realization of home-coming began to nudge me. What more could I want, homesick fool that I was? All at once I knew—and I don't know how I knew it, because it was not quite time to stop for supper—that any of these lunch places (they were simpler and mostly unpainted now) would prove my realization. The request for a glass of milk would produce buttermilk instead of sweet milk. Potatoes would no longer be white potatoes but sweet potatoes, the white kind being only Irish potatoes. Hominy grits would appear with butter or gravy rather than with the "Cream 'n sugar 'n some-kind-of fruit," which the radio announcers are always mentioning. Rice, instead of being a sticky, library-paste sort of goo, would be a flaky, grained vegetable. And alas, I had to admit it, a pitcher of cream for our coffee would mean only a pitcher of milk.

I had only a short time to sit reveling in this satisfying conviction before it was time to prove it to the rest of the family. I had been thinking all day that it would be through the medium of food that I would first realize my home-coming, and so it was. A little later, not far below Danville, Virginia, the feeling in my bones said I was home. We had passed the line.

So we began to look for a tourist house for sleeping, and the family was quite willing to let me do the choosing. The girls were beginning to realize that knowing Palm Beach had nothing to do with knowing the Deep South. However,

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I could feel their bristling dissatisfaction with the house I picked. To me, it was a proud old house that had closed its eyes in despair and slept nearly a hundred years, rather than face things as they were. The alien eyes of my family, unaccustomed to such a disgraceful lack of paint and neatness, were doubtful. But my husband stopped the car by the slanting tourist sign. The country road seemed rather desolate now at dusk, and there was no sign of life about the sleepy old house.

"I reckon we're here!" I announced emphatically.

I had just gotten my nose out of the car when I said it, but that was enough. If the right kind of people did not live in that old house, I'd eat my new hat! The fragrance I inhaled was authentic red gravy, if I ever smelled it. Not a smidgen of grease in that smell. Just the brown sediment from honest-to-goodness country cured ham, whose essence clings to the pan after all the grease has been poured off. A little hot water, black pepper, and sugar are added, and it bubbles up for a minute, a deep, rich red. That's all, except that it positively cannot be made without the right kind of old ham. It would be judiciously spooned over the hominy grits which would, of course, accompany it on our supper table.

The weeds had not been squelched for a long time in this ghost of a garden. But the Negro boy who came ambling through a weedy path to help with our bags had a million-dollar grin on his kindly face. No human being could have achieved a more genuinely welcoming expression. From behind a gnarled old quince tree, there stepped a much smaller version of him, grin and all, and reached for one of the bags.

We could not notice their rusty bare feet and crudely patched overalls, any more than we could notice the sagging porch of the old house, or the faded calico house dress of the woman who waited for us in the high, front doorway. In fact we could not be critical about anything, with that smell of red ham gravy going up the front steps with us.

Return of a Native

LACY DONNELL

I WAS BORN and raised in North Carolina, where my people settled in the eighteenth century, hauled farm stuff 250 miles to market, learned the Shorter Catechism, and waged two wars against invaders. And so when I go South my friends always say, "You're going home" —as if the South were a county. It isn't, of course, and neither is it a country. It is several countries, all of which overlap in a manner as confusing to a native as to the most alien alien. And I—when I start South, I always start feeling I'm going home, yet when I get back I feel that I've been to a foreign land. No one believes me when I tell them about this, for no one will listen to all the little incidents that combine to produce this feeling. Such as:

1. The Atlantic Coast Line stopping its Havana Special to let me off at my home town, which isn't even a flagstop for that train. Not because of any pull of mine—in a stretch of less than 100 miles on the main line this crack train, running 70 miles an hour, was halted at no less than three unscheduled stops.

2. The Southern Railway conductor stepping into the day coach on the Atlanta-to-Birmingham local, halting, doffing his cap with the dignity of a Lee, and calling out in a clear, resonant drawl, "Good morning, everybody."

3. The same conductor coming into

the coach as the train neared Birmingham, calling out, "We're mighty glad to have had you people [not "you all"] ride with us. Mighty glad," and then proceeding down the aisle with a special greeting to each passenger—man, woman, or child.

4. The twelve-year-old Western Union messenger jumping on his bicycle at Fort Walton, Florida, riding down the road to get me a car and driver, returning all out of breath, and then drawing away when offered a coin.

"I cain't take that."

"Oh, go ahead and take it."

"I ain't taking no tip."

"It's all right."

"I ain't taking no money for that. I'm working for Western Union."

And so it went, with me using all my powers of persuasion until finally he took it—reluctantly and, if the truth were really to be known, probably to get rid of me.

5. The sheriff of Okaloosa County sitting in the shade of the pier on Fort Walton's beach, holding a rifle across his knees, and explaining his inability to answer a question about hotels—"I'm a stranger here. Waiting for that man's body to wash ashore."

6. The hill rising some thirty feet in New Orleans' Audubon Park—the hill built by the WPA so that the New Orleans children would know what a hill was like.

7. The Louisiana plantation sitting on the Mississippi, covering more than 4000 acres, and extending 3½ miles from boundary line to manor house. The owner, seventy-seven, living there alone save for servants and overseer, serving guests with fresh shrimp, greens and fried chicken, telling his Negro boy to gather some mint, and saying, "I'm glad you came. I've made one rule I've never broken: I never drink alone."

There was another little incident, of a good friend telling me in detail how he broke a textile strike in Georgia. But I'd rather not go too deeply into that. I can feel that I'm an alien in my own land without wanting that feeling demonstrated too convincingly.

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don herold examines:

every advantage

A parent ought to give more thought to deciding whether to give his child "every advantage" or to clunk him over the head with a blunt instrument. Most parents just rush ahead and give their children every possible advantage, and, as a result, billions of dollars are wasted annually in America on dancing lessons, piano lessons, screwy kindergartens, camps, and all kinds of new and goofy schools.

In Central Park the other day I saw a little boy about three years old, riding an extra huge horse, and accompanied by an instructor. I could visualize the doting mother back of all this, determined that her little son should learn to ride in his "formative years," so that he could, someday, ride a polo pony and move in the polo set.

On another recent afternoon I attended a dancing recital and watched hundreds of awkward little forty-dollar pupils trying to toe-dance, most of whom should have, instead, been clunked on the head. Some of these tots weren't much over two years old. But the idea is to start them while they're "formative."

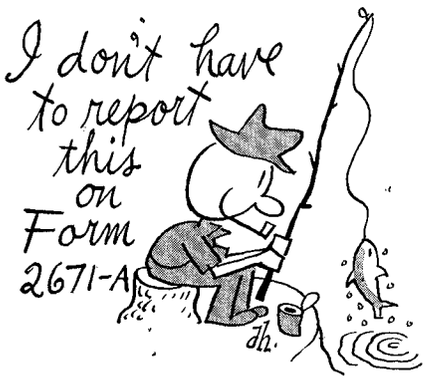
"The Bluntleys are sending their Junior to Camp Wamakaka this summer. I think we should send Burton this year. It's only $1500 for two months."

"But he's only three years old."

"But Junior Bluntley is only two. They are sending children to camp much younger these days."

A lot of brats are getting "every advantage" these days because millions of idle, neurotic mothers haven't anything else to do but snap at new bring-up notions for their protoplasmic offspring. They are suckers for every new crackpot trend in child culture, inoculation, vitamin voodooism, and psychocrankery. They spend their days motoring their Egberts and Barbara-Priscillas around, getting them lacquered with applied accomplishments and examined by specialists. They'll fall for anything priced at $1000 or more.

It's all a great waste of the old man's dough.



installment revolution

We have had our revolution in America, but we've amortized it. We have bought it on the installment plan, so we don't think it has cost us anything. (Installments have always been our American way of getting something for nothing.)

So we might as well all go fishing now.

I think those of us with any sense will just put on our old clothes and buy a two-dollar dog and go for a long, lifelong tramp down country byways and highways. In other words, here's a chance at the vagabondage of which we've all dreamed for years, but which we've been too cowardly and too ambitious to take. Our ambitions, plainly, will now get us no place, much. Fortunes are impossible, so we may now all take, first hand, the things we expected to buy with our fortunes, when we got 'em. I mean leisure, trips, walks in daisy fields, romps with kids and dogs, naps on hillsides, afternoons at the public library.

In a generation or two there will be no really rich families in America. If a man leaves sixty millions to his wife these days, inheritance taxes take forty and she gets only twenty. When she dies, twelve of her twenty go for taxes. When the remaining eight changes hands again, taxes take another four. Income taxes, likewise, make even sizable incomes impossible. In short, there is no such thing as financial fortification.

This may all be fine stuff. It has long been said that rich men's children lack fiber and stamina. This wiping out of fortunes will put zip into children of the wealthy. There will be no more idle rich.

But what of the classes among whom these millions are to be spread? Aren't we going to have, instead of a small group of people lacking fiber and stamina, millions of people lacking fiber and stamina? I don't care, one way or the other. I'm just asking. I'm just wondering if it wouldn't be just as well to have a small group of cake-eaters in this country as to have a whole nation of cake-eaters.

I've never made much money, but I've always thought I'd like to, and I've lived tense, as if I expected it. On the other hand I've always wanted to be a bum. I've always thought it would be nice to be a tramp or a gypsy. I've always been a little torn between the hoped-for protection of riches and the longed-for irresponsibility of picturesque poverty. I now feel that I'm being shoved toward the life of a hobo. I'm not bitter about it. I rather relish it. It ought to be nice in many ways. Especially if the government, under one of its fantastic projects, will subsidize me as roving observer of rural life in America No. 2346, or whistle whittler No. 6,421,-

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The conductor of this new and regular department is don herold, a gentleman who has lived in Indiana, California, and New York, but appears none the worse today for having done so. "don herold examines" is designed to be an amusing antidote to the more serious feature: "Scribner's Examines."

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672, or mural painter No. 8591 for roadside comfort stations.

We rich and we ambitious-to-be-rich have been revolutionized, and I see no reason for us to stick around a generation or two and try to pile up the pile which they've already earmarked for themselves.

Let's fool 'em. Let's just put on some old clothes and go fishing and spit in the river.

traileritis

Doris wrote home from Wellesley:

Dear Don: Come across! What good does it do you to try to make a lot of money, if you haven't time to write your dotter a letter? I'd just as soon starve (or at least go without caviar on alternate Thursdays). Doris.

Dear Doris: You're right. We get children and want to make money for them and we work so hard at it that we forget the children. Let's chuck it. Let's all get in a trailer and strike out for lost horizons. We'll cut our own hair, do our own nails, wear gingham and corduroy, straighten our own teeth with bobby pins, read Thoreau, dodge the income tax, eat figs, disdain Mum, and breathe deep. We may even split an infinitive or two. T'hell with higher education and the higher mathematics of life under the New Deal! Let's go places and do nothings. Don.

the provinces

The most sophomoric thing you hear in gatherings of New York's subintellectuals is the division of America into New York and "the provinces." I've just been boiling at a paragraph written some time ago by Rose Pelswick, a New York motion-picture critic, in regard to some movie . . . "A plainly bucolic tale, it should do nicely in outlying communities even if it was hardly meant for Broadway consumption."

About half my life has been spent in Indiana and about half of it in New York, and I'll say that there are about a hundred per cent more hicks per thousand in New York than there are in Indiana. And I think the reason is, not that Middle Westerners are "closer to the soil" (which doesn't mean a thing) but that they have some leisure time in which to read (New Yorkers just look at pictures) and they have some leisure time in which to talk things over.

Did you ever stop and look coldly at the people who pass on Fifth Avenue, supposedly the smartest street in America? You'll see 299 clodbusters to every snappy Manhattanite. You can't become a sophisticate merely by moving east of the Hudson River. Every once in a while I like to go to visit in Indiana, just to hear some horse sense and to get away from these Manhattan hicks.

away from it all

Those of us who, sorely beset by taxes and other stings and complexities of the new sweetened and simplified order of things, have dreamt of fleeing to some remote and isolated and unregulated corner of the world, are confronted by a new frustration.

Even *flight* is now to be taxed and restricted.

Those of us who, for example, have been wistfully eyeing the wilds of Ecuador as a possible refuge from all this filling out of forms and writing of checks

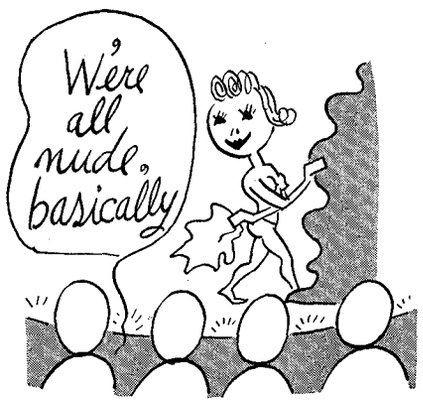
which characterizes life in civilized America, are due for a comeuppance in *that* corner of the universe. Ecuador will now grant exploration permits only to those who can prove themselves to be genuine explorers. No more tired businessmen are wanted. And even a genuine explorer must, if he be the head of a party, pay a license fee of $100 for himself and $25 more for every member of his party. That sounds entirely too much like home.

It seems there is no way, after all, to get away from it all. We are stuck with the new order of things. We are cornered by our own desires for a better and fuller life—cornered like rats.

strip tease

I am for the strip tease. Yet I abhor burlesque shows. I am glad they closed a lot of burlesque shows in this country recently, yet I think they closed them on the wrong grounds. They missed the whole bad point of burlesque.

Everybody was out to stop the strip



tease, yet the strip tease is a fairly wholesome and a thoroughly enjoyable institution. What the burlesque shows should have been arrested for was bad taste.

Not that joking about sex is in itself bad taste. Sex, after all, is one of the funniest things in the world, and some of our best humor relates to sex. Also some of the worst. The worst thing about burlesque shows was not nudity and not sex humor but bad taste in sex humor.

BUT—if you are going to arrest burlesque owners for bad taste, I say that some people ought to be arrested for bad taste in the hats they wear and the houses they build. Your hat and your house are *my* business . . . if I have to look at them . . . and I do.

Some nudity, of course, ought to be arrested. But most of the strip teasers have excellent nudity which ought to be given to the world. It is fat or skinny or otherwise unsightly women who expose most of themselves on beaches, who ought to be arrested for strip-non-teasing.

Anybody who can strip and tease ought to be encouraged. After all, the strip teasers go only a few square inches further in their stripping than our best people (meaning everybody) go on our beaches in summer.

The men in burlesque shows were in bad taste, and I'll be glad if they all go to jail. But I want people who wear ugly clothes and people who build homely houses to go to jail, too.

If they close burlesque shows, they ought to close Grant's Tomb.

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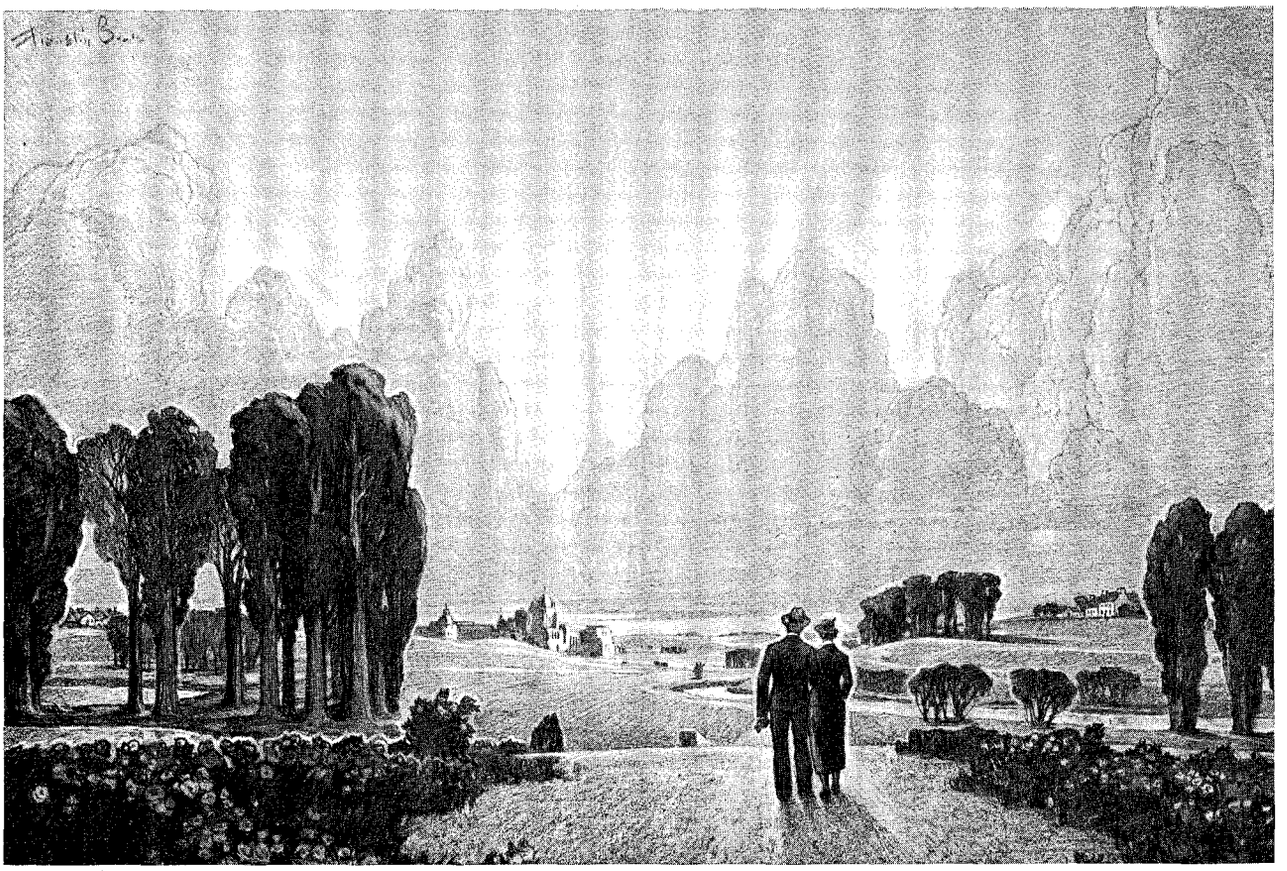

ENJOY YOUR SUNSET YEARS

EVEN if you can take age 60 at full stride, it may be wise to slow down a bit. But that doesn't mean that you ought to begin pricing wheel chairs.

More people in this country have now reached the age of 60 than ever before—due in part to better observance of the laws of hygiene. Furthermore, their numbers will increase.

Whether one looks forward to a time when he can be increasingly useful, or to well-earned leisure and contentment, age 60 offers a wealth of future possibilities. Be ready to enjoy your sunset years. Follow these few simple, pleasant rules:

Good Mental Habits. Many have learned to make their lives richer and fuller by keeping their minds young and open to new ideas. Keep up your enthusiasm. Learn more about those subjects you like best, or explore new fields. An interesting hobby adds to the enjoyment of life.

Sleep and Rest. Older people need more frequent periods of rest. While you sleep or rest, Nature does her best repair work—restoring the energy you have used up.

Food. Eat less as you grow older. Three "square" meals a day, easily digested in earlier years, may not be necessary as time goes on. You may find that if you eat moderately your meals will be just as enjoyable and more healthful.

Water. Drink plenty of pure water, beginning the day with a glass or two and drinking freely during the day. The body needs water to help carry off waste products. When Mark Twain facetiously said, "A moderate amount of drinking water never hurt anyone," he was right.

Sunshine and Fresh Air. You need these two great tonics all year round. Let the sun shine on you; it kills germs and brings health. But in sweltering weather be especially careful not to overtax yourself. Fresh air, like sunshine, is a friend to good health. Breathe it deeply.

Exercise and Play. Get some form of moderate exercise every day. It is an excellent aid in prolonging life. Without exercise the muscles become flabby. If you can make play of your light exercise, so much the better. When recreation stops, old age begins.

Ask your doctor at least once a year for suggestions as to what you may safely do, as well as wisely avoid. Send for free booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life"—a guide to better health all through life—from youth to old age. Address Booklet Department 737-S.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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Screen and Radio

GILBERT SELDES

I SUPPOSE the time will come when Mr. Will Hays will say something both important and true about the moving pictures. I am looking forward to it in the same spirit as I look for a happy ending in a proletarian novel, but with less confidence. In his latest annual report Mr. Hays announced that some studios are considering grand opera for the screen, which is no doubt true, and added "operatic presentations . . . should be a new achievement in entertainment" which I might say is highly improbable.

However, I have been more impressed by Mr. Hays' obtuseness about the newsreel. Grand opera may be a form of entertainment, but the newsreel is a social power of the first order, and Mr. Hays' errors about it are important because they are the errors of the newsreel producers. According to the reports, "Mr. Hays said that in the last year the newsreels had handled controversial matters, including the Ethiopian and Spanish wars, with 'such meticulous fairness' that they had been shown 'without objection in theaters throughout the world.' "

Now about the foreign wars, I believe that Mr. Hays is substantially right. My general impression is that the newsreels rather favored Haile Selassie, and I do not think that even if this was true there was any political reason for it; the Ethiopians were more picturesque and foredoomed, making them good screen material. About the Spanish war, my very definite impression is that several commercial newsreels gave a more effective picture of the Loyalist effort than the direct propaganda film, *Spain in Flames*. The commercial newsreel was, I think, better edited. It is about the general tenor of Mr. Hays' remarks that I am extremely doubtful. In the last year I have seen, I suppose, some two hundred newsreels, a few in theaters specializing in that form, but most of them in neighborhood houses of big cities or in the single movie houses of small towns. And it is my definite belief that the newsreel is shying away from important controversial subjects, and as for "meticulous fairness," I find that the objective of the newsreel seems to be a high degree of innocuous banality. I quarrel also with Mr. Hays' implication that the newsreel wins a good mark because it is "presented without objection." The world is full of propagandists and their

"He started this job forty years ago."

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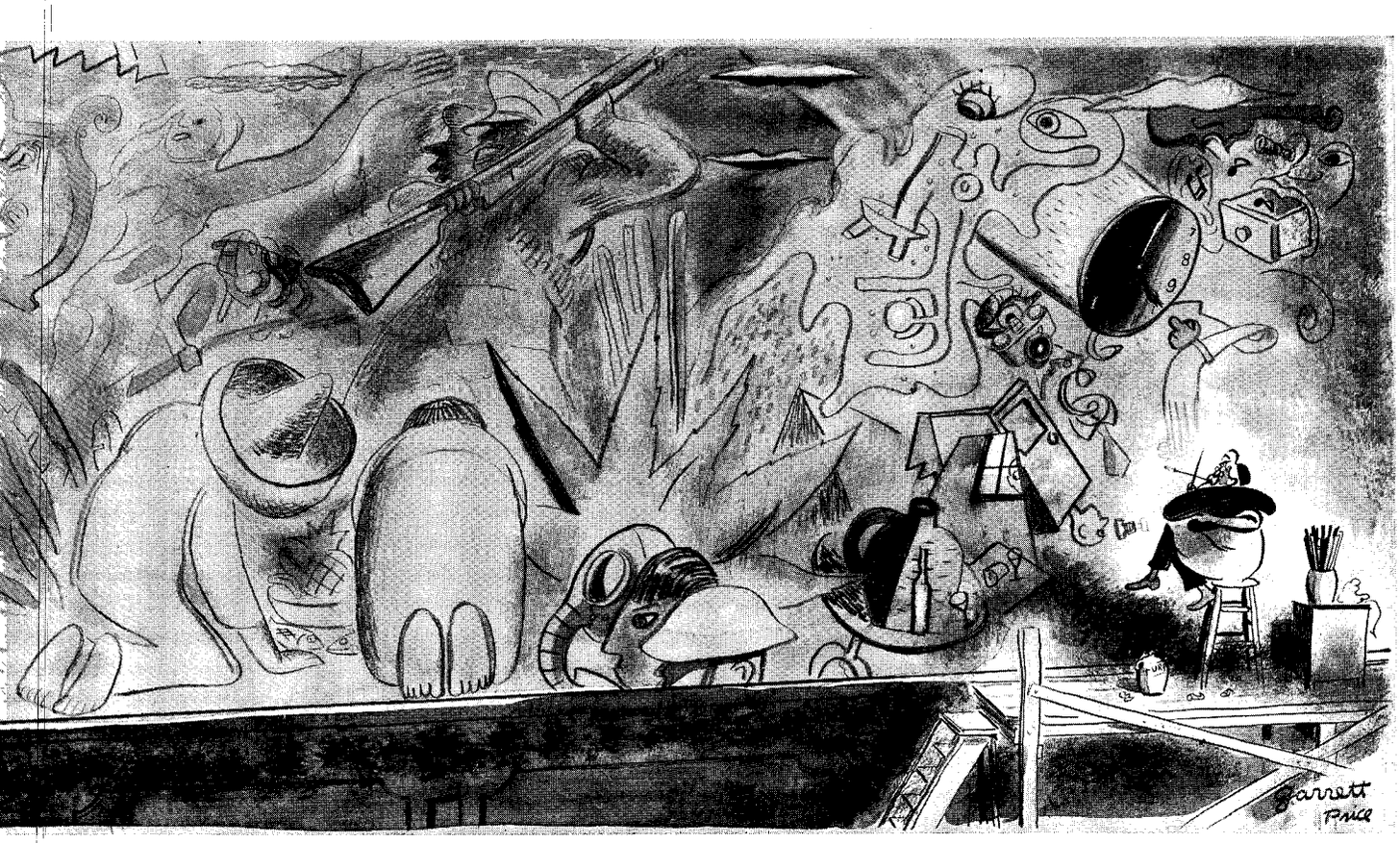
victims, and the newsreel should present facts so vigorously that those who are prejudiced against the truth will object with violence. It does not seem to me the best thing in the world that a President of the United States and a governor of one of the states, running for President, should be hissed; but I would rather have that than apathy caused by a timid and ineffective presentation of their views.

There are sections of New York City, and probably elsewhere, in which Jews and Nazi Germans live so close together that the presentation of pictures dealing with Hitler has been virtually abandoned for fear of riots in the audience. This is an extreme case and it points to the need of more intelligent audiences rather than of more intelligent newsreels. But the conditions affecting the presentation of other controversial subjects on the screen are quite different, and Mr. Hays knows as well as anyone that in the twelve minutes or so of the newsreel little time is devoted to events which in any way are connected with current controversy. I must have seen a thousand feet of skiing for every foot dealing with strikes, the munitions industry, the Child Labor Amendment, the Supreme Court issue, or even with those problems which are hardly controversial, general affairs of the nation.

It is much too easy to blame the manufacturers of newsreels. All of us have observed their quite loyal efforts at times to present both sides of questions. What are they to do in the face of such actions as that of the Kansas censors who eliminated from an issue of *The March of Time* an attack on the President's Supreme Court proposals and left in the defense which went with it? What are they to do, moreover, in the face of the comparative indifference of the entire nation to this extraordinary instance of straight political censorship? It was a local issue, to be sure, and ex-Governor Landon energetically led the protest which was successful. The episode was reported in the press of the country, but the mass meetings and marches on the capital which this action demanded were conspicuously lacking. I did not even see the newspapers of the country combining for a defense of freedom of publication. They seemed to miss the bearing of this event on their own freedom, saying "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." The ruling in this case was withdrawn, and we had our happy ending, but the constant threat of such excisions intimidates the newsreel producer, and the only way to give him confidence is for the spectators themselves to convey to him some assurance that they are willing to take controversial matter in the newsreel. It is too much to hope that they will clamor for the objective presentation of facts which happen to offend their politics—but they had better come to that if they do not propose to lose their freedom entirely.

I believe that the newsreel is of the highest social importance and that a way should be found to prevent it from sliding into the monotonous trivialities in which it now is floundering. Something has happened to it which is against its nature. To explain this I would like to recapitulate briefly some points in the excellent article which Thomas Sugrue wrote about the newsreel in the April issue of this magazine—and at the risk of adding the dull part which he omitted, I propose to draw a moral from it. Mr. Sugrue told how Leon Franconi came upon the idea of a magazine of the screen and in 1910 was instructed by Pathé to put it into action: "Franconi was faced with the task of training studio cameramen in a new technique . . . also beset by the opposition of the exhibitors, the nickelodeon proprietors, who thought the idea was silly. For his first reel he decided on something spectacular." So that right there at the very beginning, a stunt which was not in any sense a news event was deliberately arranged for the newsreel. It happened to be a parachute jump from the Statue of



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Liberty, a jump which ended in disaster. "But," as Mr. Sugrue said, "the first newsreel had a punch." Slowly the newsreel companies perfected their machinery and balanced their programs, continually hampered by the circumstance that the cameramen could only be on the spot for prearranged events—the parades, the auto races, maneuvers and receptions—they could get to an unexpected event like a fire or a flood only if it lasted long enough. They were favored by accident sometimes, but few airplanes crashed at the take-off and few assassinations occurred in public places.

Working always on a small budget and against time, the newsreels found that they could give considerable pleasure by incorporating features—the latest fashions, oddities more or less corresponding to Ripley's *Believe It Or Not,* recent inventions and scientific discoveries, and such elements. The newsreel had in effect moved from the first page of the paper to the magazine pages. The apparition of *The March of Time* temporarily frightened producers of shorter and more diversified reels because this feature not only presented past history and background of an event, but explained its meaning and actually dealt with subjects of lively significance to the citizen. I may be unduly pessimistic, but it seems to me that in the last respect *The March of Time* has had little influence on the other newsreels. They continue to be almost appallingly unimportant.

There are enough other false and feeble entertainments to persuade the citizen that nothing of significance to his own life is happening in the world; the news should be spared. Even the pictorial tabloids, with their natural emphasis on the bizarre, the romantic, the violent, splash the principal events of the world across pages two and three; and the reader of the tabloid would feel that he was not getting a newspaper if these events were omitted. I know perfectly well that the man or woman who goes to see a romantic feature film does not particularly want the newsreel to alarm or disturb him, and I know that the movie audience does get its news from the papers and from the radio. Yet the integrity of the newsreel itself demands that it should not sidestep its own virtues. It has the capacity to be much more than a mere filler; and if it is not used significantly, it becomes all the more available for propaganda. I can see only one way of improving the situation and I am not very hopeful of it. That is the way of patrons' protest. In many theaters the newsreel is a composite made up of selections from the offerings of the major producing companies. If the exhibitor were to have any sense that his patrons were dissatisfied with the material he shows, a little more attention might be paid to the newsreel.

What is wanted actually is something more than this protest against unsatisfactory newsreels; there should be an active demand for a substantial, well-balanced newsreel on every picture program, a newsreel which might run twice the minimum length now assigned to it and which would intelligently cover some major events. It is preposterous to say that audiences would not sit through such a compilation. They sit through longer and drearier films by far. The reason I am hopeless of either the protest or the demand is that audiences do accept so much from the screen in complete apathy. In the case of feature movies, they may be bored or their taste may be corrupted, but in the case of actualities, they can be misinformed and politically misled. Yet they do not object.

*

And now it appears that they may also be misinformed through another channel. I have several times referred to faking the newsreels, and now we

have faking from the broadcasting studios. All the information I have comes from the filing of a lawsuit and as this has not yet been heard, I omit the names. The complaint is that a news commentator altered a radio script during the description of a flood. The commentator said he was reading the script by the light of a railroad lantern; he said the audience could hear the roar of the flood waters and that part of the broadcast was a conversation with a diver several miles away "under twenty feet of water." Actually, we are told, the script was read by electric light in the studio; the roaring waters were purely sound effects, and the diver was an actor standing beside the broadcaster and muffling his voice.

A flood has no honor to protect. The suit was brought by the man who wrote the script because he said his reputation as an honest reporter was ruined by the falsifications of the broadcaster. As in the case of the Kansas censorship, I am pretty sure that public opinion will not be roused nationally. All the more so as the defense seems to think it unnecessary to argue about the facts. The defense naturally is trying to avoid payment of damages. The lawyer maintains that the script writer was not libeled nor held in a ridiculous light, and as for the broadcast itself, he says "the radio audience believed it and still believes." To most of us it would seem more logical that this damning sentence should have appeared in the complaint and not in the defense.

The networks have been careful, even timid, about a great many things. Almost every commentator who touches on current affairs finds himself a little hampered by the apprehensions of the broadcasting stations. There is not yet any body of law governing slander or libel on the air. Everyone is playing safe. But this matter of dramatizing actuality and presenting it as a literal fact is more important for the integrity of radio than all of the little questions on which it has made decisions so far. What happens between the script writer and the broadcaster concerns only them. What happens to the literal accuracy of broadcast descriptions of actual events concerns all of us in the highest degree. The incalculable power of radio as an instrument of propaganda has been recognized by the networks, and I think that their commercial interests alone would persuade them that they must be impartial. But they cannot be impartial between truth and lies on the air.

*

In a comment on the success of the picture magazines, *The New Republic* said recently: "Both *Life* and *Look* are enjoying the same sort of success that attended, some years ago, the birth of the picture tabloid newspapers, chief of which is *The New York Daily News.* Hardly any mental effort is required to look at a picture and to spell out a few lines of accompanying caption, written in primer English. The attractiveness of such periodicals is enhanced if the pictures are themselves sensational, faintly salacious or gruesome."

This is the tone in which people said that Lord Northcliffe had founded *The Daily Mirror* for those who could not read; and it lacks the tone in which they used to add that he then founded *The Daily Mail* for those who could not think. It is a tone of amused distaste, an almost dainty dislike which reminds me

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Sterilized Nails

HAVE you ever seen a man nailing lath in place, taking the nails from his mouth as he used them? Perhaps you thought he was running a risk of infection in the mouth from the nails. Not so, however, as lath nails are sterilized to avoid such an occurrence. This is an example of the details taken care of in the manufacture of what is commonly considered a garden variety of steel product—the wire nail. Bethlehem Steel Company makes nails ranging in size from the tiny wire brad, that Junior uses in making a toy airplane, up to spikes a foot long to hold the timbers of a railroad trestle together.

There are few better examples of what highly developed machinery can do in manufacturing consumer products at low cost. The nails, for which you pay perhaps a cent a hundred in some smaller sizes, are made by feeding steel wire of the required size into a machine that cuts off the proper length for each nail, cuts a sharp, symmetrical point that will drive straight, and forms a head, exactly at right angles to the shaft of the nail so that the hammer will not glance off.

Among special kinds of nails are: flooring nails, designed to drive through the hardest of woods without bending and without splitting the wood; berry-box nails, made to hold tightly in thin wood; also shingle nails, roofing nails, car nails, boat nails and box nails, each of special design to meet certain special requirements.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

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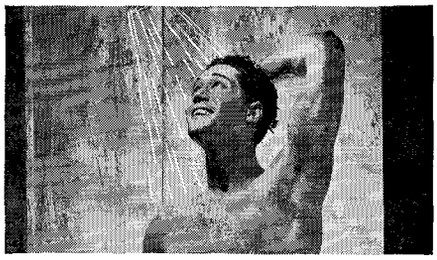
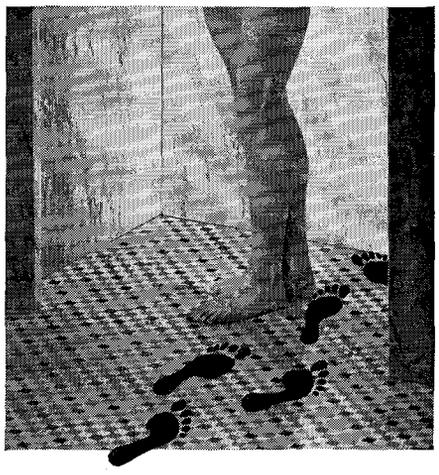


How a dozen men in the club got ATHLETE'S FOOT



Smith was a CARRIER★

SMITH didn't realize he was a victim of Athlete's Foot — spreading infection wherever he tread barefoot—until the skin between his toes got painfully raw.

Don't wait for serious trouble to develop before applying Absorbine Jr. If your feet have been exposed to damp surfaces—in the shower or locker-room at the club, at the beach or swimming pool—examine the skin between your toes at once.

Is the skin between them red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For, as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, consult a doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine. It has been proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it. Absorbine Jr. is economical because so little brings relief. At your druggist's, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 455 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

★ People infected with Athlete's Foot are "Carriers." According to the U. S. Public Health Service, at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

of the snooty editorials about the moving pictures some thirty years ago and about the radio only yesterday. I suppose that the editors of *The New Republic* are far less affected by the success of *Life* and *Look* than some other editors are. Some, I am told, have been scared witless by this new phenomenon and are doing their best to make their publications look at least a little like *Life* in the hopes that readers are really dumb and won't know the difference. *The New Republic,* I suspect, has reconciled itself to a circulation under a quarter of a million, but the editors do recognize a method of communication which, although it is not new, has been suddenly rendered one hundred times more effective than ever; in that sense *The New Republic* is right to be interested, because it also is in the business of communicating, and if these new rivals blanket all other forms of conveying information, all other means of persuasion, they are definitely a danger.

Yet I feel that there is something supercilious in the quotation I have given. The editorial goes on to describe the contents of one issue of *Look* as "a combination morgue and dime museum on paper" with "blood-spattered bodies of victims of motor accidents," several pages exploiting the best features of Marlene Dietrich, "skeletons, skulls, operations, and freaks and monstrosities galore." Another recent issue of *Look* was less gory, a little more informative, and had a double spread in cherry-blossom pink of Myrna Loy, whom it described as "the dream wife of a million men." *Look,* with such materials, reached a circulation of over a million copies after three months. That is, it sold over a million copies once a month, whereas *Life* began selling more than a million copies *each week* after it had been in existence four months, and a calculation based on the demand in a sample city indicates a potential circulation of six to eight millions.

I have some four or five issues of *Life* around the house and I pick one. It begins with some amusing pictures of a Jewish wedding in with the front advertising, but actually starts off the main body of the magazine with nine pages on sit-down strikes; there follow smaller groups of pictures of the sinking of a freighter, the principals in some rackets, baby pictures, a disastrous jump from a bridge, the capture of a gang of robbers (two bodies on the street, but not in the foreground), some pictures of the Amish sect, and then seven pages, chiefly candid shots, of the approaching baseball season. There are four pages dealing with a new moving picture, two (one of them half text) about Maurice Evans' production of *Richard II,* and some smaller items; the European section starts with Mussolini's "woman trouble" and follows him on his Mediterranean tour, connecting this with British maneuvers and war preparations. There are half a dozen triflng items and about five pages dealing with the Coronation.

I do not know whether *Look* will continue to develop its horror features and become like *The Chicago Blade,* which used to frighten me when I was a child; I do not know whether *Life* will find other world problems as easy to show in pictures as the sit-down strike. All I know is that sneering at the picture papers is stupid. The fact is that over four million copies of *Life,* with its comparatively strong political and artistic departments, are sold *every four weeks* and that more than half as many of *Look* (now appearing twice a month) are sold in spite of its corpses and other attractions. I should think that this would be the point to make—that pictorial journalism is being used, and successfully used, to convey ideas as well as to convey thrills. No glimmer of this occurs in the intellectual attitude—that is what makes me think that in addition to being stupid, it is class-conscious.

We who write are in love with the literary process and think that the printed word has a special sacredness; so we despise those who will not read and let them fall into the hands of charlatans who despise no one whom they can abuse. I say this as a general thing without reference to the editors of *Life* and *Look*. I am quite sure that unscrupulous imitators will presently try to capitalize on the success of these magazines by combining all their cheapest features and probably throw in a dash of pornography. But why is it that the high-minded never have the good ideas? I am sure that the actual cost of founding a picture magazine is not great. The proprietors of *Time* did invest money because they intended from the first to have national circulation and they paid heavily for the name of *Life* because that was worth enough to them. But I am sure that somewhere a liberal-minded millionaire would have put up the money for starting such a magazine on a small scale—edited of course in behalf of liberal economic principles. Apparently no one thought of it. Is it possible that the people with all the more noble principles really want to keep them secret? They seem to hesitate—until it is too late —about getting hold of any way of communicating with the people.

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Scribner's Presents

(*see page* 41)

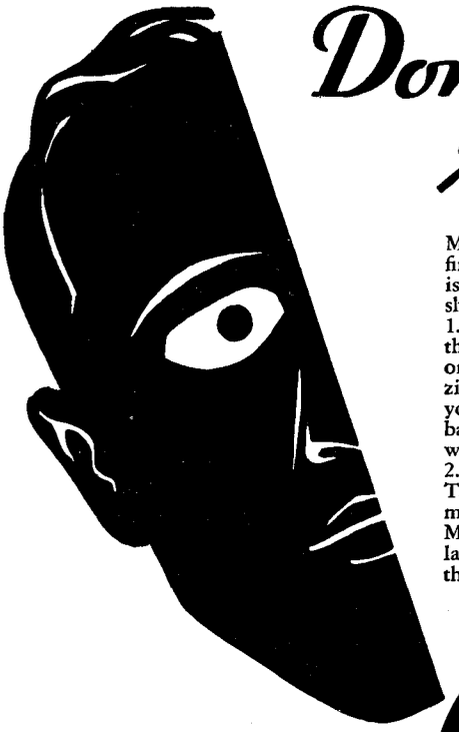
Lester Selig Koritz writes us that he "never had any work published in any magazine, outside of one letter-to-editor, one prize-winning crossword-puzzle solution, and various opera in college publications." He is twenty-five years old, a graduate of Boston Latin School, formerly a reporter for *The Boston Daily Record,* a 1935 graduate of the University of Southern California. He is married, has lived in California for six years, and says he intends to continue doing so indefinitely. In 1933–34 he was editor of the Southern California *Wampus.* This past year he has been teaching a class in short-story writing. Just as the magazine is going to press, we receive a letter from him stating that he has accepted the post of city editor with the Beverly Hills *Independent.*

Answers to "How Many Do You Know?"

(*see "Straws in the Wind"*)

Placing the proper streets in the proper cities seems to be a more difficult task than one might expect, judging by the variety of scores received from friends who took this test. The general average seems to be about fifteen correct answers out of the total twenty-five, so if you score higher than fifteen, you can give yourself a pat on the back.

1. London
2. Havana
3. Edinburgh
4. Montreal
5. Glasgow
6. Buenos Aires
7. Rome
8. Tokyo
9. Paris
10. Washington
11. Cairo
12. Jerusalem
13. Amsterdam
14. San Francisco
15. Boston
16. Madrid
17. Venice
18. Cleveland
19. Chicago
20. Brussels
21. Detroit
22. Berlin
23. Vienna
24. New York
25. Moscow



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Illustrators who enrich its pages number Howard Chandler Christy, Frederic Remington, Will James, Rockwell Kent, Arthur Rackham.

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

MUNCIE is a flat, sprawled town of some 50,000 in eastern Indiana. Its office buildings—two, four, six stories high—are boxlike and void of distinction; its river, which loops through both the industrial and the residential districts, is an "open cesspool" in which fishes die and children swim at their own peril. Practically the only thrilling beauty that Muncie knows comes in spring and summer, when the trees along its older streets hide the often graceless homes and when the smell of growing things drifts in from the cornfields to the north, the east, the south, and the west. It is, in short, an "average" midland town, no better and no worse than scores of others that ceased to be placid county seats sometime during the industrial expansion of the late nineties. Simply because of its complete lack of distinction, its omnipresent and pervasive averageness, the Lynds, Robert S. and his wife, Helen Merrell, picked it for their study of *Middletown,* published ten years ago.

What the Lynds discovered is well-known to most people, even including those who have never read *Middletown.* For Middletown, as practically every reviewer pointed out, is not only Muncie, it is America; Stuart Chase even made it synonymous with the whole western world. It is the town in which Babbitt lived, the town whose early growth was pioneered by the people of Booth Tarkington's novels, the town that sent Warren Gamaliel Harding to the White House, the town—well, it is not only Middletown, but Anytown, even that overgrown Middletown called Chicago. Its religion is "progress," it believes in the Future, its doctrine is, officially, *laissez faire,* its gods—or the gods of its policy-determining business class—are Rotarian and Republican. Pick a man up from Springfield, Mass., or from Fresno, Calif., and set him in Middletown—and, despite all differences between New England hills, San Joaquin orchards, and Midwest flatlands, he will feel instantly at home.

The Lynds made all this so plain that Stuart Chase suggested their book be engraved on tablets of stone and buried under a pyramid, so that posterity might know what type of culture prevailed in the Mississippi Valley in 1925 A.D. But time, as the *cliché* has it, marches on, and even the most painstaking research presumably dates in a decade. What has happened to Middletown since 1925? Has the texture of its culture remained the same after a superboom and an unprecedented depression? Do its people still believe in Progress, the Future, the canons of Self-help, the doctrine of *laissez faire?* Readers, remembering *Middletown,* wanted to know; the demands that the Lynds bring their earlier work up to date with a sequel became insistent. And the result, *Middletown in Transition: A Study in Cultural Conflicts* (Harcourt, Brace, $5), is at hand.

The new book, written out of the results of a year's intensive field work by a staff of six people, is about as voluminous as one could wish. The Lynds have used their 1925 study as a base line, but they do not presume too greatly upon the reader's knowledge of the earlier work; *Middletown in Transition* stands by itself. The new study tells you how Middletown has been getting a living through the depression, how it has cared for the "unable," how it has trained its young, spent its leisure, worshiped, governed itself, kept healthy, and informed itself on what is taking place in a dizzy world. A chapter called "The Middletown Spirit" lists, à la Mencken and Nathan, the credo by which Middletown lives; the credo might have been written in 1925!

It is only when one comes to this credo that one realizes how slow Middletown is to change, how smothered in the "thick blubber of custom" is the town mind. Middletown still believes in being honest and kind (after all, it is situated in the Valley of Democracy whose poet was James Whitcomb Riley),

"Look, Herman, those Lynds are in town again."

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it still believes in being successful, in boosting the town, in being simple and unpretentious, it still believes that character is more important than brains. It dislikes radicals, prefers the middle course, lumps communism and fascism together as "un-American," believes that Negroes are inferior, likes individual Jews but "as a race one doesn't care to mix too much with them," thinks the class war is a myth imported for nefarious political purposes, dislikes professors when they go to Washington to work for the government, believes that capital is beneficent ("if there weren't any rich people who would make jobs for the poor?"), considers America a peaceful country but wants it to have a big army and navy for "defense," believes in the sanctity of the home and the desirability of children, thinks the Constitution is the sum total of the wisdom of the ages, and so on, and so on. Conformity is Middletown's greatest virtue; the odd fish usually departs—when he can—for the big city.

Thus, on its mental and spiritual planes, Middletown has not changed appreciably since 1925; Mencken might still call it a "city in Moronia." But Middletown's credo does not by any means parallel Middletown practice at all points. The credo was unconsciously hypocritical in 1925; it is more so in 1937. For though the "thick blubber of custom" keeps Middletown from becoming psychologically different with the passage of time, the economic situations and needs of its people cause them to act differently. The Middletown spirit remains more or less what it was; the underlying social setup has changed. And if these changes are persistent they will, ultimately, dissolve "the thick blubber of custom" and create a new Middletown, which is something that no Middletonian dares think about.

Middletown still considers "the American way of life" to be a reality; hence it considers that any poor boy can become rich, any enterprising person a magnate, any worker a foreman, and any foreman the owner of his own factory. It has heard of the so-called law of the concentration of capital, that competition must inevitably "compete" itself into monopoly as the big fish swallow the little, but it does not believe in the reality of this law. Emotionally, it acts as if there were a counterprinciple at work—the law of the diffusion of capital. There may, indeed, be such a counterprinciple; but the significant thing about Middletown is the trend toward monopoly and absentee ownership that may be observed at work in the city's economic life. In 1925, say the Lynds, there were a number of young businessmen who were "on their own." But the depression has squeezed most of them to the wall. Middletown used to have a number of banks; the depression has made it a "one-bank town." Local business control has fallen largely into the hands of the Ball family. The Ball family was lucky; its business was the manufacture of Mason jars, and the money kept rolling into the Ball coffers throughout the lean years as more and more housewives turned to the canning of their own fruits and vegetables. The Balls dominate the one important bank that came through 1933 with a clean record and a whole skin; consequently, if you want credit in Middletown, you go to them. The older generation of Balls is pious, well-meaning; it treats its workmen paternally. But because it believes in thrift, in self-denial, it is not concerned about paying workers in the factories more than it has to; it prefers to donate any excess cash it may have to charity, to the churches, the Y. M. C. A., and so on. Because it controls the advertising of the city, it dictates, albeit unconsciously, to the town's daily newspapers.

The Balls are not the whole show in Middletown; if they had been the only industrialists on the scene there would have been no depression for the working class that lives to the south of the railroad tracks. The other Middletown industries consist mostly of two divisions of General Motors, one of Borg-Warner, and one of Owens-Illinois—and policy for these is determined in New York board rooms and Detroit offices, not on the premises. During the depression General Motors pulled up stakes and went away; it did not return until the economic indices had turned pretty well up from the low levels of 1932. Significantly, it returned because Middletown is an open-shop town; unions do not thrive in Middletown air.

It is here that we touch on the reason for Middletown's continuing existence as an economic center: Big Ownership in the United States, on the evidence of the Lynds, is apt to think of the small town as the British used to think of India—as a place to invest for a better return on capital. Living is cheaper in places like Middletown than in larger cities; it costs less, therefore, to support workers at the subsistence level. So we see Big Ownership moving its productive units from Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, and elsewhere to towns like La Crosse, Wisconsin; Port Huron, Michigan; Fostoria, Ohio—and Middletown. "Native American labor," just off the farmlands,

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is innocent; it is not good union material; it remains docile longer. When unionization comes to Middletown, the Lynds say, it will come as a lagging peripheral development of a movement that commences in Washington and ripples out to the big industrial centers.

The Middletown working class does not like the low wages it gets. It has seen the government step in and care for the indigent during the depression; it has, therefore, a new idea of what may be accomplished through political action. This explains the Middletown majority for Roosevelt last autumn. But the Middletown working class has not become very radical; it prefers to take what it can get when it can get it to kicking over the traces and raising hell. It still holds on to fragments of the American dream; life is hopeful as long as there is money to buy gas for the second-hand Chevvie. The average Middletown worker does not see that increased mechanization has made it next to impossible for a shop foreman to rise above that station. He has not pondered deeply the fact that the important jobs in industry are now being filled with graduates of the technical schools, with young chemists and physicists who no longer work by rule of thumb. A Knudsen may have risen from the ranks to the presidency of General Motors, but the new Knudsens will have difficulty jumping the gap between a foreman's job and the important ones that demand more than empirical skill.

In 1925 you could have said, with a semblance of truth, that Middletown lacked an upper class; the older business leaders prided themselves on their democracy, on being "just folks," workers like the men in the shops. Since 1925, however, there has been a change in the direction of class stratification and differentiation; the sons of the old tycoons have gone in for riding clubs, for amateur aviation, for the Long Island ideal. The younger Balls are apt to josh about their swell amusements, their trips away from home. Nevertheless, they *are* more self-consciously exclusive than their parents. The new residential district of Middletown has an air of privacy; things are not as they were in the old days when everyone sat on his stoop in the evening, with a word for Jim or Bill as he passed by. Recently the most dynamic of the Ball younger generation was killed in his airplane; the Lynds wonder whether this presages a breakup of the family as an industrial unit. They wonder whether the other Balls will eventually sell out to absentee owners and take themselves to New York.

Middletown has never believed in costly government; its policy-making business class tends to look upon the New Deal with horror and regarded the last election as a Holy Crusade. But the depression has shattered two beliefs which the business class used to hold sacred: it has made most people realize that private charity won't do when it is a question of a major business catastrophe, and it has accustomed Middletown citizens to taking funds from Washington to build new public buildings, to improve what is owned collectively by the taxpayers. Eventually Middletown may even get a new sewage system for itself and clear up its river. Whether the Herbert Hoover belief in private charity will revive with good times is an open question. The Lynds point out that precedents created in one depression usually control what is done in the next. Possibly the sewage system that Middletown needs will be built in the bad times of 1941, with Middletown's unemployed doing the spade work and getting paid from Washington.

Nothing much has happened to change the status of religion in Middletown during the past ten years; the business class naturally regards Protestantism as better than Catholicism, Christianity superior to heathen creeds, but religion no longer provides leadership in Middletown, it merely serves as a comfort-bringer. In morals, the story is very much the same as it was in 1925. Middletown officially believes in monogamy for the married and chastity for the unmarried; but it doesn't seem to mind divorce, nor does it do anything about prostitution. The younger generation no longer makes a noise about its doings, but the Lynds doubt that it is, in actuality, any more chaste than the F. Scott Fitzgerald generation; in fact, it may be less so. It takes for granted a good many things that Fitzgerald's Rosalinds and Amory Blaines worried a good deal about.

How close does the story of Middletown follow that of the United States as a whole? It would take two years of very intensive research to discover any valid facts bearing on the parallel or the lack of parallel. Is the law of concentration of capital at work everywhere, as it seems to be at work in Middletown? Or are younger men now busy in many places buying in old factories for a song or a shoestring and starting out in new directions? They aren't doing it in Middletown; but they may be doing it in Bridgeport, in Kalamazoo, in Phoenix. Middletown is "ag'in the union," but United States industry as a whole may be ready to capitulate to the idea of trade unionism, in which case Middle-

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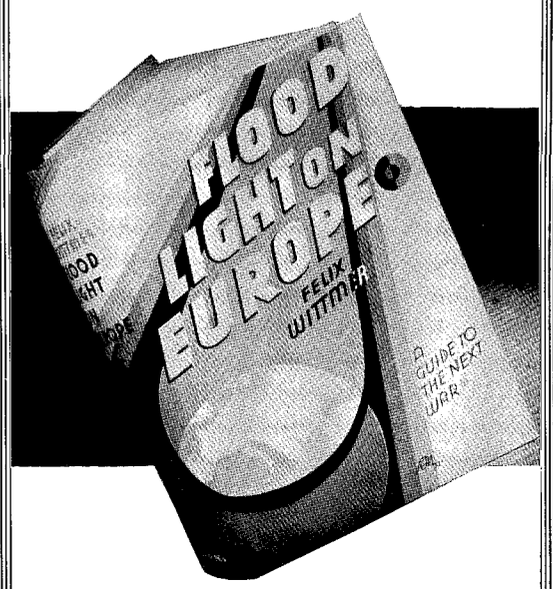

"Here is a shrewd, good-humored and evenly balanced book on the situation in Europe today, as it seems likely to affect the situation tomorrow. It is by Felix Wittmer, a Swiss-born internationalist, at present lecturing on European affairs at a certain American college.

"The book is a synthesis. It is not a windy, superficial study of political trends at all, but a study of each European country which combines (as such studies certainly should) a glance at history, at economics, at politics and an estimate of what may be expected when another war comes along. It will come along, Mr. Wittmer thinks, although he is not sure it will arrive this year.

"The Spanish and the German situations are, it seems to this writer, handled superbly. We have grown so used to having Hitler's Germany switched around the ankles by 'exiled' writers and to wild estimates of Germany's activities, resources and whatnot that a realistic view of Germany's position today is quite impossible for us. But it is possible for Mr. Wittmer. He is not at all concerned with lashing, but only with performance. Hitler emerges from Mr. Wittmer's treatment a far more significant figure than the world has been allowed to see, so far, and many of Germany's policies take on continuity and point. It would be a good thing to read Wittmer on Germany.

"This same realistic viewpoint makes Spain and her present agony understandable, and France and Italy as well. Indeed, this readjustment is so general and sometimes so subtle that even general illustrations do not do it justice. Possibly it is Mr. Wittmer's Swiss birth that makes his Olympian impartiality possible; perhaps it is that, too, which enables him to hold back from prediction and to realize that the words fascist, communist and so on do not imply a standard behavior. Mr. Wittmer has not lost sight of the fact that fascists, for example, are first human beings."

JOHN SELBY,
Book Reviewer *for the Associated Press*

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town's General Motors, Owens-Illinois, and Borg-Warner plants will eventually fall into line. Middletown may pay high prices to its retail merchants, but elsewhere in Indiana the co-operative movement is growing; Indianapolis is a center for the diffusion of co-operative ideas as well as a state capital that regards labor as something to be put down with a strong hand. The U. S. pattern is pied as a whole; Middletown may simply be a darker or a lighter splotch on the quilt, depending on how you look at it. Although Middletown's prominent citizens believe in democracy, they would probably be willing to prevent the growth of industrial unionism by fascistic means if necessary; but the United States as a whole may not be willing to tolerate such means over a wide area. Our geographical diversity may be the factor that will save us from the *Führer* whom some of Middletown's citizens secretly crave.

Book Notes

Authors and publishers seem to be no more and no less human than other men and women at this time of year. Solemnly we sent out to the publishers our selection of the best books that have appeared from January through May. They were to vote from this selection the ten most outstanding; these ten to constitute this month's "Scribner's Recommends" list. We had struggled over our choice. We saw them wrinkling foreheads and biting pencil ends over their more difficult ones. Was *Of Mice and Men* or *Middletown in Transition* the better book? It was serious business, especially for publishers.

Do you know what we got back? Scribbled at the bottom of Stackpole's vote was this:

> Better than any of these books is the new May Wine at Lüchow's and all the funny gardens in Wilton, Conn. Also I like Sears Roebuck in May. [*signed*] Wm. Soskin

"Amen," we wrote, and sent it back.

*

Then we have seen notices of a book called *The New Etiquette,* appearing June 3, which is advertised as "a new code for social behavior—a guide intended for people in moderate circumstances, which dispenses with outmoded formalities, is modern and based on common sense." Is Margery Wilson, head of the Institute of Charm and author of another book, called *Charm,* then to be the Emily Post for the new generation? Does the new generation care about etiquette? We venture, gratuitously, to predict that the sales will be enormous to a reading public so ill-at-ease in the world that Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends,* etc. has sold more than 375,000 copies in less than five months. Is Margery Wilson herself worried about the sales before the appearance of her book? Losing sleep over the validity of her stand in reinterpreting the old mores?

"Trying to keep mentally or physically fit for an exacting job in the running of my business, and writing books besides, I have found my farm to be of paramount importance," she says.

"I have often thought that arranging a perennial bed was a good lesson in etiquette. It is like choosing guests—you try to get those plants that mingle well together. Also, you try to have your most brilliant plants blooming at different times so that there is a succession of displays instead of a violent competition."

(And what, oh sorceress, if at your table "your most brilliant plants" persist in dying on the vine? Is CHARM the only answer then?)

"The plants must be at a distance from each other to do well and not interfere with their neighbors," she goes on with her guest-garden bed, "but they must have somewhat similar habits to enjoy the same soil.

"As you can see, you caught me in the throes of spring gardening and I am . . . steeped in it for the time being."

Thus an author worries in the spring.

*

Kenneth Roberts with his *Northwest Passage* may well do for our 1937 summer reading what *Gone with the Wind* and *Drums Along the Mohawk* did for 1936. It is another of his incomparable historical novels, but he's had trouble with it. From Maine he writes:

"Rogers' Rangers was published in the *Post* and was the first half of a long novel, *Northwest Passage.* When I got back here last week, I found the Titusville *Star-Advocate* of Titusville, Florida, considerably perturbed because a gentleman named Cy Perkins of Melbourne, Florida, had lectured before the Kiwanis, Rotarians, and other Florida organizations, about how he was Kenneth Roberts, how he did his research, and how he happened to write *Rogers' Rangers.* The *Star-Advocate* smelled a rat and wanted to know about it. I wired the editor to ask Perkins to tell him the plot of the rest of the book, and told him not to interfere with Perkins if Perkins would promise to give away autographed copies of the complete book when it appeared. . . ."

Extract from Titusville *Star-Advocate,* Titusville, Fla., April 16, 1937:

> One of the best meetings of the year was held by the Kiwanis Club at its noon luncheon on Tuesday. The speaker of the occasion was Kiwanian Cy Perkins of Melbourne, who delivered a most interesting and instructive talk on the subject of source materials for *Rogers' Rangers,* recently published in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Mr. Perkins, who wrote *Rogers' Rangers* under the pen name of Kenneth Roberts, is one of our most gifted writers. . . .

Letter to *Saturday Evening Post* from Charles M. Dodge, Titusville, Fla.:

> Sir: In the town of Melbourne, near here, is a "Cy Perkins" who represents himself as the author of *Rogers' Rangers.* Is this "Cy Perkins" Kenneth Roberts, is he the same one who wrote so many humorous travel articles for the *Post,* and where is he now?

Letter from *Saturday Evening Post* to Charles M. Dodge:

> Kenneth Roberts, author of *Rogers' Rangers,* is at present on the ocean on his way home from Italy. As soon as he reaches this country we will bring your letter to his attention.

Telegram from Kenneth Roberts to editor of Titusville *Star-Advocate:*

> Suggest you ask Perkins of Melbourne the name of the novel of which *Rogers' Rangers* was the first half and have him tell plot of entire job. If he will promise to give away autographed copies of the book when it appears, I favor encouraging him.

Extract from Titusville *Star-Advocate,* Titusville, Fla., May 4, 1937:

> Discovery that Cy Perkins of Melbourne, known and introduced throughout the county as a noted author writing under the pen name of "Kenneth Roberts," is not the real author of the serial recently published in the *Saturday Evening Post* was made this week. Mr. Perkins came to Titusville yesterday and called upon the editor of this newspaper. "It was all a mistake," he said. "I admit that I am not Kenneth Roberts. I am a writer, and have done a great amount of work in assisting other writers in their search for material. I am sorry this has happened. I will call today on the members of the local Kiwanis Club who invited me here to speak, and offer my apologies to them."

Extract from letter to *Saturday Evening Post* from Kenneth Roberts:

> I deeply regret that Mr. Perkins has been exposed. I had hoped that when *Northwest Passage* appeared . . . Mr. Perkins would substantiate his claim to be me by purchasing and giving away thousands of autographed copies. Now I hear he has left town, so probably there won't be any copies of *Northwest Passage* sold in the Melbourne-Titusville section. It looks to me as though I were destined to go through life unrewarded for my virtues.

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"In spite of history teachers making a lot of to-do over my books," says Mr. Roberts, "especially *Arundel* and *Rabble in Arms,* they've been heartily ignored by book clubs, and haven't had a startling circulation, *Arundel* having just gone into its 26th thousand and *Rabble* into its 28th thousand. Just had word both books have been taken by the *Deutsche Buchgemeinschaft* and published in a Book Society edition that will give both books triple the circulation in Germany that they've had in America."

By now many of you will know the pleasant sequel to Mr. Roberts' last paragraph. As we go to press it's hot news that *Northwest Passage* is the Book-of-the-Month selection for July.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

The editors of SCRIBNER'S *and the publishers themselves vote their choice of the ten best books of the 1937 spring season.*

*

1. *Middletown in Transition,* by Robert and Helen Lynd. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

"Quite apart from the continuity through time of the Middletown saga, apart from the unique insight it gives us into the functioning of a typical American community, this is the first full-length portrait, to my knowledge, of the incredible drama and tragedy of the great depression." STUART CHASE

2. *Of Mice and Men,* by John Steinbeck. Covici, Friede. $2.

"Its style is right for its subject matter, and that subject matter is deeply felt, richly conceived, and perfectly ordered. That is praise enough for a book." HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

3. *Bread and Wine,* by Ignazio Silone. Harpers. $2.50.

"A quality one would not expect to find in a powerful, serious novel in our epoch of psychological analysis, is its fascinating flavor of adventure—danger, mystery, disguises, warnings, flights, escape, discovery—the sort of exciting action which Scott and Stevenson loved and portrayed with zest."
DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

4. *Mathematics for the Millions,* by Lancelot Hogben. Norton. $3.75.

"The fact that a volume on mathematics dripping with graphs and equations—as well as charming sketches by J. F. Horrabin—becomes a best-seller, is proof enough of its originality, its vitality, its exciting appeal."
N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE "BOOKS"

5. *The Years,* by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

"The passage of time—fifty years of it—is Mrs. Woolf's theme, and she suggests it endlessly in limpid, clean-washed sentences."
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

6. *The Late George Apley,* by J. P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $2.50.

"People who like Boston and take George Apley at his face value will run blood pressures fit to get them into the Somerset Club. Every one should have a good time with it, one way or another." LUCIUS BEEBE

7. *The Private Manufacture of Armaments,* by Philip Noel-Baker. Oxford. $3.75.

"This is a really valuable contribution to the too-often impassioned literature of the munitions makers—not because there is a great deal that is new in it, but because it surveys the standard material in a fashion that can fairly be called authoritative." WALTER MILLIS

8. *Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats.* Edited with a Biographical Introduction by Fred Edgcumbe, with a Foreword by Maurice Buxton Forman. Oxford. $3.

"If she was not much of a thinker, she was evidently a person of sensibility and of an intelligence that was feathered with humor. She was not a great letter writer . . . but there is abundant testimony to the strength of her feeling for him [Keats]." BABETTE DEUTSCH

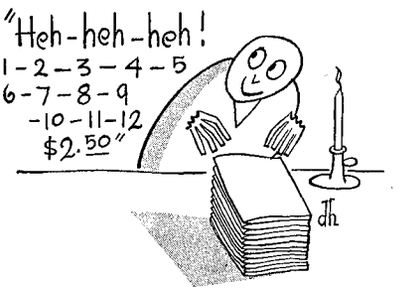
9. *Beloved Friend: The Story of Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck,* by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. Random House. $3.

". . . a correspondence which lasted uninterruptedly for a dozen years. Thus began a love affair between a man and woman who chose never to meet. . . . No one after reading it can remain untouched, can resist the wish to hear the Fourth again, can fail to find new, undiscovered joys in Romeo and Juliet or the B Flat Piano Concerto." RICHARD SIMON

10. *Three Comrades,* by Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown. $2.75.

One of the few authors whose reputation sprang from writing about the War who has furthered his standing by writing of what came after it. *Three Comrades* has all the lack of bitterness, the courage, beauty, and a certain moral strength which characterized *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Road Back.*

It is interesting to note:
. . . that whereas in January our list of ten best books of the fall included only one novel, James Farrell's *A World I Never Made,* there are five novels among the ten books for the spring.
. . . that (pocketbooks please note) none of these novels is over $2.75.



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EXAMPLE

The August SCRIBNER'S will contain four feature articles, three short stories, and over sixteen pictures, including:

OURS WAS THE BEST GENERATION
by Gene Shuford
An analysis of the generation which was preceded by the Jazz Era and followed by today's smug collegians.

SCRIBNER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS
Sixteen pages of the year's best pictures of life in the United States.

THE EXILE
by Martha Gellhorn
This short story leads the collection of excellent fiction in the August issue.

Other writers in August are: George Brandt, Walter Brooks, Jesse Stuart, Don Herold, and John Chamberlain.

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

HOT JAZZ must be an amazingly original contribution to music, else how to account for the years it spent in obscurity? Stranger still, how to account for the widespread enthusiasm of its current revival? Large numbers of the genteel public flocked to the Hotel Pennsylvania's Madhattan Room all last season to hear Benny Goodman's swing band, particularly his magnificent quartet of two white and two black musicians—probably the finest thing that ever happened to our native music.

Oldtimers, however, did not cease to frequent Harlem's sultry Savoy Ballroom where hot music has flourished uninterrupted from the time the Savoy Bearcats and Fess Williams' Royal Flush Band opened the place in 1926, to the furious swing of the present incumbents led by Chick Webb of *Stomping at the Savoy* fame.

Benny's return to the Savoy—after many visits in the rôle of listener—to match hot licks and sock-choruses with Webb's boys was, to the people of Harlem, an event of even greater importance than the night Benny introduced the wonderful piano and vibraphone playing of Negroes Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton to the Madhattan Room. Riot squads and swing music have become acquainted before; this night the white clarinetist was truly King of Swing, and mobs of his most understanding subjects were jubilant on Lenox Avenue.

When the downtown restaurateurs return to less assertive styles of seduction, and swing bars relegate the corn to the kitchens; when the movies exhaust the nomenclature of hot music in their search for titles, and radio bands give up making screwy arrangements of *The Blue Danube* (cf. Josephine Tumminia, soprano, with Jimmy Dorsey's band—Decca No. 29009; Tommy Dorsey without benefit of vocal fireworks on Victor No. 25556)—you may rest assured that uptown some new band like Count Basie's from Kansas City will still be injecting vital ideas into old evergreens (*Boogy-Woogy* and *Exactly Like You*—Decca No. 1252).

Gene Krupa gets hot

The sources of swing are Negroid. And Benny Goodman, like many another white musician before him, has assimilated and cultivated the hot style—learning from the masters whose conservatories are mainly places like the Lincoln Gardens and the Savoy.

*

More than a decade ago the white lads in Friar's Inn and Kelly's Slide perfected a barrel-house style known as Chicago. Bix Biederbecke and Frank Trumbauer led the way, on cornet and saxophone respectively, and there was

OTTO HESS

The law makes room for Benny Goodman's clarinet in Harlem's Savoy Ballroom

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Eugene Ormandy, conductor

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Serge Koussevitzky, conductor

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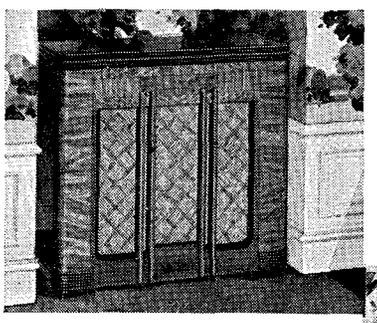

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poetry in their playing. The records these two made with other swing men of the period have been out of print for years. To remedy a loss felt by thousands of serious jazz disc collectors who cannot afford $25 for a rare copy of an original pressing, the Hot Record Society has been organized by officials of the United Hot Clubs of America for the specific purpose of re-pressing discs from the golden period of jazz. The Society's first selections are the Chicago Loopers' two versions of *Three Blind Mice*. The disc exposes a series of lyrical variations on the old tune by such renowned exponents of the Chicago style as Biederbecke and Trumbauer, Don Murray (clarinet), Arthur Schutt (piano), Carl Kress (guitar), and Vic Berton (drums). The recording is poor, but the playing is in the vein—Bix's especially is unrestrained, in itself worth the nominal price of the record.[1]

*

Back to Benny Goodman or, rather, to the two Negro musicians associated with him, for, while records of his band and the quartet have been lamentably absent from recent lists, both Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson have not been inactive in the studios. Hampton's inimitable vibraphone may be heard in *Rhythm, Rhythm,* prominently assisted by old-time Chicagoan Jess Stacy (piano) and Allen Reuss (guitar) of the Goodman band, and the Negroes Cozy Cole (drums), Buster Bailey (clarinet), John Kirby (string bass), and Johnny Hodges, Ellington sax player. This all-star combination, however, is all but eclipsed by the coupling, *China Stomp,* in which Lionel improvises on *China Boy,* not on his vibraphone but with two fingers on the piano! This lightning performance is amazing, not so much for its illegitimate technic and unaccountable virtuosity in scales and trills as for the rippling flow of ideas and eloquent shaping of phrases (Victor No. 25586).

Another Hampton record I recommend warmly is *Buzzin' 'Round with the Bee* and *Whoa Babe* (Victor No. 25575). The combination is larger than the above; "Cootie" Williams and Lawrence Brown (trumpet and trombone of Duke Ellington's orchestra) having been added, and the clarinet of Milt Mesirow (white) taking the place of Buster Bailey. Both pieces are hot, with all the boys kicking out.

Teddy Wilson's piano choruses alone in *Moanin' Low* and *Fine and Dandy* make Brunswick No. 7877 worth having, but swing fanciers will be delighted also with the work of Hodges and Cole and Harry Carney, Ellington alto-sax player. (Since the Duke returned to the Cotton Club, his boys are popping up in every studio.) In the *Little Show* perennial, "Cootie," of the growling trumpet, accompanies a superb vocal by Billie Holiday. Another Wilson and Holiday disc couples *Where Is the Sun?* and *Don't Know If I'm Comin' or Goin'* (Vocalion No. 3543).

The new lists of Master and Variety records present Ellington's troupe of virtuosi three ways. First, the full complement of the "Famous Orchestra" in Master's *Birmingham Breakdown* (No. MA-123) and *The East St. Louis Toodle-O* (No. MA-101), Ellington classics re-arranged and prefixed with *New* in their titles. They are coupled, respectively, with *Scattin' at the Kit Kat* and *I've Got to Be a Rug Cutter,* both of which are far below the *Birmingham* and *St. Louis* standards of composition and arrangement. At any rate, the remarkable attack and intonation and unparalleled ensemble of this band make almost anything they record desirable.

But the most interesting records made by Duke and his men recently are those by combinations headed on the Variety labels by "Cootie" Williams and Barney Bigard, the band's clarinetist. The "Rug Cutters" of the former go into the indigo mood with Ellington's *Blue Reverie.* "Cootie's" own piece, *Downtown Uproar,* supplies sharp contrast (No. VA-527). *Frolic Sam,* practically a trumpet concerto for Williams, and Barney's own *Clouds in My Heart* are assigned to the clarinet player's "Jazzopaters" (No. VA-525). Juan Tizol's flawless valve-trombone playing and the fine quality of his own tune, *Caravan,* engender another *must.* This is backed by Ellington's long-admired *Stompy Jones* (No. VA-515). The most versatile and talented group in the whole field of jazz, Ellington's orchestra—in which there have been few changes of personnel during a decade of creative and interpretative activity—represents a complete intregration of musical forces such as no other performing organization has ever attained.

Two Variety discs by that imaginative young Negro trumpeter, Frankie Newton (with his Uptown Serenaders), must be endorsed (Nos. VA-518 and VA-550). . . . And neither must you miss Chick Webb's *Cryin' Mood* and *Rusty Hinge* (Decca No. 1273), wherein the splendid brasses of his orchestra are heard to full advantage, as well as Webb's superb drumming and Ella Fitzgerald's equally superb singing.

[1]Subscriptions to the Hot Record Society may be mailed to Room 1306, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

A WISTFUL waif in Timbuktu; a bachelor girl in Kalamazoo; a smart young aleck in Harpers Ferry; and a chemistry teacher in the heart of Gary. Everywhere people are taking "The Scribner Quiz." You, too, can do it. There is only one choice that's correct for each question. Check your choice with a pencil, then look at the answers.

Subtract 2 points for every question you get wrong, total your missed points, and then deduct them from a perfect score of 100. (10 questions missed means 20 points lost; this subtracted from 100 gives you a score of 80). . . . No questions may be skipped. A good score is between 60 and 75. Good luck to you! (*correct answers on page* 84)

1. It is a pleasure to report that J. P. Morgan still owns the famous yacht whose name is:

Kittyhawk *Rainbow* *Corsair*
Tortoise *Sea Cow* *Vo Do Deo II*

2. You may never have sat at a gambling table, but anyhow, the man who presides over it and collects the stakes is called a:

couvier *crouton* *couturier*
croupier *coupier* *coup de banque*

3. It is generally conceded that the key man on the Supreme Court, the gentleman who is just as apt to vote liberal as conservative, is Justice:

Hughes *McReynolds* *Van Devanter*
Brandeis *Sutherland* *Stone*
Cardozo *Roberts* *Butler*

4. When a billiard player puts English on a ball, he:

shoots it with unusual speed
causes it to hit three or more balls
forces it to jump over another ball
makes it spin by hitting it off center

5. John Steinbeck is one of our better-known new authors, lately made even more famous through his book:

This Life I've Loved *Lust for Life*
Of Mice and Men *The Bounty Trilogy*
Busman's Honeymoon *We Are Not Alone*

6. Most likely you drive an automobile, and most likely you never have known that the distributor on your engine:

circulates water evenly from the radiator
adjusts the flow of gas to the pistons
regulates the spark plugs' firing order
sees that clutch and transmission mesh

7. If life really begins at 40, then only one of these well-known persons has life yet to begin for him:

Jack Dempsey *Babe Ruth* *Bill Tilden*
Boake Carter *H. L. Mencken*
Adolphe Menjou

8. Speaking of state nicknames, Iowa is usually called the ..... State:

Buckeye *Sooner* *Gopher* *Badger*
Sucker *Jayhawk* *Hawkeye* *Prairie*

9. According to the best estimates there are quite a few million more ..... than there are members of any other religious belief in the world:

Buddhists *Protestants* *Mohammedans*
Roman Catholics *Hindus* *Confucianists*

10. Rockwell Kent's latest paintings are mostly the result of spending the better part of a year in:

South Chicago *Tahiti* *Alaska*
Greenland *bed* *Ceylon* *Arizona*

11. It's probably a tossup as to whether you know that the correct pronunciation of the word *achieve* is:

a-CHEEV *a-SHEEV* *a-KEEV*

12. The collie is a handsome dog as well as an intelligent one; it originally came from:

the White House lawn *Scotland*
Southern France *Western United States*
Belgium *Newfoundland* *Ireland*

13. Of the following German writers all have been exiled from their country but one:

Thomas Mann *Lion Feuchtwanger*
Carl Von Ossietsky *Erich Maria Remarque*
Stefan Zweig *Ernst Toller*

14. If, following an accident, a young interne gravely informed you that your clavicle was broken, you might be quite upset until you found it was only your:

wrist *collarbone* *third finger*
ankle *nose* *big toe* *rib*

15. If you discovered a kumquat upon your dining-room table, you would probably:

scream *sit on it* *eat it*
put it in a cage *wear it*

16. In the sporting world 1937 has so far been distinguished by:

Japan's Davis cup victories
the Oxford crew victory over Cambridge
Bobby Jones' sensational golf comeback
the Senators' amazing winning streak

17. A woman recently said, "I'm the most abused person in ten continents!" which was a slight error because there are only:

four continents *three continents*
seven continents *five continents*
six continents *nine continents*

18. To be at the lowest point in the scale of human intelligence, you would have to be:

an imbecile *feeble-minded*
a moron *an idiot* *a Democrat*

19. Of the following prominent U. S. Senators of our time one is no longer alive:

Nye (N. D.) *Norris (Neb.)*
Wagner (N. Y.) *Couzens (Mich.)*
Glass (Va.)

20. You would go to the head of your history class if you pointed out the one true statement among the following:

The Civil War came after the Crimean War
Hindenburg was Germany's first president
The Boy Scouts were founded by Dan Beard
Balboa and Sir Francis Drake lived simultaneously

21. Most of us know that New York City and Philadelphia have subway systems, but not all of us know that only one of the following cities has one too:

Cincinnati *Chicago* *Boston*
Los Angeles *Baltimore* *St. Louis*

22. The person with a normal vocabulary will quickly discover which one of the four words: *flautist, relicts, ukase,* and *veldt,* has not been misused here:

A good flautist knows his woolen goods

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Queen Victoria left many relicts behind
The King issued a ukase forbidding drums
He possessed an enormous veldt on his neck

23. If you're planning on visiting some of the U. S. college towns this summer you'd best find out which one of these is in its wrong city:

Amherst—Amherst *U. of Ill.—Urbana*
U. of Cal.—Berkeley *Brown—Pawtucket*

24. There was a great art battle this spring in Washington over the proposed Thomas Jefferson Memorial, which opponents say:

would conceal the Lincoln Memorial
is architecturally too modern
would destroy most of the cherry trees
would tower over the Washington Monument

25. Walter P. Chrysler is a name known to everyone, yet few know that the P stands for:

Pinkertonian *Percy* *Pontiac*
Perry *Page* *Palmer*

26. If someone should leap out of a dark alley and shout "Harley Davidson!" at you, it would be sanest if you kept your head and replied:

"I've never met our Minister to Chile!"
"Well, it's a good motorcycle!"
"There'll never be another pitcher like him!"
"He's the world's biggest toothpick maker"

27. For several hundred years sailors in the British navy have been served grog, which is:

brandy *tea and brandy* *ale*
rum and water *hot milk* *beer*

28. By the way, you might be interested to know that this present Congress is the:

72nd *73rd* *74th* *75th* *76th*

29. A man, nipped by his pet armadillo, might easily, and correctly, shout:

"You amphibious, web-footed rodent!"
"Blast your arboreal, hairy hide!"
"Why you damned, burrowing, nocturnal, toothless mammal!"
"Curse your rudimentary-tailed soul!"

30. All but one of these fruits grow upon trees:

avocados *dates* *pineapples*
limes *mulberries* *tangerines*

31. One of these contemporary composers is attached to the wrong native country:

Sibelius—Finland *Stravinsky—U.S.S.R.*
Chavez—Mexico *Respighi—Italy*
Hanson—Sweden *Deems Taylor—U. S.*

32. If you were a college crew coach ordering a new shell, it is most likely that your order would go to:

George Pocock of Seattle
Old Town Canoe Company of Maine
Newport News Shipbuilding Co. of Virginia
Ten Eyck of Cornell

33. Percy Bysshe Shelley is the author of one of these lines:

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Sunset and evening star,
A boy's will is the wind's will,
If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

34. If William Randolph Hearst were suddenly forced to sell his most profitable magazine, he would sell:

Cosmopolitan *Ballyhoo* *Liberty*
Woman's Home Companion
Motor Boating *Good Housekeeping*
Harper's Bazaar

35. Anyone can recognize a U. S. Army General in uniform because of the:

beetling brows *paunch* *Sam Brown belt*
five stars on collar *silver eagle on arm*
four stars on shoulder straps

36. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lynd have done two outstanding sociological studies of a Midwestern city which they call Middletown, but which everyone knows is:

Columbus, O. *Cairo, Ill.* *Muncie, Ind.*
Waterloo, Ia. *Winona, Minn.*

37. If you were lunching with the President in the White House, it is highly probable that you would:

have only vegetables *eat off a tray*
dine informally in the kitchen
be served nothing but sea food
have to look at his stamp collection

38. One of the chief complaints of the American Federation of Teachers is in behalf of Jerome Davis who was:

fired from Columbia's School of Journalism
dismissed from Yale's Divinity School
not rehired by Harvard's History Dept.
dropped by Tulane's Economics Dept.

39. If you were to walk into a store and ask for the "Time To Retire" product, you would receive:

a Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment
a Fisk auto tire *a Spring-Air mattress*
a Supreme Court verdict *a Pequot sheet*

40. When you tell a waiter you want a dish of melted cheese poured over toasted bread, you can correctly refer to it as:

Welsh rarebit *Welsh rabbit* *goo*

41. Ever since the Bonneville Dam was commenced there has been speculation in the Northwest as to whether it will:

render the Columbia River unnavigable
prevent spawning salmon going upstream
ruin the vast wild-duck breeding areas

42. To obtain gasoline for your car, crude oil is broken down into its component parts through a process known as:

mercerizing *dehydrating* *cracking*
polarizing *macadamizing* *boiling*

43. Most Americans, upon hearing the name of Corning, N. Y., think of:

cheese *bath towels* *watches*
furniture *wines* *glass*

44. It is generally agreed that the smoothest, longest, best auto-speed-testing grounds in the world are located at:

Daytona Beach, Fla. *Waikiki, Hawaii*
Bonneville Salt Flats, Ut.
Santa Monica, Cal. *Brooklands, England*

45. Sheer nonsense, yes, but this passage contains a misspelled word:

The physician put down his ukelele and picked up his stethoscope. "You have pyorrhea," he said to the girl. "Have you been eating spaghetti?"

She snuffed the chrysanthemum in his lapel and replied with a saccharine look, "No, but I adore sarsaparilla."

46. By some mistake a college freshman, when asked to write down the country in which each of these famous landmarks belongs, actually got one right:

Taj Mahal—Siam *St. Sophia—Italy*
Dead Sea—Egypt *Mt. Ararat—Turkey*

47. Hashish is very pleasant to those who care for:

chewable intoxicants *hot Indian foods*
typical American restaurant food
native Ceylon dwellings *bright cloths*

48. You'd be surprised to find one of these growing in your garden:

fuchsia *hepatica* *coreopsis*
pyrethrum *duenna* *scabiosa*

49. Think twice before you put your bets on one of these statements:

The U. S. has more hospitals than hotels
The world's most powerful battleship is British
Most U. S. transport planes are monoplanes

50. If, in writing an exam, you came to the question, "What is coke?" you should answer:

a tarry substance mined in shallow shafts
a low-grade fuel found near coal deposits
a substance left after coal has been distilled

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Still Time to Enter SCRIBNER'S "Life in the United States" Contest

TIME is getting short, but you can still enter SCRIBNER's prize contest for the best articles submitted to the "Life in the United States" department. All manuscripts must be in the mail before noon, August 1.

Numerous manuscripts have come in, but the field is still open for writers, professional and non-professional, to submit their entries and receive full editorial consideration. It is permissible to enter more than one manuscript; send in several, if you wish.

What to Write: The editors seek articles of *personal experience* which throw light on social conditions, customs, manners in this country today. The subject of the article may be significant among other things because of its humor; because it is of psychological, philosophic, or social importance in individual or group lines; or because it indicates a passing trend in the country's history today.

Aspects of life in certain sections of the country, which, through tradition, racial heritage, geography, climate, or economics, differ from other sections, are desirable if they are of general interest and avoid the pitfall of becoming essays on quaint customs, odd sects, cults, or the activities of people who are interesting because they are survivals of the America of generations ago. They must have a vital, contemporary spark. They must be authentic experiences.

How to Say It: These experiences should not be observations on how the other half lives. It is when a member of a group perceives the significance of his or her own group, way of living, environment, or specific experience, and can treat it with insight, philosophy, or humor, that weight seems to attach to it.

The type of article desired is suggested by the following excerpts from previous "Life in the United States" pieces.

A RACE OF ROOTLESS WOMEN

"I am a Rootless Woman — without permanent home or neighbors. Yet I cannot remember the time when a simple house on a tree-shaded street has not seemed to me the most beautiful thing in the world. I cannot choose a Christmas card that isn't a winter edition of John Payne's . . . cottage, and the sight of a Currier and Ives 'American Homestead' . . . makes me eager to exchange the highest-bred lobster . . . for one egg cooked in Grandmother's kitchen."

EAVESDROPPERS IN EDEN

"I belong to the Brotherhood of the Rural Telephone Line . . . a fine group of citizens which has disproved for all time the old saying that 'Eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves.' "

HAIL, HELL, AND FAREWELL

" 'Of course,' said a speaker who had been introduced over the radio as a minister of the gospel, 'nobody believes any longer in a literal hell.'

" 'If that's the case,' observed a neighbor who had dropped in for a call, and was listening to the broadcast, 'I suppose we'll have to take his word for it. When a preacher says there ain't no hell, I reckon there ain't none.' "

$7200 in Prizes

First Prize	$1000
Second Prize	700
Third Prize	600
Fourth Prize	500
Fifth Prize	400
Sixth Prize	300

Six Regional Prizes of $200 each.
Not more than 25 additional prizes of $100 each for manuscripts which, in the opinion of the judges, have unusual merit.

The Rules

(1) All entries must be postmarked before noon, August 1, 1937.

(2) Manuscripts must be between 500 and 3000 words in length.

(3) Entries should be mailed to "Life in the United States," Contest Editor, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Contestants may enter as many manuscripts as they wish.

(4) In the case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the full value of the prize for which he is tied.

(5) Employees of Charles Scribner's Sons and their families are not eligible for the contest.

(6) The judges will be the editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and their decisions shall be conclusive and binding on all contest entries.

A Fine Opportunity for the Non-Professional Writer!

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East-to-West — 4. Burma

GEORGE BRANDT

(*This is the fourth of six travel articles Mr. Brandt is writing for* SCRIBNER'S *as he circles the globe. The next will be written from Egypt.*—THE EDITORS.)

As my boat crept toward Rangoon, in what for pilots is the world's most treacherous river, my imagination created wild pictures of the people dwelling beyond the drab brown banks. A strange sort of place indeed is Burma. It was in Mandalay that King Thibaw, last of the native rulers, liquidated the relatives of his predecessor by burying them alive, and then having them trampled to death by a herd of elephants. Little wonder that their Siamese neighbors feared the Burmans as demons.

And it is in Rangoon that the golden spire of the Shwe Dagon, greatest, most sacred pagoda in the East, soars above a vast temple compound. The solid gold *Ti,* or umbrella, fairly staggers under the weight of precious stones. Kipling mentions the Shwe Dagon in *East of Suez.* I wonder if Lord Dunsany didn't have it in mind when he wrote of the theft of an idol jewel, and the consequences, in *A Night at an Inn.* Surely it is the epitome of Oriental lavishness.

Here in Burma lithe little women smoke colossal black stogies and nonchalantly tote the visitor's baggage about on their heads, smiling coyly all the while. Males are too aristocratic to work, so the women tend shops and do all heavy labor, while the menfolk sit at home, knitting and tending the baby. So, you see, the world progresses. Even here, the fearful warrior has become the nursemaid.

Mandalay is hardly the place to dispel illusions. As I write, I see four little Burmese girls, brilliant in Oriental dress, parading along the moat of King Thibaw's palace. Reflected in the water is a group of sacred cattle, resting before an ancient gateway. The scene has the quality of a painting by Corot.

Rangoon is a city of broad streets, substantial houses, fine gardens, charming lakes. But for the traveler from the Far East it is the portal to Indian civilization. Even though the Burmese are of Mongolian stock, Buddhism is the dominant religion, and Burma, in the near future, is to be politically independent of India. Eleven huge bazaars serve Rangoon's four hundred thousand. Stretching block after block, they contain an amazing range of merchandise, from huge floral wreaths to caste marks "made in Japan." Here, mingling in the confusion that so delights the Oriental, are Mohammedan fezzes; Buddhist robes; long padded silk coats, heavily embroidered; turbans of endless sizes and colors; Turkish slippers with pointed, upturned toes; and the wide-sleeved jackets and long silk or cotton shirts (*longyis*) of Burmese men and women alike. Silk *gaung-baungs* are wound around masculine heads, while feminine taste runs to smoothly twisted long hair, decorated with great clumps of flowers perched on topknots. Hindu fakirs, like wild men with their long, ropelike hair smeared with dung, join the motley horde of *baksheesh* seekers. Old men sit placidly smoking elephantine water pipes. In a thousand cubbyholes bickering goes on as it has for long centuries in the East, and as it will, probably, when Wall Street joins Babylon in the roster of forsaken marts.

In Rangoon's bazaars you can buy the wood carving for which Burma is famous, as well as commendable ivory, bronze, silver, and pottery from Pegu, and fine brass and silk. Here are Armenians, Cambodians, Siamese, and natives from every part of Burma, Ceylon, and India, all with wares of the homeland. And you will also see Burmese lady shopkeepers being given a native variety of chiropractic treatment. Flat on their stomachs they lie, while friends walk slowly back and forth across their torsos, bringing new vim, vigor, and vitality.

The Burmese are a simple, delightfully childlike people. Like most Orientals, they love pageantry, festivals, dancing. The chief festivals occur at the Buddhist New Year (April) and Lent (October). If possible, attend one of the *pwes,* or native theatrical performances; the *zat pwe* (with living actors depicting old legends, as in Japan), the *Anyein pwe* (posture dancing and choral singing), or *a-yok pwe* (puppet play). Occasionally a native opera is given. Another diversion is *chinlon,* the business of keeping a light cane ball off the ground by a series of dexterous kicks by the players.

In 1857 King Mindon moved his capital from Anarapura to Mandalay. Here he built most of the city's monuments and here King Thibaw capitulated to the British in 1885. Within massive walls, surrounded by a broad moat and pierced by twelve gateways, King Mindon built his palace, later to be occupied by Thibaw. Today the compound is officially called Fort Dufferin. This, for the Burmese, was "the center of the universe," their sacred Loop. Modern tourists, coming on the famous Irrawaddy river boats from Rangoon, or by the clean, fast Burma Railroad,

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GERTRUDE A. KAY

may be amused by the royal attempt to make the paltry wealth of the treasury suffice for an imitation of Peiping's *Forbidden City*. Some of the quarters are truly splendid, but the majority—whitewashed and gaudy in glass mosaic and colored windowpanes—show the victory of finances over ambition. In such displays no doubt the atrocities of Victorian architecture were born. Mandalay Hill, with its numerous shrines to Buddha, and amusing groups of praying figures in porcelain, is worth visiting. Gigantic stone animals guard the entrance to the thousand stairs up which one puffs to reach the summit from which can be seen the "737 pagodas," a British army post recalling Kipling, and the road to Mandalay. Shielding the stairs from sun are tin canopies which gave me a twinge of homesickness, for they are the spittin' image of those protecting New York's "L" platform stairs.

I made a brief tour of the Southern Shan states, celebrated for the long-necked women of Pekkong and the leg-rowers of Lake Inle. As you may know, the ladies' necks, encircled with dozens of heavy rings, are actually stretched to a length of as much as nine inches. And the male leg-paddlers, not to be outdone in bizarrerie, stand upright in light boats and kick their way along.

From Thazi Junction we took a bus to Kalaw (one of Burma's finest hill stations) and Taunggyi, capital of the Southern Shan states. Here the jungle closely resembles that of upper Siam. In rural Burma it is customary to plant a tree when a child is born, and to calculate his age by the size of the tree. I don't know what's done if the tree suddenly dies. Oriental logic has ramifications beyond Western comprehension.

Buses here operate with grand disdain for time. Whenever the driver or a passenger got hungry, we simply made a stop at a wayside "hotel" shack and the whole busload waited an hour or so. Once, when I had the impudence to ask when we were due to arrive, the bus driver pointed to the sun and then to a point nearer the horizon, and replied that we'd be getting there just about then. Our chariot was painted yellow, "the color of Buddha," but this auspicious quality didn't prevent expiring wheezes every hour or two, after it had been leaping across ruts like a giant grasshopper. After cleaning the gas line a dozen times, the driver began kicking the obstinate vehicle, perhaps to dislodge evil spirits. In the Orient no one ever thinks of conditioning a bus or train. The policy is just to run it until it breaks down. There's plenty of time to worry about repairs. Eventually, after having passed through really magnificent mountain country (travel discomforts become humorous after the first few months out), we arrived at Taunggyi. Here we were received by Doctor Henderson, whose son is an editor of *The Readers' Digest*, and whose daughter and son-in-law were just setting out for Tibet, the last seven days to be done via elephant.

Burma is a land of paddy fields, of great mountains thickly forested with exotic trees and shrubs, of broad plains, and of cactus and desert growth like our own West, with its solitary grandeur and timelessness. The fields are tilled by smiling people, aided by the omnipresent water buffalo. Pagodas, ancient and fantastically designed, stand silhouetted in isolated mystery against the desert sky. Big game awaits the sportsman. For others, forsaken capitals like Pagan, Prome, Toungoo are heavy with the memory of departed splendors.

As in India, visitors should carry heavy clothing in the winter, as well as light clothing for the southern and low country. And you should get your cheques cashed in the large coastal cities. In India, at least, you may fly from Calcutta to Dacca, or to Delhi and Rangoon, by Indian National Airways. Indian railroads are swamped in red tape. I recall the story of a theatrical producer who had a concession ticket for a troupe of twelve actors. The ticket agent insisted the ticket was for animals. After an hour of argument, the producer satisfied the man by paying a lower concession rate, and he and twelve "tigers" went their way. But travel in Burma and India isn't as difficult as often pictured.

*

INDIAN FRAGMENTS: It is possible for you to be elected a Brahmin if you can prove to a committee that you possess the requisite erudition. . . . In Darjeeling women smear black stuff on their faces, reserving jet enamel make-up for holidays. . . . Two plaques over the hotel lounge: one of a sleek Hindu goddess, the other of Ann Harding. . . . Incident on the road from Ellora to Bombay: sound of fiendish bellowing from behind a clump of trees; quick application of automobile brakes; sight of a tourist pointing a movie camera at a native boy; translation of boy's screams, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

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DIVERSION? Our friend, Webster, defines it as "that which diverts the mind from care, and releases and amuses". Pastime, entertainment, recreation, sport, game, play, solace, merriment . . . . are all synonims of diversion.

And what does a tourist primarily seek when he or she goes touring? Diversion, of course! The greatest tourist of them all, the inimitable Will Rogers, once said: "Quaint Mexicana! The thing that strikes me is that we go away all over the world and prowl all around hunting for odd and different things, and here they are at our very doorstep . . . . . ."

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Coronets to Cheshire Cheese

W. D. H. McCULLOUGH

Now that the Coronation is history, we can safely turn from royal trains and crown jewels to English fundamentals, to wit, eating. It may be years, or even decades, before Americans have a chance to see another crowning, but they have several more months in which to enjoy what London terms the Season. One can see a lot of cathedrals and birthplaces during these months and one can also do a lot of lunching and dining.

On the Continent, of course, there are people who say that the British do not devote much thought to food. Possibly, but they do give it a great deal of time. Like two-year-old babies they seem to be forever feeding.

The day begins with a cup of tea and a biscuit. An hour later comes breakfast, which varies from a small glass of orange juice, in intellectual circles, to porridge and cream, followed by kippers and finnan haddie, bacon and eggs, tomatoes, kidneys, toast, marmalade, scones, and even oatcakes, with, of course, large cups of coffee or tea. After breakfast, there is a gap until the middle of the morning, when a cup of coffee with a biscuit or a cigarette is considered essential if a man is to keep up his strength. Lunch follows at one o'clock. This may be only a light meal of soup, fish, joint, vegetables, sweets, and cheese for the upper classes, or as the principal meal of the day for most working men, rather more substantial. Thereafter is the time for business conferences, until four, when tea arrives to awaken the exhausted executive. In London the summer months are, of course, the season for garden teas—delightful affairs which more than make up for the terrible weather during the other months. Tea in the south is a slight thing—one or two cups and a few sandwiches or small cakes. In the north of England, it is a major institution, but only in Scotland can it be seen in all its glory. There you sit at an enormous table with brown scones and white scones and buttered toast and sandwiches and currant buns and plum cake and shortbread with jams and jellies. That is for an ordinary tea. If there are visitors, there are boiled eggs and cold ham and cheese.

Until recently, nothing happened after tea until dinner. But a new idea has been creeping across the channel to bridge this awkward gap, called *L'heure de Dégustation*. Prunier's began it, and really it is a cocktail party at which you have the drinks, food, and friends chosen by yourself.

In the cities the principal meal of the day is now approaching, namely dinner. This is more or less the same as dinner anywhere else in the world. It varies in exact relation to the wealth, knowledge, and appetite of the diner. After dinner, in most parts of the country, people have to settle down to wait for breakfast, except in Scotland, where it is an old custom to have tea and cakes at nine o'clock.

Notes on English eating places almost invariably begin with the Ritz, with comments on the difficulties of getting a table by the windows and with reflections on the diplomats to be seen dashing through the passage. Traditionally the writer then distinguishes between the Savoy and Claridge's, the Carlton and the Berkeley, the Dorchester and Grosvenor House. Thrown in are a few remarks on Prunier's in St. James's Street, high praise for its *plat-du-jour*, and a poem on Simpson's-in-the-Strand. These places have their points, but they are well known to the traveling public. And if any one is making his first trip to England, he will doubtless hear all about them before he even touches Liverpool or Southampton.

But suppose you are arriving in London and wanting to get away from such places. Suppose you have heard all the libelous statements about English food, but still want to sample it. You have heard the saying that England has but two vegetables, and they are both cabbage. You want to test that out. So you go to Simpson's-in-the-Strand and have steak-kidney-lark-and-oyster pie. So you go to Simpson's in Cheapside, after exploring St. Paul's, and have the Fish Ordinary lunch. In June and July English asparagus comes into season. If you are wise, you ask for asparagus from the Vale of Evesham. Possibly you will have to go to Stratford-on-Avon to make sure of getting it. Green peas and broad

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The train's the thing, this season. And New Haven train travel rates high among the splendid services offered by most American railroads in 1937.

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WORK — DINE OR RELAX as you GO BY TRAIN — to New England

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"When in Rome . . ."

Or Philadelphia, the old saying still applies. And in Philadelphia it's the

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"Best Food in Philadelphia"

Claude H. Bennett, Manager

IN THE
August Scribner's
another travel article
by George Brandt
EAST-TO-WEST
5. THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

beans straight from the garden are also the pride of England. Carefully cooked, their flavor is good and rare.

Rule's in Maiden Lane is a relic of the nineties and a good place for a meal after the theater. Then there is Stone's Chop House, fifty miles from Piccadilly Circus and no less than a hundred years in business. And Scott's, specializing in sea food.

Some of the oldest English restaurants are the ones in the City, within a mile of Lombard Street. They are hard to find and obsolete in their equipment. Their food is rough and ready, their service frantically rapid. But at such places as Birch's, Pimm's, the George and Vulture, you will find old men who were grilling chops for millionaires when Victoria was on the throne. In such a place a chop, garnished with one of the sauces the English worship, washed down with draught beer, followed by cheese with a glass of port—well, to an Englishman it is tops.

There are three pubs worth crawling into—the Old Cheshire Cheese and the Cock Tavern, both in Fleet Street, and the Running Horse in Mayfair. Ask for half ("hoff") a pint of bitter in the bar, and you'll be one of the family.

Within a mile of Piccadilly Circus you can find the food of all nations. The Tour Eiffel, just north of Oxford Street, is a small, quiet, and intimate place, where a meal should be discussed at length, waited for, and then eaten with enthusiasm. The Maison Basque in Dover Street is to restaurants what St. Andrew's is to golf courses. Some one has called it the perfect exposition of the cuisine classique. In Greek Street the Escargot Bienvenu is a slightly more popular version of the same school. Try some Pâté Géot with hot toast, then crêpe de volaille, then marrons glacés, and then coffee.

In the end, wherever you have eaten, you will be looking for a place where you can sit and watch the world go by. Make then for the Beer Hall in the Café Royal, or Corner House Brasserie, or the Brasserie Universelle. They are all cheerful, well run, slightly Bohemian—pleasant places to make expansive pronouncements to circles of friends and acquaintances who are not paying the slightest attention.

Under the Midnight Sun

Alaska, long the mecca of the adventuresome, is now luring alike the two-weeks vacationist and the summer-through traveler. Here nature arranges the spectacle. Now, and until late September, the midnight sun lights her mountain-sheltered sea lanes, her fjords, and forested wildernesses through all the hours.

From Puget Sound thousands of miles of ever-changing waterways lie before you. At times mountains rise almost sheer from your ship's deck, and the fjordlike passages become so narrow that it seems that you could reach out and touch the shores. Sometimes the ship glides among islands, many huge as mountains, others gardens upon a mirror-smooth sea.

Then there are the Alaskan cities. Even the most modern of these still retain much of their frontier flavor. Short trips out of them take you into villages marked by totem poles, into a life at once unique, refreshing, and memorable.

Both the Canadian National Steamship Company and the Alaska Steamship Company offer nine- to twelve-day cruises out of Seattle or Vancouver that begin at ninety-five dollars the round trip. There is time at the ports of call for island sight-seeing. At Juneau, for instance, you see the huge Alaska-Juneau Gold Mine and drive out the highway to Mendenhall Glacier.

If you have more leisure, generous stopover privileges make it possible to include a number of fascinating trips. From Seward you can go to Anchorage and then to the Matanuska Valley. On this route, too, lies Mt. McKinley, the highest peak in North America. At Skagway, you can go north by rail to Whitehorse, board the flat-bottomed river boat propelled by huge paddle wheels, and voyage up the swift-flowing Yukon for Dawson, heart of the gold country. Or at Carcross a trip of incredible beauty into the Lake Country awaits you aboard the Lake Steamer *Tutshi*.

For the vacation explorer intent upon steaming even farther northward, there is the Alaska Company's *Arctic Cruise* which leaves Seattle, August the seventh. On this trip you cut across the North Pacific, through the Aleutian Islands, up into the Bering Sea, touching such ports as Nome, and then across the Arctic Circle to East Cape, Siberia, where arrangements have been made with the U.S.S.R. so you may land. Tariff for this cruise, which lasts almost a month, begins at two hundred and fifty dollars. —K. K.

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examples will readily occur to the thoughtful person. It is hardly necessary for any writer to erect a monument to the "memory of hell." We rest our case for the defense. A. D. W.

How Many Do You Know?

In the anniversary issue of the magazine a subscriber said he thought it only fair that the editors get a dose of the perplexities they inflict on readers in "The Scribner Quiz." He offered his own quiz, based on the authorship of certain well-known books. This month another reader, John T. Flanagan, of the University of Minnesota's Department of English, sends in a quiz for editorial attention.

The following are streets and avenues of the world's great capitals. Do you know the cities in which these streets are located? Care has been taken to choose names which are unique as well as world-famous, so that the armchair traveler should have just as much chance as the cosmopolite. In the event that the street name given below applies correctly to more than one place, choose the most celebrated.

1. Shaftesbury Avenue
2. O'Reilly Street
3. Princes Street
4. St. Catherine's Street
5. Argyle Street
6. Calle Florida
7. Corso Umberto
8. Ginza
9. Boulevard des Italiens
10. Pennsylvania Avenue
11. Muski
12. Via Dolorosa
13. Kalverstraat
14. Telegraph Hill
15. Commonwealth Avenue
16. Calle de Alcala
17. Ponte di Rialto
18. Euclid Avenue
19. Clark Street
20. Boulevard Adolphe Max
21. Woodward Avenue
22. Unter den Linden
23. Ringstrasse
24. Bowery
25. Red Square

(*correct answers on page* 61)

In This Issue

We'd personally be afraid to have the reputation that Edmund Pearson has. Knowing all there is to know about murder, how it's done, and who does it, might easily, we should think, lead us if not into temptation, at least into suspicion sometime or other—and well, we'd just be afraid. The author of "The Perfect Murder" is also the author of the recent and much discussed *Trial of Lizzie Borden,* of *Studies in Murder, Murder at Smutty Nose, Five Murders,* and *More Studies in Murder.*

John T. Flynn's book on investment trusts came out in 1930. Since then he has been the economic advisor to the committee investigating Wall Street, out of whose findings grew the SEC. His book *Securities Speculation: Its Economic Effects* came out in 1934, his columns appear weekly in *The New Republic,* and he is a contributing editor of *Collier's.*

"I was born in Monticello (Jaspar County) Georgia, and still think it a nice town to have been born in," says Mrs. Miriam Pope Cimino, who writes "From Baked Beans to Hominy Grits." "They used to call the county Bloody Jaspar, but the most blood ever shed there was, and still is, from countless chickens slain for company dinners. I hate to think how many lost their heads during my recent visit. This seems a plausible reason for the redness of Jaspar soil." She says her writing career began with the old story of "liking English best" in high school and winning some literary prizes. She's gone way beyond that, and her articles have appeared in many magazines.

Sally Benson, who won second prize in the O. Henry collection of short stories for 1936, doesn't like to write about herself. She has just come back from Hollywood, and all she'll say about it is this: "I fell through a steamer chair which collapsed with me on my terrace and have bruises on my elbows. We are going to Vermont this summer and are going to drive up next week to look for a place. Selznick took an option on my story and I have to finish it by July 15. I started a short story the other day and so far it's awfully good. But then I only did one page." "Local Girl Makes Good?"

The author of "The Genius" is already known to SCRIBNER'S readers. Elick Moll says he does his best work "when my wife is at one ear yelling for bread, my son at the other yelling for information, the phone ringing, the radio going full blast, and the three boarders arguing hotly about who should have led trump."

Wherever a note appears about Jerome Weidman, who writes "Thomas Hardy's Meat," we find him listed as "newsboy, delivery boy, mail clerk, printer, stenographer, window cleaner, switchboard operator, an operator in a necktie factory, a Coney Island hot-dog dispenser." That's because, when he was asked for biographical material to go in the O. Henry Memorial Award Volume for 1935, he "made the mistake of listing all the things I had ever done to earn a living. I was passionately accurate about this, of course, with the result that no month of my life since then has been free of at least one inquiry, either oral or by mail, as to how it was possible for a person twenty-four years old to have held that many jobs. A simple arithmetical calculation of the number of summers between the school years of thirteen and nineteen will account for seven of these jobs, and, at the same time, blast the question forever and leave me, as I was before I wrote the damning paragraph, very happy indeed." He should be. Any young man whose first novel—*I Can Get It for You Wholesale*—has attracted the nation-wide attention that his has, can show little reason for not being "very happy indeed."

STRAWS IN THE WIND

(*continued from page* 6)

NEXT MONTH

Ours Was the Best Generation, by Gene Shuford. A remarkable article on the college graduates of the middle twenties: those who followed the Jazz Era and who preceded the smug collegians of today; how the depression struck them down and how they came into their maturity.

Scribner Photographic Awards: 16 pages of the best photographs of the year, depicting life in the United States.

Con Warren: Modern Rancher, by Charles M. Wilson. The grandson of a pioneer cattleman turns his cowboys into dairymen, fences in the open range, and points the way for other ranchers.

The Exile, a short story by Martha Gellhorn.

Also: *Mountain People,* by Jesse Stuart; *A Day in the Cumberlands,* by Marian Lackey; and *The American Student Abroad,* plus the regular departments by John Chamberlain, Don Herold, Richard Gilbert, and others.

LIFE IN U. S. CONTEST

There is still time to enter SCRIBNER'S "Life in the United States" Contest. All entries must be postmarked before noon, August 1st, 1937. Prizes totaling $7200. For the rules of the contest and complete details turn to page 73 of this issue.

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Seeking Safety for Your Dollars

(*continued from page* 14)

share, and, if bonds are permitted at all, which is doubtful, one kind of bond.

Secondly, no investment trust should be permitted to own more than a small fraction—say half of one per cent—of the shares of any corporation. Thus it could not angle for control of such corporation and become enmeshed in its management and exploitation. Also it should not be permitted to use more than a small fraction of its own assets in the securities of any other corporation. This would enforce diversification and at the same time act as a double check on operational and exploitative and control activities of the trust. The investor can protect himself in a measure against trusts having these weaknesses. He can simply refuse to invest in their shares.

V

WHAT kind of trust should the investor put his money into? There are, generally speaking, two kinds—management and fixed. My own advice is that he should invest in a management trust only and avoid the fixed trust as he would the plague.

In a management trust, the directors or managers exercise more or less complete discretion over the investments, selecting, purchasing, and disposing of securities according to their judgment, subject to the general policy of the trust.

In a fixed trust there is practically no management. The portfolio of securities is settled upon at the outset and deposited with a trustee. The promoters or "sponsors" sell you a participation in the portfolio, but they cannot get their hands on money or shares. The portfolio remains intact for a settled period—usually ten to twenty years—at the end of which time the shares are sold and the proceeds distributed among the participants or the shares themselves are distributed. The theory upon which the investment rests is that, in the providence of God and the mysterious workings of natural and economic laws in boundlessly rich America, values of sound investments are bound to go up.

The chief argument in support of these fixed trusts was a negation of all the arguments for the management trust. Management could not be trusted, said the promoters. The old trusts had been sold to the investors on the sound theory that what the investor needed was management. The fixed trusts were sold on the theory that management was the doom of the trusts.

The first fixed trusts had no provision for eliminating stocks which might become worthless. Hence great losses were suffered by trusts as stocks sank in value. Then a new device was introduced into the fixed trust. It was obvious that to hand investors fifteen or twenty issues to be held for twenty years, with no means of getting rid of shares when it was perfectly apparent that the corporation underlying them was doomed, was indefensible. So a clause was inserted in the indentures giving the banker-trustee authority to eliminate shares in certain contingencies. The contingency selected was the passing of a dividend by the underlying corporation. When this occurred in any corporation whose shares were included in the trust, the trustee was automatically required to sell the shares within 100 days of the passing of the dividend. Human stupidity could go no further.

Insiders usually know well in advance when a corporation is going to pass its dividend. Invariably professional observers sense the coming event. The shares decline under selling provoked by the gloomy expectation. When the dividend has finally passed, the shares move down to their lowest point. This weird provision actually insured the sale of most of the shares in the portfolio at the lowest point in the market. The effect on the fixed trusts was appalling.

This is the first of a series of three articles on investment and finance written by John T. Flynn for SCRIBNER'S. *The second article will appear in an early issue.*

The North American Trust Shares maturing in 1953 were supported by twenty-eight underlying securities, and the indenture carried a provision for elimination like that outlined above. As a result of this provision forcing the liquidation of holdings at the low points in the market, investors in these shares lost $88,000,000. Later, many of these stocks regained much of their losses, but the damage had been done. No investor in his sound mind should be inveigled into one of these adventures.

The latest investment-trust merchandise on the market is a combination of fixed and management trust called Special Funds. Here is how it works. A group of shares is purchased and deposited with a trustee as in a fixed trust. But the sponsors are permitted to exercise varying degrees of discretion over the list. Hence they are actually management trusts. Investors are sold participations in the trust in multiples of $1200 each, payable at $10 a month. The favorite amount is $50 to $100 a month. Thus in ten years you pay $1200, or a multiple of that.

The bad feature of these special funds, and one naturally soft-pedaled to the prospective purchasers, is the compensation and withdrawal clauses. In one plan you agree to pay $100 a month for 120 months. The sponsors deduct a management charge of 9 per cent. When you have paid in $2000, they have invested for you that sum minus the 9 per cent, or $1820. You now wish to withdraw your funds. But you have agreed to pay $100 a month for 120 months. You are still obligated to pay $10,000. Another clause provides that in the event of withdrawal the sponsors may deduct a charge of 5 per cent on the unpaid balance—that amounts to $500. If then the stocks in which your money is invested are still worth the $1820 you have to your credit, that is subject to another deduction of $500. Hence if you withdraw after paying $2000, you would actually have coming to you $1320.

In some of these funds the charges for management are $80 on each $1200. But the $80 is deducted at the rate of $10 per month for eight months. Hence if you agree to pay $100 a month for 120 months, the deduction for management is $100 a month for the first eight months. You do not have anything invested until the ninth month when, on paying the next $100, you have $100 invested—although you have paid $900. If after 24 months you need the money, here is what happens: You will have paid in $2400, of which $800 will have been deducted for management. You will have to your credit $1600 if the shares purchased are worth that much.

Meantime your chance of getting your money back depends on the guess of the promoters that over a ten-year period the stocks they buy will be worth the price paid for them. There are many variations of these special funds, some

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worse, some better. But the device as an investment device is, I believe, a thoroughly defective one. This is all the more true when we realize that, in spite of great pretensions, most of them are sponsored by small, poorly financed groups.

There is, of course, much more to this subject. What is said here will illustrate and enforce the need for thoroughgoing reform of the whole system. The investment trust is a thoroughly sound method of investment. And there are good investment trusts. But the institution is one of those which lends itself easily to the bad practices of adventurous men. The investment community, instead of resenting criticisms of the trust managers, should take the lead in the movement to purify and regulate the trusts so as to make them what they can be, a useful instrument of wise investment.

Local Girl Makes Good

(*continued from page* 19)

say anything more," she said at the door. "Don't speak to me. Don't touch me."

He stood there, furious, jeering at her. "A job! You couldn't get a job! You can't do anything! You don't know anything. You can't even get yourself together. A fine help you'd be in an office. Why, you," he called down the stairs as a parting shot, "didn't even graduate from high school!"

It was all over between them after that. Alicia waited hopefully to hear from the department stores or the photographer's agent. She sat at home waiting for the telephone to ring. It was a job she wanted, she told herself. In the evenings, she didn't seem to want to go out, and she and her father played double solitaire. On one of these evenings she became so bored she bathed Milksop, and was amazed at the color he turned out to be. And one rainy spring day, in desperation, she cleaned her bottom bureau drawer. She found a box of hard candy left from Christmas, two unopened bottles of her favorite scent, and a new scarf. Pleased and surprised by these discoveries, she went further and cleaned all the bureau drawers and the drawers of her dressing table. She enlisted Rachel's help and cleaned the whole room. Then, remembering Larry's tirade about the bones under the living-room couch, she began to inspect that room. What she found appalled her. A week later, she reproved Rachel severely. She told her that the soup was cold and not to let it happen again. "At your age," she said, "you might at least learn how to cook."

She made her father unpack his wardrobe trunk, which had been standing in his room half unpacked since his trip to Florida in January; she told the French Hand Laundry boy he needn't call any more unless he brought the right things back; when the man came to vacuum clean, she followed him about pointing out dog hairs he had overlooked.

After a month of this, Rachel had lost ten pounds and her good disposition, and Mr. Torrance felt he couldn't call his soul his own. Alicia threw out the newspapers he had been saving for years and intended to clip some day. She gave away the ties he liked the best and mended the hole in his overcoat pocket so that there was no longer the excitement of fishing down inside the lining and finding a fifty-cent piece.

They were sitting one evening listening to the radio, which had been fixed. They had had a hot, well-balanced meal made up of a lot of things that Mr. Torrance didn't like, and they were feeling very bored with one another when the doorbell rang.

It was Larry, looking white and too thin. His suit needed pressing and his tie was all wrong. "I came to apologize," he said. "Oh, Alicia."

He stood staring at her miserably, flicking ashes on the spotless rug. "Hartford," he said, "is awful."

"It's been dull here, too," Alicia told him primly. "Except that Granny got married. She married Old—a Mr. Holbrook."

Mr. Torrance got up and turned off the radio. "If you'll excuse me," he said, "I have an appointment with a man at the Club."

Going down in the elevator, he explored around in his pocket with one finger and by the time he reached the street he had ripped the seam a little. It was only a very small rip, but it was a beginning.

In the kitchen, Rachel, hearing no sound from the living room, decided she might as well go and see her cousin Maude. She took six eggs from the icebox, a few slices of bacon, half a loaf of bread, and what was left of tonight's roast chicken. Her experience had taught her, somehow, that no one would notice she had taken them.

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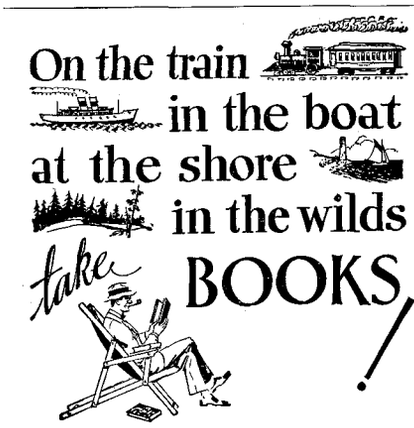

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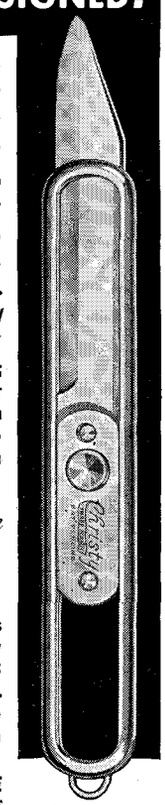

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Down the Companionway

KATHERINE KENT

With the shipyards humming at full time and overtime, work on new pleasure craft rushes forward. Everywhere sweeping lines greet the eye. But as yet no Sakhnoffsky dream rises on the ways. *Modern,* the designers of the new yachts call them, warily skirting the word *streamlined,* granting no man-made creation the right as yet to such a title. Jonah, it would seem, alone of the race of men, had a ride in a truly streamlined carrier.

*

Marine engineers are performing wonders in sound and weather insulation with materials as diverse as spun glass, felt, and crinkled aluminum.

Concealed radiation has become a fine art as well as an engineering feat, with such trick devices as magazine racks transformed at the drop of a temperature into reservoirs of heartening warmth. The use of rubber, not only to house motors, but to block off the engines and all their accessory parts from the rest of the structure, has cut vibration to a point that a few years ago would have been thought impossible. A further antivibration idea, developed in the Nevins' Shipyard for the *Semloh,* centers on the action of the propellers, reducing cumulative vibration to a virtual nothing.

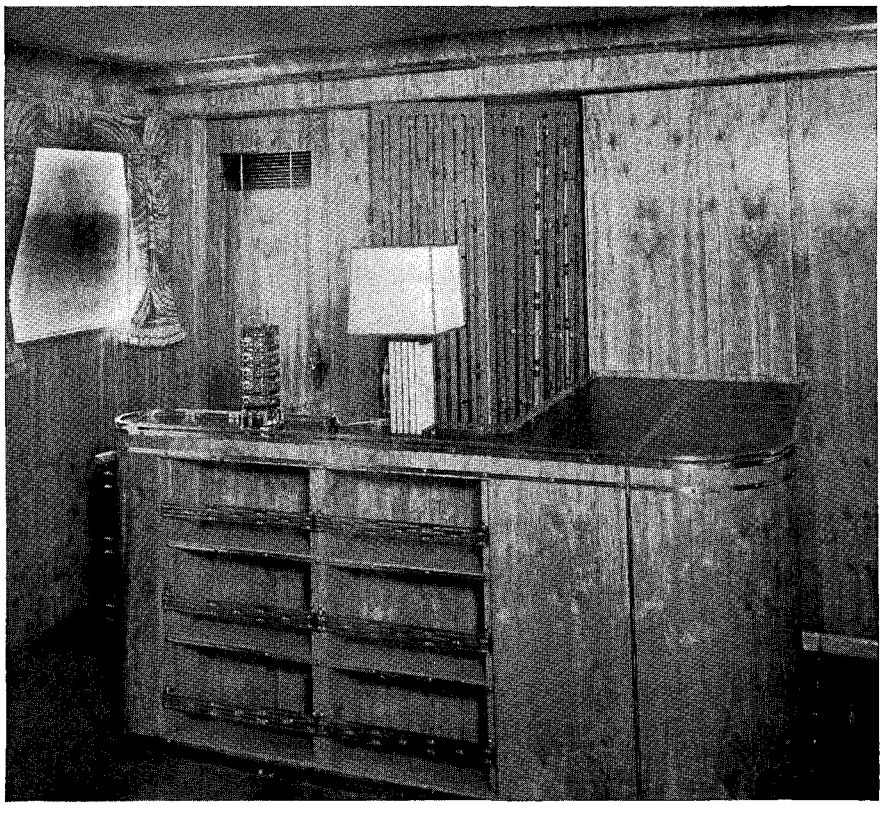
*

To the layman, however, the greatest changes in the last years are those in saloon and stateroom. People who were never reconciled to dark, heavily appointed quarters, but who suffered them in the name of tradition, now delight in cabins as effectively designed to their taste as rooms on land. The beauties of natural-finish mahogany and walnut, long dominating yacht interiors, are all too often obscured by the gloom and crowding they engender in small quarters. With the development of new finishes, with the skillful use of fabrics and with the technical advance in paints, the problem of decoration has taken on new and richer possibilities. Let us look at a few examples.

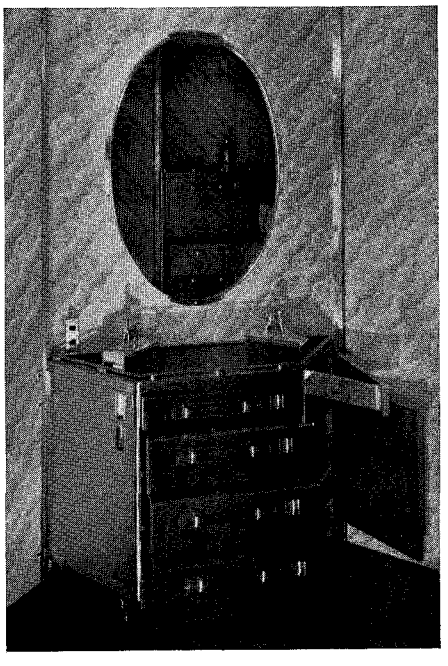
*

Deal pine, carefully filled and waxed, is used for the walls of the main saloon of the yacht (shown on page 83) which was built in the yards of the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation. The mellow richness of pine is perfect background alike for the chintz-covered lounge chairs and the period pieces which lend the saloon its gracious yet homely balance.

On the *Silverheels,* owned by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Criqui of Buffalo, careful planning has combined utility and charm in still another way. Here the woodwork throughout is brown mahogany, but with the exception of the main lounge (where excellent window space gives ample light) ivory or beige paint covers the walls. In the after-



Rare woods, unusual uses of metals, and ingenious built-in devices are among the distinguishing features of the interior of the Semloh *built for Mr. J. Holmes on wholly new lines.*



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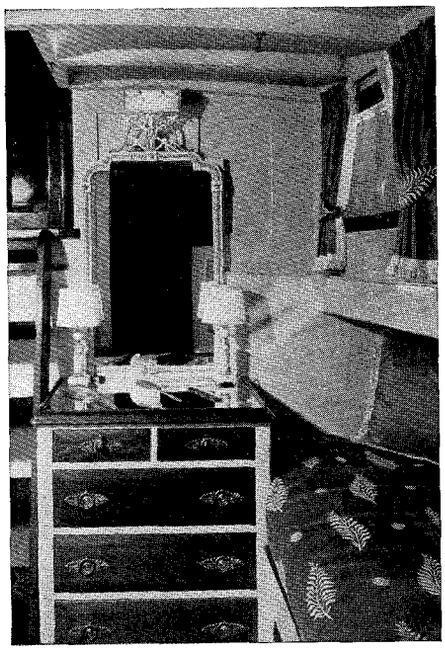
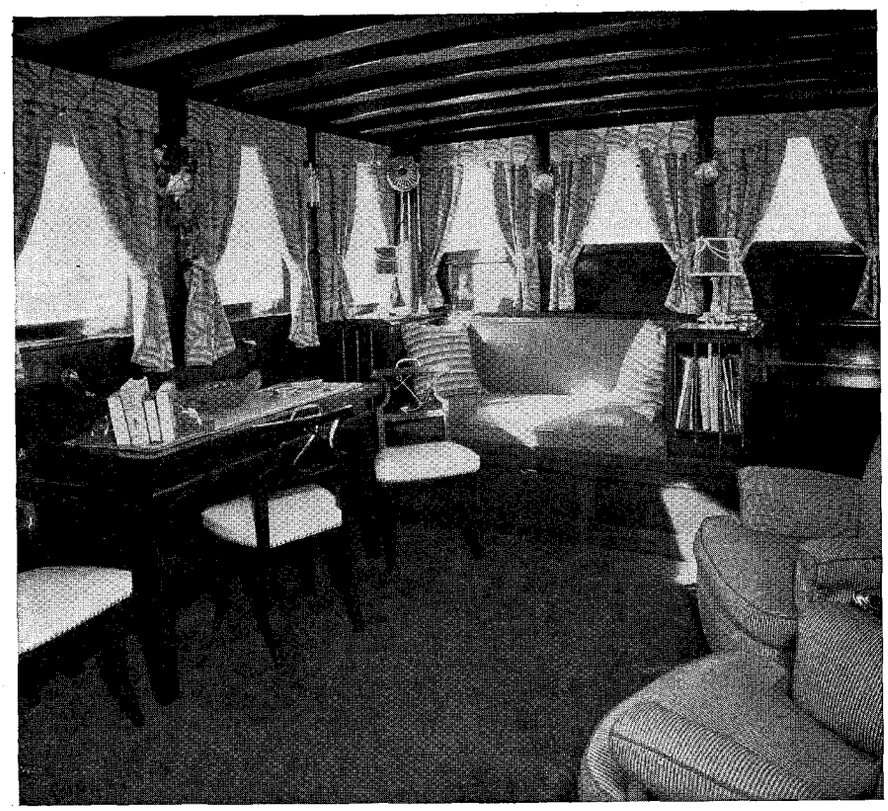




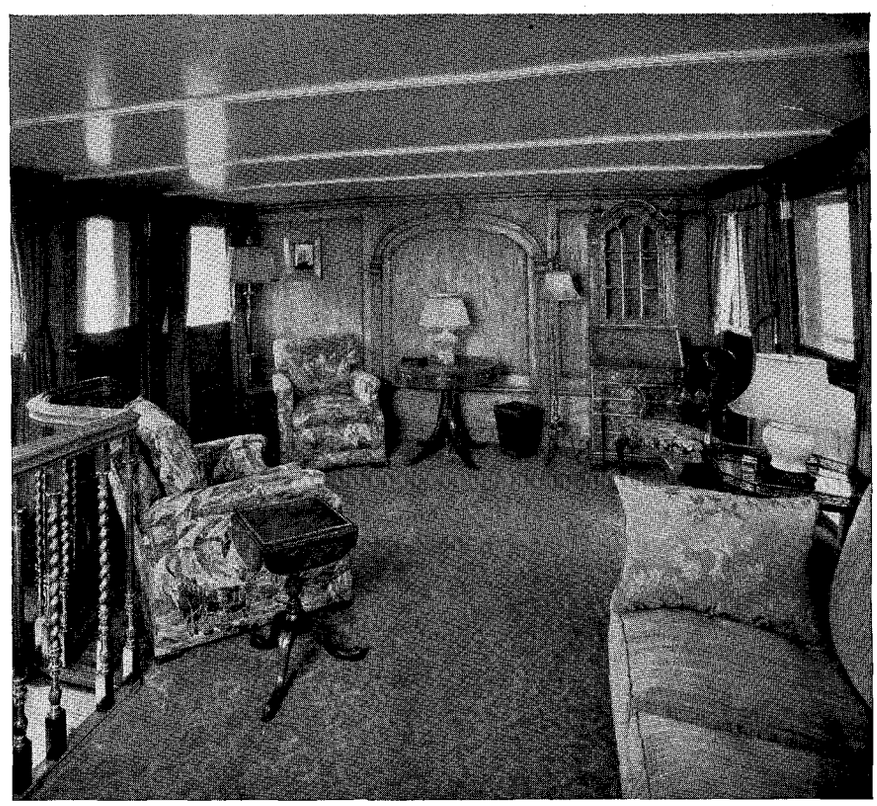
Corner of the forward stateroom and a section of the lounge aboard the Diesel-powered yacht, the Silverheels, *owned by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Criqui.*

cabin, photographed, the wall tint is repeated in the chest of drawers, combining light and dark to give unity and added spaciousness to the whole scheme of decoration. The chairs, especially designed for the main saloon of the *Silverheels,* are adaptations of the Duncan Phyfe, an anchor replacing the lyre of the original model. Beige is used freely in the ground tone of the coral-patterned drapes, and in coverings, bringing contrast and high-light into the mahogany-and-walnut-furnished room. The blue of the Gulistan carpet is picked up in the velvet covering of the couches and in accessories like the Lalique bowl and in lamp shades. A unique feature of this lounge is the glass floor. Rolling back the carpet one gets a clear view of the engine room.

*

The yacht, however, that departs most radically from tradition is the *Semloh,* constructed for Mr. Jay Holmes in the Nevins' Shipyard. Her story from the first is unique. George F. Crouch, naval architect, laid out her hull along new lines. But in the design of the interior and superstructure L. L. Tieman, dry-land architect, was given free hand.

Modern in every detail, the *Semloh*



Clear mellow pine, in simple classic style, is used as background in the main saloon of this yacht constructed by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Co.

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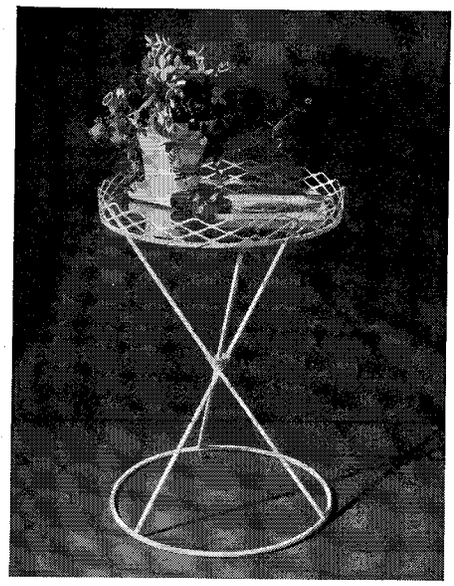
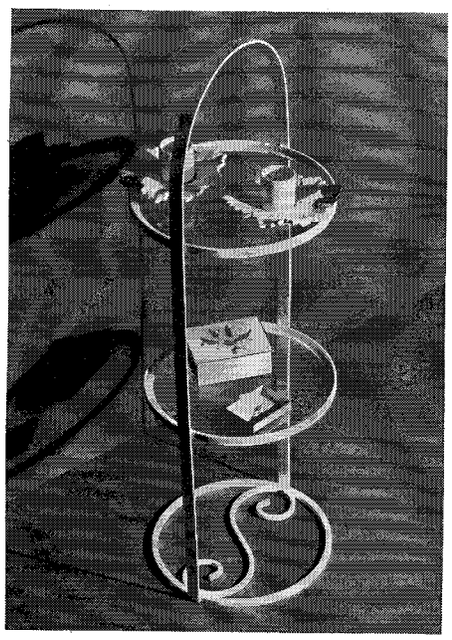
Table Talk

BY SLOANE



White wrought-iron tables for your garden or terrace . . . done with such freshness and finesse they deny their price tags. The muffin stand has glass tiers and a way of looking incalculably smart wherever it's placed. On the hourglass end table there are a lace-like gallery and a broad glass top. The tables are $3.50 each, or specially priced at $5.95 for the two. Mail orders are invited.



W & J

Sloane

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has proved herself, after a year of service, not only an unusual experiment, but a success that may indeed point the way to even more radical changes in the future.

Harewood, aspen, and pine Flexwood cover her walls; brass and stainless steel, executed by Kromm and Kohl, are used as integral decorative materials as well as for structural purposes. Fabrics serve not only for coverings and draperies, but are used to cover wall sections.

The *esprit moderne* that motivates the whole pattern lends itself perfectly to the built-in furnishings and equipment which are such all-important spacesavers aboard ship. The main saloon of the *Semloh,* for instance, where aspen is used for the wall surfaces and copper as trim, has a radio, lamp, end table, and ash receiver incorporated into one piece of furniture set solidly at the end of the built-in couch. One wall is a series of shallow lockers for fishing equipment, so cleverly devised that when they are closed one gets not a hint of their utilitarian value. Similarly the bar, made integral with the bookcase below these lockers, remains anonymous when not in use.

In the dining saloon, where stainless steel in bright and satin finishes forms moldings and trim, built-in cabinets for dishes, linens, and silver form an effective sideboard medium, while an apparently similar locker opens up to become the companionway to the galley. The square dining table at first sight appears to accommodate only four. As one would expect, it opens up to almost double its original proportions. But that is not all. Extra dining chairs neatly hidden in its interior may then be pulled out to seat the extra guests. Yellow and blue fabrics used in curtains and upholstery, and the richly lacquered cover service give quick, bright accents to this silver-toned dining saloon.

For the staterooms, pine Flexwood is used in the treatment of the main walls, with copper trim in the one and stainless steel in the other. Linen, however, in modern design, covers the walls that flank and back the metal dressing table in which the drawers, like filing-cabinet trays, open on cantilever arms. Similarly constructed is the combination desk and bureau with built-in radio that stands at the opposite wall in each of the *Semloh's* staterooms.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 71)

1. *Corsair*
2. Croupier
3. Roberts
4. Makes it spin by hitting it off center
5. *Of Mice and Men*
6. Regulates the spark plugs' firing
7. Boake Carter (born Sept., 1898)
8. Hawkeye State
9. Confucianists
10. Greenland
11. a-CHEEV
12. Scotland
13. Carl Von Ossietsky
14. Collarbone
15. Eat it
16. The Oxford crew victory over the Cambridge crew
17. Six continents
18. An idiot
19. Couzens (Mich.)
20. The Civil War came after the Crimean
21. Boston
22. The King issued a ukase
23. Brown-Pawtucket [should be Providence, R. I.]
24. Would destroy most of the cherry trees
25. Percy
26. "Well, it's a good motorcycle!"
27. Rum and water
28. 75th
29. "Why you damned, burrowing, nocturnal toothless mammal!"
30. Pineapples
31. Hanson—Sweden [should be U. S.]
32. George Pocock of Seattle
33. If winter comes . . . [*Ode to the West Wind*]
34. *Good Housekeeping*
35. Four stars on shoulder straps
36. Muncie, Ind.
37. Eat off a tray
38. Dismissed from Yale's Divinity School
39. A Fisk auto tire
40. Welsh rabbit
41. Prevent spawning salmon going upstream
42. Cracking
43. Glass
44. Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah
45. Ukelele [should be *ukulele*]
46. Mt. Ararat—Turkey
47. Chewable intoxicants
48. Duenna
49. The U. S. has more hospitals than hotels
50. A substance left after coal has been distilled

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